

Factory Of Art "Solitary Soldier"

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Hear, hear the voice inside your head
It speaks to you.
See, see the madness around of you
Makes you feeling blue.
Cry, cry out your rage
Against the wall of prejudice.
Show, show your abstinancy
Everyone day and night.
Who are you now?

You are the man with the gun.
You are the tramp on the run.
You are the saveless child
Which lost this internal fight.

Leave, leave the place of disagreeable memories.
Search the source of error
Which makes trouble in the sense
Kill, kill the killer of your own personality.
Fall into the grave without a name
In eternal gloom. Who are you now?

You are the man with the gun.
You are the tramp on the run.
You are the saveless child
Which lost this internal fight.

Who are you now?

You are the man with the gun.
You are the tramp on the run.
You are the saveless child
Which lost this internal fight.
Who are... you now?

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