

Gorefest "Soul Survivor"

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A poor man who lost his soul
A servant without goal
A breed made to live the day
Nirvana far away

The passion for a chosen life
The purpose of the dream
A dead man but still alive
No heart in a machine

These days, strange days
The heart and soul, where is the fire?
These days, strange days
And I am feeling like a soul survivor

A poor man who lost his son
His love for life to carry on
The wind will take him where it blows
Nirvana never shows

The hunger for a higher life
A full creative mind
Is now a long forgotten dream
Self-chosen to be blind

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So confused

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