

It Could Be

Absynthe Minded

These are the times
I don't get in trouble anymore
No mans land was called our ground
We landed later on
What I want im not sure
But I'll be the first to know
What comes first and who is right
And where we're heading for
Way too far
Underneath
The facade
Held in leash
A broken heart
It could be
A broken heart
It could be
These are the times
I don't get nothing from anyone
No real harm after the storm
But everythings upside down
I guess that after many years
I still say fuck the norm
I guess that after many years
I still dont belong
Way too far...