

Carousel

Everon

I hope one day I will grow out of this
Then I will leave this battlefield
Good or bad depends on your point of view
And I can see things from both sides
Just one more classic case of catch-22
Things don't have a simple truth
So you ask where this is leading me
Only I don't have an answer yet
Seeing things black and white is for the weak
I'm strong enough for shades of grey
While searching for the perfect compromise
I am driven to despair
So my thoughts are spinning around
For I know my problem well
And I wonder, will I ever get
Out of this carousel
You are trying in vain
To reach me with your hands
But all that I can say
Is I hope you understand
So I am caught between the chairs again
While everybody else does fine
It's just my nature to move back and forth
Always trying not to offend
I cannot decide whether to refuse
Or to reach out for your helping hand
So my thoughts are spinning around
For I know my problem well
And I wonder, will I ever get
Out of this carousel
You are trying in vain
To reach me with your hands
But all that I can say
Is I hope you understand
Meanwhile I'm trying to make up my mind
Feeling like I'm paralysed
What's the sense of it all, is it...
Because of you and I
Because of fear
Or just because of all
That I wish to have near
It's about really stupid things
But they keep growing until
They seem to tear me apart
So my thoughts are spinning around
For I know my problem well
And I wonder, will I ever get
Out of this carousel
You are trying in vain
To reach me with your hands
You ask for explanations
Until things make sense
Well, I don't have any
So all that I can say is
I hope you understand
It is because you and I
Because of fear

Because of all
That I wish to have near
It's about really stupid things
Of no major size
But they keep on growing
Until a part of me dies