

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
Angel of sorrow
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What matters in the end?
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

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

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