

Hogwash "Rosemary Tree"

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By now I can steal
Neither another minute of life
To explain, speak and describe
I am weak, too weak
To become me strong
To motivate me, to live anymore
I don't feel me able
To take back consistence
Maybe not even shape, and my color
Forced into narrow masks
So spine-chilling, so ugly
Just like a poor robber
I disguise myself and rob the others
Pretending me real, but I'm not it
I don't feel me able
To take back consistence
Maybe not even shape, and my color
I don't want to get back to me
Lie is all I know how to do
Lie to the others, lie to myself

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