

Kurhaus

"Trading Sleepless Nights For Hope"

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These are no rough winds
This is a class five hurricane
Ready to erase everything
And we're in the eye
Waiting for a wall of air to tear up human life
Meteorologists don't make the weather
Still we keep praying to them
Maybe the storm is gonna vanish - anyhow

And the dull knocking in the back of the head
Each time the telephone rings
You better sit down now
No, I won't sit down now

So many words never spoken
So many candles never blown out
And all the waiting
And the powerlessness
I wish I could help you
Please don't die
Please don't die - not now

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