

# House Of Sorrows

Funker Vogt

Locked away in rooms and routines  
But some things are worse than walls  
Never ending grief surrounds us  
And sometimes I can hear their calls  
But I prefer not to notice  
What there was and has been  
The ugly truth locked away  
Will forget what I have seen

So I'm looking for a hell dimension  
Where everyday is smile-time  
Where there's no need for action  
A place devoid of crime  
But Pleasantville is far too boring  
I have almost lost my mind  
It's better to face the facts  
There is no better truth to find

And again I stare at the truth I couldn't bare  
Not today and not tomorrow  
There's no escape from the house of sorrows  
And again I stare at the truth I couldn't bare  
The tragedies of my past  
This feeling will forever last  
I'm in the house of sorrows