

Droge Pete

"Grow A Storm"

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A lifetime spent in submission
Breathe the fire that's meant for them
A mirror for what has been done
For the mirror for what's been back then

Hidden scars and scared black eyes
A hardened shell well-trained in lies
Reflexes that are in so deep
And the door's locked when it's time to sleep

Thorns that sting too deep
In eyes that are too blind
Gagged and bound in life
These wounds will always bleed

Reckless with words, deeds and curses
Belt, fist, secrets, mark deep inside
Bottle is closed, something moulders and festers
Sowing the wind that will grow a storm
Hate the hater
Loveless shell

Drown in drugs it's sufferable
Going the path that is a spiral
Not ahead, but down it leads
To the bottom of society

Creating their reflection
The victim becomes perp

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