

1. A song for those  
Who have wasted all  
The love for life and inner beauty

The medley of the  
Archived values  
To ease for a second  
The weight of torrid world  
Spread your wings, do not look back

2.  
Poetic justice  
Denied and feared  
Gladly coped  
With crocodile's tears

Like witches burned  
The humble and the poor  
Lunacy and heresy  
Burned by the mob at dawn  
Now break your shackles and fly

Gift of life turned into  
Battered routine  
Cry in the crowd  
The fragments of solace  
Blown by the wind  
Like ash of the urn dies  
Burn-out race

"Behold from above and below,  
the anguish on a path called life.  
Tiny figures strive to survive  
Oppressed by suicidal pride."

IN THE END THE WAY TO REDEMPTION  
WAS JUST A DAYDREAM - NAIVE MIRAGE  
AND FOR THE BLIND A TRAIL OF RAZORS,  
WHERE EVERY STEP BRINGS PAIN AND ANGER

Could I please have emotions?  
Could we please have needs once more?  
If we just open our hearts  
Maybe there's hope for us again

I ask you to join me in this dance  
In the alley of shattered dreams  
We're not alone in this cold place  
Where blessed are the insane  
We build our sanctuaries  
Se deep within our hearts

3.  
A song for those  
Who gave up the hope  
It's not unheard of  
to be doubtful and ashamed

Now take my hand  
Look me in the eyes  
We are safe now  
If we just stay together  
Now sing it, sing like a star!