

Wilful Dream

"Cold Rocks"

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Here you are, you sad happy-bred,
Into the wagon of a subway.
Maybe firstly sense then blood,
Everything slowly fades away.

You load your cannons
And shoot yourself away,
You'll travel up in the sky
But you won't see anything, anyway.

And if I think this is not fair
Do you think I should cut my hair?
And when this gets too cold
Don't you think I'm getting old?

Every touch here is a different sword:
We got everyday to change our words
To make sure our jailers would understand,
You have to serve if then you want to offend.

You want me to talk through this iron bell,
You live your life in a sterilized cell,
I want you to know I won't do:
I'll take every wound of being fool.

And if I don't want to go blind
Maybe it's time to leave you behind,
And if I think this is getting cold,
I don't think I'm getting old.

Islands are safe but can I stay?
Build my house and then just lay?
And if I want to set me free
Do I have to dive into the sea?

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