

## **Michael Kiske**

### **"You Run With The Pack"**

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To give what I got, to take what I need to live, it ain't  
easy for me,  
Darken my eyes, tell me lies, but all nice, tell me how I  
have to be,  
Get me in your foolish game, destroy my defence, lock  
me in,  
Throw me in your lion's cage, 'cos then I'm out of your  
way,

Cry with the wolves, run with the pack,  
Turn around to save your neck,  
'Cos someone always keeps you in confusion,  
Squeezed in a box, who'll win the race,  
Ask no questions in this case,  
What's left is only you and your illusions,

Charity is all your duty, they preach you: sharing your  
goods is your pride,  
Patriotic-Love, kill the enemy first, I can hear the other  
side,  
What's the way out of this game? You'll either win or  
you lose,  
I run in circles, who's to blame? Is there a way I can  
choose?

Cry with the wolves, run with the pack,  
Turn around to save your neck,  
'Cos someone always keeps you in confusion,  
Squeezed in a box, who'll win the race,  
Ask no questions in this case,  
What's left is only you and your illusions,

I'm juggling on a rope without a net and hope,  
I keep my balance 'cos I see them smile with open jaws,  
And if I'm falling down, then I will soon be torn.  
A squabble over prey: who gets the best part out of me,  
To take the needle is a one-way trip without a coming  
back,  
You take it and you still will see reality'll make upon  
you.

