

My chest is open
My heart's on the ground
My bare feet soaked in my blood
as I leave you without a sound
No one to reach for even though I stretched too far
No one sky to warm me up
as darkness clouds the blue

I'm leaving
I couldn't live with the shame
No more denying
I've stopped the search for blame
Heading for virgin soil
Set foot on sacred ground
and with no one to reach for
No no one

Twentyseven years of falling
Twentyseven winters slave
Twentyseven years of dreaming
and this is all the strength life gave
Twentyseven summers weaker
and the autumn's just the same
Twentyseven years...

And if you'd ask then I'd deny that
I didn't have the strength to fight that drowning weakness
And I buried all signs to cover what I feel underneath
the hollow remains of me

My chest is open
My heart's on the ground
My bare feet soaked in my blood
as I leave you without a sound
And there will be no tomorrow
Won't see the light of day
No more pain and no sorrow
I'm free from the words that you could say

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