

Many Wills

Darkseed

I'm lying on my bed now
No morning gives me promise
of a glorious day
Will happiness return'
I overdrink the day
I overdring the night
I'm drinking forth myself
abroad to an empty loss
down to a sunless sea
to drown in my own misery
Will my happiness return'
Will the night lay to rest?
Future-expectations there?
Hopeful promise anywhere?
Will my happiness return?
Will the night lay to rest?
Will the rainbow bridge my ways?
Will there be glorious days?
I'm a stranger for the world
Nevermore to dance
Isolation in my rooms
Oh hell that I was born
Too many wills that don't come true
No chance to realize
The final countown, final flight
to false illusions, astral suicide
I'll stop my sadness, use the key
to the outlet of my misery