

## 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