

Scythe, Late Summer

Turn away from me, from the life you decided to throw away these days
Don't tell me it will all be again one day
Nothing means nothing
Everything means everything
Say "the clouds come", I am ready
I call winds for my revenge
My revenge

Nothing's more to say
Now it's time to pay
I will call the winds for my revenge
Moon and sun
Suitable for every one
I use them for me, for my belief

Say "nature spreads her mighty wings";
Say "the clouds are on my side";
Say "the storms still guide my way";
And say "the woods still house my mind";

I'm not afraid, I have the time to fake
all that I said, what I have done
Nothing's as it seems
and vice versa
Say "the woods still house my mind";
Maybe these words will never die
I still have something on my mind
and I do not forget things very soon

Say "nature spreads her mighty wings";
Say "the clouds are on my side";
Say "the storms will guide my way";
Say "the woods will house my mind";

Maybe then I will be free again

Late summer