

Feeding the machine
From this inner cage I made my body
My son is staring at a sun that's still to come
But go figure it all, was it worth searching far beyond?

Scratching the surface
From this inner grave I built my country
My love, I finally found the one I belong to
But go figure it all, was it worth waiting for so long?

To become the stone...?

Follow me here, I'm on my way back (home)
Crimson, we've become the stone and time may come
See the man I've become
And follow the child inside until he's grown up
Before he goes away

Memories and expectations
All is moving in so similar ways
Small rooms or huge surroundings
There's no use when you are the missing

I think I'm getting used to - the fear of getting used to you
I think we're getting used to - the fear of living for two

Follow me here I'm on my way back home or then bury me here or
take my hand back stronger...
Follow me here I'm on my way back home, you can bury me here or
take my hand back stronger...