The Wolfgang Press

My Life

You will never understand When I begin to look like me We can never be described You, you turn around again

I spoke, we can be the same But I have left my soul out there Why? Hey, what is it? My life just flew past here

Speak, speak and be broken
What, what is the reason?
Mine, mine is the answer
So what is it I've spoken?
So what is it I've lost?
The air is dirt, the ground is worse

You will never understand When I begin to look like me We will always be entwined It's true

Hey, what is it? My life just flew past here I think I've been forgotten We should lift this tree now

Take it down into my head Take it down into my soul Take it down into my birth Where it cannot be destroyed

Take it down into my head Take it down into my soul Take it down into my birth Where it cannot be destroyed

Take it down into my head Take it down into my soul Take it down into my head Take it down into my soul

Take it down into my head Take it down into my birth Take it down into my head

You and I, you and I, you and I