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Nightward "Doctor S."

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How can I forget that day,

You changed my life, you taught me to cry.

Once again set me free

From such odious lies and oblivion.

Help-me!

Come on start to tell your tales,

Fool, true, odd stories about mankind $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ s

Here they are: envy and pride,

Sympathy rolls in without a sound.

Feel it!

Once again set me free

From such odious lies and oblivion.

 $I\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢â, $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{TM}}II$ take care with jealous eyes

Of what you gave me for all my life.

It $\hat{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ s not important to you what the people say,

You laugh at them and you wonder at their miseries. I swear it $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ s true that $I\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ II miss you.

Don $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ t leave me behind!

And IÃf¢â,¬Â™ II miss you.

Don $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ t leave me behind!

Bitter life taste, human weakness, sadness, joy, pain, self deception,

Introspection, tear drops, death, love, mother, ego, childhood, tell me why!

Lead me with your wisdom

And $I\tilde{A}f\hat{A}\hat{a}$, $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ m sure, without fear, $I\tilde{A}f\hat{A}\hat{a}$, $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ m sure $I\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢â, $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{m}}II$ survive.

It $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ s not important to you what the people

You laugh at them and you wonder at their miseries. I swear it $\hat{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ s true that $I\hat{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ II miss you.

Don $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ t leave me behind!

And $I\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢â, $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{TM}}II$ miss you.

Don $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ t leave me behind!

Thousand days not spent in vain, Trying to understand life in writing rhymes. Many died before the dawn; ItÃf¢â,¬Â $^{\text{TM}}$ s just a matter of wounded rage. Heal me! Once again set me free From such odious lies and oblivion. IÃf¢â,¬Â $^{\text{TM}}$ d like to feel you here again at my side. How can I let you know doctor S.? That when the wind chimes loudly under my porch, I still think of you

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