

# Is Your Soul For Sale

## The Old Dead Tree

I can guess what you are thinking  
You are telling yourself you can't do it  
But I think you're wrong

You're full of doubts  
You cannot chose  
Between two ways  
You fear to lose  
Too much time  
So much life  
You cannot believe  
A word of mine  
But you're wrong  
Yes you're wrong  
You should now listen to  
To my story  
To your family  
To the signs that warn you  
Of your coming fall

Why are you sleeping?  
Can't you act as a man  
For once in your life?

Cry over yourself  
You make me sick, my friend  
What have you done to be so weak?

I can guess what you are thinking  
You are telling yourself you can't do it  
And maybe you're right

You're full of doubts  
You cannot chose  
Between two ways  
You fear to lose  
Too much time  
So much life  
You cannot believe  
A word of mine  
But you're wrong  
Yes you're wrong  
Inactive, immobile, useless  
You live your life lifeless  
Sometimes I just ask myself  
If your soul's for sale

I'd like to be able  
To make a decision  
I'd like to be stronger  
But it's getting harder  
I'm just a coward  
Loosing his mind

Why are sleeping?  
Can't you act as a man  
For once in your life?

Cry over yourself  
You make me sick, my friend  
What have you done to be so weak?