

My Next Move

Dreamtale

Watching the darkness take over the sky
Our ship sails away I just wonder why
I should stay on this path
Only feeding my wrath
With every new death
Simply stifling my breath
No more sweet tales I am tired of this game
The ship will be my coffin
And the sea my cool grave

I end my days, stay stern I'm done with this world
I have no more and nothing to give on my turn
I have spent all my will and my hope for a change
Now my next move is made with the flash of the blade

I witnessed the ruin once again on this isle
And I don't really care, I cry and I smile
For the madness of men, which won't ever end

Until every last man holds a gun in their hand...
And takes one good aim to their tormented brain
No prizes for the first and for the last one - no grave