

My Destination

Holy Mother

Ice in the morning
Melting wilder from the sunlight
Ice in the evening
Freezes traces of the moonlight
You feel a pressure building pleasure
In your own right
But they couldn't repair
And it wouldn't be fair

My destination is.. my destination is alright

You build a fever
Trying not to loose your eyesight
And in the clouds
There is a place you call your own... right
My destination is.. my destination is alright
My destination is.. my destination is alright
Sleep a war away
And wake to breathe the acid rain
But they couldn't repair
And it wouldn't be fair

My destination is.. my destination is alright
My destination is.. my destination is alright
Get it on the left, get it on the right
Get it on the left, you've got to get it right

And under blackened clouds
The doctor waits to call you
And in the waiting room
The nurses start to maul you
But you couldn't repair
And it wouldn't be... fair

My destination is.. my destination is alright
My destination is.. my destination is alright

My destination is.. my destination is alright
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Get it on the left, get it on the right
Get it on the left, you've got to get it right