

Coldworker

"The Black Dog Syndrome"

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Canine eyes, submissive mind, this came to shape my
Life

Stand divided when the black dog is approaching fast
Doubts arise, the leash is bound with straps that never
Tie

It defies and despair is gaining ground at last

Chased into the highest gear

Tail between legs in fear

Licking my bleeding wounds

Facing this beast alone

Can't outrun

The black hound

Safety distance has decreased

On my own

Severe wounds

Fall prey when it comes unleashed

Devouring every smile

Smelling my fear, mile after mile

Following every lead

The black dog appears, superior breed

Death resides, a lethal struggle where the strong

Survive

Swallowed pride, falling straight into the blackest

Hole

On four feet, standing on the bones buried beneath

In conceit, always guarding to retain control

A fight I will never win

Facing it's drooling grin

Caught in this burning black

No one to lead me back

Can't outrun

The black hound

Safety distance has decreased

On my own

Severe wounds

Fall prey when it comes unleashed

Devouring every smile
Smelling my fear, mile after mile
Following every lead
The black dog appears, superior breed

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