

On The Other Side of Barricade

Dying Passion

It's not me, who's writing these words,
Insisting to be alive,
To the meaning but don't know
Anything at all.

It's not me, who keep out of your view,
Show off wrong side, not the face.
It's not me, who'll be up in arms,
Battle's over and the land's in peace.
It's not me shouting at the others:
"Go ahead and fight!"
With the hole into the soul.

Crouching in the corner at one quiet night,
Sleepless, begging on my knees,
Like a restless child - it's not me.

It's not me, who's confused about
What is wrong and what is right,
Telling the thruth instead of a white lie.
It's not me who's always been asking
But hasn't anything to give back.
It's not me, taking wrong way many times,
Wanting to give it up all.

(Taking wrong way,
Want give it up all.)8x

Crouching in the corner at one quiet night,
In the agony I fell on my knees,
Give a rabid sneer instead of a smile.
Crouching in the corner at one quiet night,
Fooling around, though the music of star sphers
Sound in the air.

It's not me, who's going to grasp the bottle,
It's HER, she's deserter!
It's HER, she's deserter!