

## Addiction

## Orphanage

What has happened in this room I'm in?  
Something so unreal.  
I cannot remember things I've done,  
Why am I right here?

Staring at this mess I'm into,  
Trying to believe.  
There are ways enough to cure this,  
I know this for sure.

Lies.  
Don't listen to those lies,  
There is no other choice.  
The call for more and more,  
The grown addiction.

I won't choose it  
I won't choose

Waiting in this state of emptiness,  
All what's left is greed.  
Thinking about leaving all this mess,  
Why am I still here?

No one tells you what's true or false,  
Manipulation of whole tribes.  
No one needs to decide your goals,  
The recognition of yourself.

Take my hand