

This has just begun,
there's nothing fun,
nothing is new under the sun.
None of this shit will last in the long run,
none of this will come undone.

When you impose your will ,
I stand still, but in my mind I go crazy like a
windmill.
I guess you can't handle happiness,
at least not if it's mine.
Looks like you are getting depressed.
And yes, I have to confess,
that every sign of my progress,
puts you in a deeper mess.

When you impose your will, I stand still .
But in my mind I go crazy like a windmill.
When you can' t see, the Volcano is me.
Volcano is me.

The wrong buttons are being pressed,
with razorblades you seem to caress.
You speak and move with no finesse,
and I can't invest in such a friendship with that
address.

I go crazy like a windmill,
but when I don't want anymore and try to ignore,
you come back knocking on my door.
Prepared for war,
sick of your insults and lies,
your abusive eyes.
All the bad words, time for me to rise.