

An Handful Of Dust

"Friday October 13, 2006"

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Day seems always the same
Like the looks of people that blame me
Hopes remained in my sleep
Unaware of what's going to happen to me
I face dawn as usual
I go downstairs to have some coffee,
And I feel more imprisoned
I go out for a walk, light up a smoke
(I'm not dressed up, he stares at me
I cannot take this anymore I need a free place)

Fuck this day I want to scream, 'till my soul becomes
free
Will he ever be free?
I'm pissed off with everything, with myself and with you
I hate you all...
There will ever be a day when all this changes?
When the grey is no more
Don't fool yourself, surely is not gonna be the
thirteenth of October

Trapped in my dreams I live
Can you hear my cry? [x2]
I can hear your lies
This hell is burning
I can hear your lies [x2]
Can you hear my cry?

I can't stand this people anymore
Why I'm still here, staring at the emptiness
(I realize) this land and sky don't belong to me
I can't find the strength to break this chains

It's time to go
To pack my stuff
And don't look back
Yeah, right... It's late now,
Time to return back home

Fuck this day I want to scream...

