

## **Peter Hammill**

### **"Man-Erg"**

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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

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