

Thousand Complaints, One Answer

War from a Harlots Mouth

I set the course
For my redemption
And I'll never be in league
With the devil...you...bitch!

On a fast track to a new chapter of
My life
Glare lights depressing the senses
And everything seems to be difficult
To me
This is just another exhausting
Breath

To take the obstacles clearly
But with every step I take
The sound of broken glass
Is catching me up to memories

Your influence seems to be
A breath-taking bombination in
60.000 bursts

Is not your life waiting
For so much more?

What are you waiting for?