

## **Dark Lunacy**

### **"Peace In My Hands"**

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Flowers are fed by the guilty sun  
Guilty for keeping the life command  
Winds grow to storms, storms bear further sons  
This is my breed ... this is the cycle of need.  
If you play for me - I cannot be.  
Lost in you and nothing  
But peace  
In my hands  
Nothing but a smalltalk with my death  
Nothing but  
A pioneer who climbs the  
Highest mountain  
To fall  
And the course of the stream  
Makes us to madme we've never been  
Awakes the psychopath who rests  
To watch the suffering process.  
You have not pleaded for me - now I'll be  
Los in you and nothing  
But peace  
In my hands  
Nothing but a smalltalk with my death  
Nothing but  
A pioneer who climbs the highest mountain  
Just to fall ...

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