

# Votum, Time Must Have a Stop

Lecz myśl to sługa życia, a życie głupcem jest dla czasu,  
A czas, co władzę ma nad całym światem,  
Musi się w końcu zatrzymać"

But thought's the slave of life, and life's time's fool,  
And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop

Henry IV, William Shakespeare  
Theres no other way that all this would end,  
For me, here and now, time must have a stop

At last  
Knowing hes at large somewhere,  
Waiting till my foot slips so he could get me  
One day, one day.

New born, wake me  
Theres a dream recurring in my head,  
New born, wake me  
With a chance to start over again.

Its the place out of sight,  
But I can see it before me  
It hurts

Again and again and again  
Come now, I shall mold you,  
In the likeness and image  
Of me.

New born, wake me  
Theres a dream recurring in my head,  
New born, wake me  
With a chance to start over again.  
New born, wake me  
Theres a dream thats recurring in my head,  
New born, wake me  
With a chance to start over again.  
Theres no other way that all this would end,  
For me, here and now, time must have a stop

At last  
Going outside seems a test of strength,  
Everywhere I can sense his scent.  
He moves now and then behind every shadow.  
Every face is his face, theres a whisper again:  
Pain were only here through pain,  
Through pain, through pain.  
The memory of touch brings shudder,  
The scars awake I relive it all again,  
All again.

Theres no peace for me till my days  
End, no hand caressed the paths that never mend,  
Never mend  
Pain were only here through pain,  
Through pain, through pain.