

Fragments of the past flash before my eyes
Never ending streams of images colliding
Silhouettes of memories slowly fading away
Illusionary seductions haunts me in my dreams

Fighting for freedom
But the chains I'm in won't break
It will soon be too late

I am here, I am lost, I am weak and bothered
Is this it? Will I grow when my soul falters?
I am here, I am lost, I am weak, and bothered
Is this it? Will I grow? I am weak and bothered

Blinded by the fear
Of being left alone
I seek the truth within
As the shadows are closing in

Calling oblivion
'Cause the state I'm in won't change
And I'm fighting for freedom
'Cause the chains I'm in won't break

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