

## Wings of God

Anathema

No one can find me  
Here in my soul  
Kicking and screaming  
Out of control

Calm myself down  
Nobody knows  
No one can find me  
Here in my soul

Hooked on your problems  
Do I know why  
And if you come my way again  
Would I lend a hand  
Would I understand

Solitude was never seen as loneliness  
And things need time  
And time leads to other things  
And playing roles  
Which are limited  
By the poor fund of knowledge  
In this sick, sick world  
We all fall down  
Once in a while  
Escaping the law of the unexplained pains