

Wherever My Path Leads

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I step in and all I smell is concrete dust,
Windows broken, relicts of fear unspoken.
Nothing's there except the dusty air,
A wood-brown door turned grey - signs of decay
On a wall a child has drawn with chalk
A man without a mouth, he weeps but cannot talk.
Sutured by his memory, maybe by what he saw
The scenes of agony, of grief and war.
In this dream I cannot see myself!
I walk room to room, from house to house into the
streets,
Stumbling over carcasses wherever my path leads.
Knowing this could happen anywhere, this is my future,
I don't care,
It is beyond my lifetime, I'm not the one who feeds the
beast.

I feel guilt that I won't take!
History's not my mistake!
Really bad it all has been
What in my dreams I have seen.
I feel guilt that I won't take!
History's not my mistake!
I don't say that I'm not sorry,
I just say: I don't worry!
Compassion I can feel,
But I don't feel the fear.
I feel like I was there,
But I know I am here.
I know that all the things I see and dream are real
- But not for me!
There enough problems my own life bears,
Everyday so close to death and no one cares!

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