

Rain of Thoughts

F.O.B.

Don't you feel that I shiver
Under your glazed look
It's getting cold here
Even for the words
That are emerging from your mouth
When your tongue stabs like a dagger my ears are Bleeding to death

As the devil wants me to choose the bad ones
Meanwhile the little white winged man stays dumb

The raindrops falling down
I try to catch them with my hands
Thoughts - one by one spinning into my head

How long can I take this confusion
When I see you in a haze of fury
How long can I suffer
When I see you in a haze of fury