

## Marcus Jung "Phoenix"

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You wonder where all the good times have gone  
You wonder how it all fell through  
Maybe you don't really mind

You see the world as a cold hologram  
But your heart beats willingly  
Don't you need to know

That your life is meaningful and free

Put your pride to rest  
In the fever of your finest hour  
And rise like a phoenix  
In the fever of your finest hour  
You take solace in the things you prize most  
You squander them one by one  
Maybe you don't really mind

You're quite averse to falling headlong in love  
But your heart aches willingly  
Don't you need to know

That your life is meaningful and free

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