

Nothing for my Mum

Holy Moses

I'm born into this world
I'm forced into this life
Grew up with bible's law
And the same Sunday walk

I felt a never ending journey
Started up to ask behind
Only deep inside my soul
There was a question - why

But as I - grow I saw the pain
And cries - nothing beared
Asking why - holy terror
Never dies - slow talk - without
Sense - no reactions of my plot
My throat - is blank
Frustration - no one side

Controversial words
Need to discuss but religion
Domaines since my mum's youth
Feel her hateful eyes
Never expect my attack
To show her the stencil of death

Nothing for my mum
My spirits and my fun
Endless repressions
And no reactions of my kind of
Life but hey mum
There is no other chance
Battle between minds

My mum my dead and me
Nothing for my dead
Nothing for my plan