

Glory

Fredrika Stahl

In a small hotel room
At the border of the sea
And a whole world
Between my army and me
In a small hotel room
At the border of sanity
Cut off my landmarks and identiti
Oo
The moon is glaring at me
Oo
Stars pointing at me

In this small hotel room
Within these suffocating walls
I strain my ear to the unresponsive
In this small hotel room
New decor and different view
Stripped of all the habits that I knew
Oo
The moon is glaring at Mr
Oo
Stars pointing at me
Oo
It's such a laughable sight
Oo
When you've seen me in a different light

Treacherous glory
Shallow popularity
Teach us integrity
To swallow this reality

In a small hotel room
Free yet a detainee
For I lost my context, the definition of me
In a small hotel room
Deprived from life's zest
'Cause my entourage's eyes were my confidence's nest

Oo
The moon is glaring at Me
Oo
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