

Wotan

"The Real"

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The Real

Take your instruments of war.
Burn down your stars.
And create a whole new sky.
Before everyone discovers your lie.

All the fuckers that cast their spell.
And wished for me a bitter hell.
I wish to thank you for your words.
There is nothing more to hurt.
Not your evil and your wicked heart.
Could kill the truth in my honest art.
Nothing else can strike me dead.
Only the creativity in my head.

When the fire is at your feet.
Not a knife thrown yet and you already bleed.
Preachers of reality,
It is all but real I see.
Oh watch over my head,
Cause the bitch of live went mad.

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