

Riding Dead Horses Is A Fucking Curse

War from a Harlots Mouth

Do you see the mines
Paving my way?
I avoid them
Resisting the force pulling me
Down

Rip the noose
Regain strength
Again and again!

Where is the justice?

When I - awaken, I dream
When I asleep, I'm alive
Hiding in the world
Giving me warmth

The rising sun stings me like a
Smoldering knife,
Bringing me back into this much to
Earthy world

Where are the colors?
Where is time's pulse?
Putting an end to all this