

Wolfsheim, Elias

Hear my voice
It's telling stories
Telling just the truth
about some men
who don't excuse
only praying for you

It must be a starving man
who likes to hear
these crippled minds talk
greetings from me
following the wind

I don't want to forget ...
... to regret
... to remember all the time
... everything
... all these years

Hear my voice
It's telling stories
Telling just the truth
about the innocent Elias
lying next to you

Innocent Elias
Blood red messiahs
Never coming home
Greetings from me
following the wind