

A Knife In The Back

Silentium

Is it could enough to breathe
Could I move without the pain
Did someone call my name
Is that the sun or does it rain

When I'm on my feet again
And soar on my wings
Every cloud turns to black
I feel the knife in my back
When You turn to walk away
When You least expect it
It's the closest to stab
The knives in your back

Beneath the surge it's clear
No fear whence here's no hope
It's every time I rise above
When I can't seem to cope

When I'm on my feet again
And soar on my wings
Every cloud turns to black
I feel the knife in my back
When You turn to walk away

When You least expect it
It's the closest to stab
The knives in your back

Am I asleep or were you here?
I don't want to be awake
I wish that I could speak
But if I could is too late?

Within my misery, I am free
Underneath the fear and dark I am me

When I'm on my feet again
And soar on my wings
Every cloud turns to black
I feel the knife in my back
When You turn to walk away
When You least expect it
It's the closest to stab
The knives in your back