

Even if I am tempted I won't apologize to you.  
Those torn-out pages in my agenda are a few too many.  
I've started to count backwards and now  
I'm almost halfway through, but I fear that I never will get to  
zero.  
So, now I say «oh, won't the sun rise over me».  
All I say is; «oh, won't the sun...».  
Even if I am tempted, I won't apologize to you.  
You've got some tender arms to enfold you and still you're spiteful.  
My soul is far from redemption,  
I must submit to what i've done and it's too late for me now to  
beg for mercy.  
In that moment when I die, long before my heart decides to,  
Will I be whiped-out, erased?  
No, you will never see me surrender,  
I'm gonna keep my head held high and I know now in whom I can trust;  
nobody.  
So, now I say; «oh, won't the sun rise over me».  
All I say is; «oh, won't the sun...»  
All i'm saying is; «oh, won't the sun rise just for me».  
All i'm begging is... it got visual, didn't it?  
It gets visible, well doesn't it?  
It gets much too much, doesn't it?  
And, so it has to end.