

Peter Green

"Man-Erg"

Visit "[Man-Erg](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The killer lives inside me; yes, I can feel him move.
Sometimes he's lightly sleeping in the quiet of his
room;
but then his eyes will rise and stare through mine,
he'll speak my words and slice my mind inside.
Yes, the killer lives.
The angels live inside me, I can feel them smile;
their presence strokes and soothes the tempest in my
mind
and their love can heal the wounds that I have wrought.
They watch me as I go to fall;
well, I know I shall be caught
while the angels live.
How can I be free?
How can I get help?
Am I really me?
Am I someone else?
But stalking in my cloisters hang the acolytes of gloom
and Death's Head throws his cloak into the corner of
my room
and I am doomed.
But laughing in my courtyard play the pranksters of my
youth
and solemn, waiting Old Man in the gables of the roof:
he tells me truth.
And I, too, live inside me and very often don't know
who I am;
I know I'm not a hero; well, I hope that I'm not damned.
I'm just a man, and killers, angels, all are these,
dictators, saviours, refugees in war and peace
as long as Man lives...
I'm just a man, and killers, angels, all are these:
dictators, saviours, refugees

Visit [Peter Green](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.