

Everyday comes a time
when I feel my arm is broken
the ink from my pen has ran out
I take another pen
I start to from the beginning
I start from the end
I close the covers of this book

The story tells my name
and it's allways the same
and the papers they turn to dust
the writings on the wall
I write another song
then I feel the warmth in my soul

There's a saying that makes sense
all things considered and done
An eye from an eye
one word from life
I write it all again
The pain that i feel
it turns into chapter
I close the covers of this book

You told me to speed up
but i can't
I write when I want to
I feel too closed to let my feelings for the
song
I'm not in a misery

The story tells my name
And it's allways the same
and the papers they turn to dust
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I write another song
then I feel the warmth in my soul