

Breathing like I'm seething
Like my bill of rights is being burned before my eyes
Seeing, disbelieving
Like some trick of lights is being played to hide the
lies

What you're taking out on me now?
What you're rakin' down my back? It ain't showing
But I ain't faking nothing so I guess
It means I ain't taking what you're throwing

You can draw my blood, watch me bleed, but I ain't
dyin'
Got my lucky star, my spirit's free, this time I'm
buyin'

Grieving till I'm free again
Till your love no longer comes haunting in my sleep
Weaving over bleeding
This creature of habit will not be obsolete

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Lucky star, my spirit is free again

(Marko Saaresto: Lead vocalist and songwriter of the
rock band Poets of the Fall)
Every single wound that weeps, every jaded memory
Calls for a new one in it's place
So let me lead you through this dance of guilty
pleasures in advance
Peachy at the corners of your mouth, your mouth
Oh, Sands of time will fall
Oh, Sands of time will fall
And you can throw me off my course
I will make it my resource
Just to be myself

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