

In The Cold I'm Sleeping

Wynardtage

Can i ever choose
A death to come
In my drifting eyes
All light has gone
The grabbing demons
In my tired heart
They rising to cut
My crippled parts

In the cold i'm sleeping
Nothing to get through
I'm none of the living
I never found a home
Only i stand still
When they force the pace
That impossible life
I'm not able to play

Can i ever resist
White noisy days
The horizon comes near
On lonesome ways
At the end i'm here
Sunken so deep
Just still alive
Wounded and weak

In the cold i'm sleeping
Nothing to get through
I'm none of the living
I never found a home
Only i stand still
When they force the pace
That impossible life
I'm not able to play