

Off My Rocker

"The Entity"

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Year of struggles rushed by in a speed of snails
Displaying the abyss in a propagandhi way
Planting fear and questions in the even strongest
hearts
This unknown lurking by the curtains strangling your
mind at sight

STICK:

It might have been fate, It might have been to punish
sins
Sins of pure brutality and indifference throughout the
years
It might have been greed, It might have been to ravage
wrongs
Sins of slow capacity and damnation throughout the
years

Time to break loose, try to find the weapons needed
In desperate need Psychic cleansing, determination
Empowered by the light of friendship we walk through
mountains

Break:

Can break the Carrier
Of all these sins we've gathered here
Can break the Carrier
Of all this pain inflicted there

Lier! Its possible
To get rid of this unknown
"thing" of sorrow

throughout the years
ignoring the observing high
spheres
throughout the years
ignoring the weakest fears

