

# What Matters

7Days

When I am by myself  
I feel sceptic to the word  
When you are by my side  
I feel a doubt grow in my heart

And when I think of you  
I feel a sorrow in my soul  
And when I talk to you  
The voice inside is gone

Angel of sorrow  
My lonely ghost of grief  
Your pain I borrow  
You bring me no relief

What matters in the end?  
My faith?  
Oh what is true?

I hear destructive words  
Bringing me creative thoughts  
A book of history  
Contradictive ideals

It feeds upon my soul  
It bleeds me from within  
And in the end what matters  
What is true, is true

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My lonely ghost of grief  
Your pain I borrow  
You bring me no relief  
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My lonely ghost of grief  
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My faith?  
Oh what is true?

Break me down, set me free  
What you think is best for me  
Break new ground and walk away  
My belief is now astray

Oh, the silence  
Oh, this silence kills me  
Oh, the fire  
Oh, this fire burns me

Angel of sorrow  
My lonely ghost of grief  
Your pain I borrow  
You bring me no relief  
Angel of sorrow

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