

My Best Friend

Dying Passion

I am myself the best friend of mine
I am all to me, no talking back
Having tripped myself up
I tend to get self-obsessed
Me myself, the best friend of mine
That's what I am, the good and bad
Who am I and what?
A confessor and jester too
Keep smiling despite of pain
Nobody says "How do you do"
Perverted fate, eternal trap

—

I am forgetting the colour of my soul
I am a clockwork, who's gonna wind me up
I used to play a merry song, now gone with time
Before I'm ground and melted
Sooner or later, yet still I long
To play for the last time
I do not beg for mercy or condolence
It is a chasm

CHORUS:

The words of pain drown in spirit
And the world flees by all self-absorbed behind the curtain
The inner fight for the peace of soul rages in the roar
for the lied-up

—

No hope for ceasefire.

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Smile at me and wish me rest
Depression has its positives
They're birth pangs of a smile
Stab my heart and catch the blood
I've reached my hands at the grievous moment
Tomorrow is near, hopefully better
.....hopefully better
The words of pain drown in spirit
And the world flees by all self-absorbed behind the curtain
The inner fight for the peace of soul rages in the roar
for the lied-up