

Coming Turn

Karelia

Lying alone in this cold and quiet room
I can hear their whispers now
I can sense it: A turn is coming on
Lying alone in this cold and quiet room
The door is silently opening
I can sense it: A turn is coming on
Wincing faces, racked by pain
They come to me as I fall asleep
Climbing the stairs, to hide is vain
They will get me in this night so deep
Exhausted veins
Bloody drugs every day
Their needles in my brain
They gave me one more jab supposed to relieve all that pain
I tried to get away
To escape from that place
But my own legs betray me leaving body on that bed
Wincing faces, in front of me
They've come to me and I don't dare
To give that fight for eternity
It's just a never-ending nightmare