

Robert Post, Far Away From This Town

I plan on going away for a while
Nothing here that fits my style
I want to be free from every little sound
I don't want anybody around

I need relief from this pressure I feel
Of all stupid attention that I may steal
It is broken, It is crushed and has taken my lust
Now the pieces of my voice turn tu dust

Space is the feeling that I seek
A mountain is trustable with every peak
The freedom I speak of can only be found
Far away from this town

I'm almost empty, just a few more lies to sell
One empty heart, no stories left to tell
There was fighting, there was dying
And some arose to fall
Now all my feelings are locked inside these walls

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(Merci Ccile pour cettes paroles)