

## Somewhere Between

Artrosis

Heavenly sound swings my body gently  
Between waking and sleeping I try to find peace  
Strength and alleviation, necessary in the struggle,  
Feed lips that are thirsty for great expectations, great words

They force to make an act of contrition  
But this is only the empty gesture  
Empty repentance empty words  
Buried a long time ago, somewhere lost  
They force to make an act of contrition  
But still this is the empty gesture  
Awakening □ the origin of pain  
I want to remain in the dreamlike state