

David Fridlund**"Circles"**

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Come in to me
I want to swallow every lie
I don't care if it's wrong or right
a black silhouette follows me around
You say you stumble blinded through life
I think it's all in your head sometimes
You search for one good hand to call your own
You want four walls to name "home"
just in & out again, just a quick stop
I'll be here waiting, watching my posture drop
is life pretty to you, or just pretty fucked up?
when will you hit the bottom - or reach the top?

And here comes a cold man / hammer and a nail
here comes a sad girl with broken sails
and here comes a flood-wave from my eyes
'cause I can't turn things around, I can't stop time
and you know what it is, you know it's the law
of all things devilishness that keeps you
tied to a wheel that goes round & round & roundâ€¦
Come follow me out of the dark
we either do this now or we don't do it at all
the circle's closed the chance is gone
I'd like to stop
I'm all used up

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