

Unkind (keine Atmung)

Diary of Dreams

I fear this curse will never end
No need to fight, there's nothing left to possibly defend
Sometimes at night I wake up pale from fright
When I feel your breath upon my face

Don't let me be silent
I am breathing like the wind
I need to forget
It is time for honesty

And all these years ended here
I live now in a cage of glass

My hands are bleeding from what I've done
All in all what for, what for?

It's so difficult to bear in mind
The human kind remains unkind

Irren ist menschlich
Irren ist menschlich