

## Portrait Of A Cynic

Diary of Dreams

I know for sure  
You left me here  
I came for shelter  
My last conviction

I'll fight for sure  
You found me stranded  
My hand in yours  
A farewell whisper

Tell me what for...  
Tell me why...  
Tell me the reason...  
Tell me how...

Tremble on...  
My last conviction...  
My last farewell...  
My last prediction...  
This is my cell