

## Ideas

### "My Drama"

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Tell me, how it feels  
to look in the old, broken mirror on a new dawn,  
and staring at the distance, to see in the splinters:  
this man is not you anymore.  
Your face is deprived of the light,  
in darkness, locked up a hundred times.

You're slowly disappearing and swallowed by the  
endless distance,  
I'm reaching out my arms for your emerging hands,  
to make you stay!  
On the stage of life just an empty chair stands,  
the curtain drops, the scene ends

On the stage of life just an empty chair stands

I'm calling you to myself to embalm your broken wings,  
for you're the only one, for whom beautiful dreams  
waiting.

You're slowly disappearing and swallowed by the  
endless distance,  
I'm reaching out my arms for your emerging hands,  
to make you stay!  
On the stage of life the pressure ends,  
the curtain drops, the scene ends

On the stage of life the pressure ends

Look at me with your musing eyes from the far  
distance  
raise your soul, this drama is played for you.

You're slowly disappearing and swallowed by the  
endless distance,  
I'm reaching out my arms for your emerging hands,  
to make you stay!  
On the stage of life nobody has play,  
the curtain drops, the scene ends

On the stage of life nobody has play

I'm looking for my lost face,  
to see myself in the splinters once again

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