

Theatre Of Ice

"Hollow"

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Waking,
Falling stars from substratum
Who holds the key to break the old bonds?
Stare into space
Until you cannot see your face

I turn away
I turn, but never get back.
Trying hard to be someone,
In return you end up hollow.
Like a sinking ship I float.
A stormy sunny day, I turn away.

I've come to realize this is gone tomorrow
Brittle and frail, we (will) fall down
All that we are is a means to an end
It doesn't matter what you do
Give me your hand and open up your eyes,
And burn away -- release yourself

I turn away
I turn, but never get back.
Trying hard to be someone,
In return you end up hollow.
Like a sinking ship I float.
A stormy sunny day, I turn away.

I will not follow you across the silver sky of summer
And like someone from tomorrow I sense innocence
In my dreaming
I wasn't sleeping

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