

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