

Rosicrucian, Much About Nothing

The open door to the world I know
slammed right in your face
Everything on one single card
you lost it in disgrace
Sentenced to the punishment of life
the final choice was yours
Don't count on any sympathy
with your cold lack of remorse
You feel the fear of yourself
wasting all you got
Walking the hall of nausea
your principles will rot
There's a time for everything
but this time, your time is out
Nonchalance is no excuse
you know what it's all about
You hope to cover it up
but there is no way out
What you've said and what you've done
is burning in the sky
You hope that they'll hear what you say
but it doesn't matter any way
No one will believe a thing
Much about nothing
Much about nothing
Too many times you've been pushing
I can't take it anymore
Things will never ever be
like they were before
You try to play in the highest league
but you're losing every game
Like a born loser you'd better give up
your life will always be the same
See yourself, as the enemy
Face your fate, you cannot flee
Everybody is telling you to do it
pressing you to this and throwing words at you
Nobody seems to care for you and your life
but you got yourself to blame
for what you're going through
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You hope that they hear what you say
but it doesn't matter anyway
No one will believe a thing
Much about nothing
Much about nothing
It's just too much
Much about nothing
See yourself, as my enemy
Face your fate, you cannot flee
You'll have to learn, to walk by your own
In the endless sleep, you are all alone