



Born With Blood on My Hands	01
Art Remains	02
The Seventh Sorrow	03
We Can Do No Wrong	04
Heartburnt	05
The Weeping	06
Conversation 16	07
Etwas starb in mir	08
Echoes of You	09
The End of the Lie	10

Born With Blood on My Hands

Dearest mother
must I still suffer
can't you ever look beyond
what ever say I've done

Save me mother
from the taunting mirror
and malice in your eyes
you cared not to disguise

I won't be mourned
I understand
but I was born
with blood on my hands
with blood on my hands
and it stayed there

And trough the storm
my journey's planned
for I've been scorned
across the land
there's blood on my hands
and it stayed there

Dearest father
no mercy for your martyr
I tell you I have tried
to stop avoiding life

All my brothers
stood by one another
you told them that I stained
your precious family name

I want be mourned...

I have sworn
on the witness stand
that I was born
with blood on my hands
with blood on my hands
and I stayed there

Art Remains

They turned my words into a funeral pyre
I'd rather be in exile than a liar
but I'm not ashamed
I believe in all I say
too scare to be afraid
as my truth will find a way

The silver strangers
they dance around the lacerated angels
in the rising flames
nothing can change us
as one we fight despite the deadly dangers
the art remains

A gallery of enemies all wait
to use their sixty different words for hate
and so I play their game
but I will never be enslaved
indissidence we pray
and live to cry another day

The silver strangers
they dance around the lacerated angels
in the rising flames
nothing can change us
as one we fight despite the deadly dangers
but the art remains
but the art remains...

The silver strangers
they dance around the lacerated angels
and fan the flames
so who will save us
injustice for the lustful and the faithless
but the art remains
with hearts untamed

The Seventh Sorrow

One day
the dark clouds did circle
though I choose to not look so high
as denial was my default

And one day
the voice couldn't stop me
anatrophy deep in the mind
in the dead of night it wakes me
to the blackest room it takes me
just to show how much it hates me

This low
the seventh sorrow
oppressing me more with every blow
as destiny drowns in the undertow
this could be it for me

And one day
I stared far beyond you
to find I was lost in myself
no matter what mask I wore

And one day
the cruel light of mourning
my days were as bleak as my dreams
when I'd suffered one to four
the fifth and sixth hurt more
as the black dog howls at my door

This low
the seventh sorrow
oppressing me more with every blow
as destiny drowns in the undertow
this could be it for me

Helpless one...

We Can Do No Wrong

It's getting hard to walk alone
I want to know who'll save this soul
It's getting cold here on my own
all these bad days just cut me to the bone

Are you the one - my hope had gone
are you the one - I depend upon

We can do no wrong
getting further from their lies
we can do no wrong
guided by the light in your eyes
so tell me

How can the sun cut through our rain
unless you come this feeling will remain

Are you the one- It's been so long
are you the one - my denouement

We can do no wrong
getting closer to our time
we can do no wrong
guided by the light in your eyes
say it's so
Are you the one?

With you - the world can't hurt us
with you - their words are worthless
with you - I've found my purpose
Are you the one?

Are you the one - my siren song
are you the one - where I belong

We can do no wrong
our wings were clipped but now we'll fly
we can do no wrong
guided by the light in your eyes
tell me though

Are you the one?

With you - all ties are severed
with you - we'll dream together
with you - this day's forever

Are you the one?

Heartburnt

Seventy-nine days since
you pushed away my hand
autumnal fires fading
and muttered words, so sad

Never one to face it
the petals wilt alone
seventy-nine days since
the ghost of a life did call

Memories surround me
'eternally yours' you wrote
the night that the harbour held us
less than a year ago

From the slums to the grandest mansions
I cannot find my place
stunned, I can only wonder
what proved my grave mistake

The street signs cold and distant
the skyline no longer ours
seventy-nine days since
I counted up, not down

Heartburnt
just as you made me
disturbed
but you could save me
and possibly make me return
you know I'm waiting
Heartburnt
won't somebody save me
or self medicate me
please someone awake me
this I yearn

Please somebody crave me
...this I yearn

The Weeping

Count to ten
again

Your secret life fails to provoke
and how you hate it
but you need drama
here and now
so the knives are out
all around the bed
and what they spell
well it's better left unsaid

Will the weeping ever take it's toll?
I cannot stem the flow
it is keeping me from letting go
of all I can't control
who am I to know

A trembling up
always your chosen weapon
you can't forgive
I won't forget this latest fight
sad but true

Will the weeping ever take it's toll?
I cannot stem the flow
it is keeping me from letting go
of all I can't control
what you reap you sow

Will the weeping ever take it's toll?
I cannot stem the flow
when I'm feeling desperately flow
have you reached your goal?

...who am I to know...

Conversation 16

I think are the kids in trouble
I do not know what what all the troubles are for
give them ice from their fevers
you're the only thing I ever want anymore
we'll live on coffee and flowers
try not to wonder what the weather will be
I figured out what we're missing
tell you miserable things after you are asleep

Now we'll leave the silver city
cause all the silver girls gave us black dreams
leave the silver city
cause all the silver girls
everything means everything

It's a Hollywood summer
you never believe the shitty thoughts I think
we had friends out for dinner
when I said what I said I didn't mean anything
we belong in a movie
try to hold it together
till our friend are gone
we should swim in a fountain
I do not want to disappoint anyone

Now we'll leave the silver city...

I was afraid I'd eat your brains
I was afraid I'd eat your brains
cause I'm evil

I'm a confident liar
have ma head in the oven
so you know where I'll be
I try to be more romantic
I wanna believe in everything you believe
I was less than amazing
I do not know what all the troubles are for
I fall asleep in your branches
you're the only thing I ever want anymore

Now we'll leave the silver city...
I was afraid I'd eat your brains
I was afraid I'd eat your brains
cause I'm evil

Etwas starb in mir

Von Werkes Flur
durchs Feld gefallener Liebe
lernt ich zu mimen
Scheu blickend nur
vom Krieg in unseren Wänden
wo Stille geblieben

Etwas starb in mir
etwas starb in mir
ist kein Leben hier - nur noch Schein
nicht länger Teil von mir

Gedankenleid
Im Raum geteilter Zuflucht
Bücher und Bände
Der Moment kommt
verfluch die Haut in der ich leb
mein Traum am Ende

Etwas starb in mir...

Etwas starb in mir
etwas starb in mir
und wir atmen noch - doch ohne Sinn
ein Traum in Zeit gefriert

Echoes of You

The final thing on my mind
is hiding from my heart
from the daybreak to the night train
I'm on guard

I sleepwalk to the summer
there's safety in the dark
from the prison you have wisdom
to impart

All I see - echoes of you...

Solidarity in Silence
drifting through the park
but reflections and these questions
cause alarm

Distance is'the devil
I'm numb when it's so far
but the pressures when we're together
bring me harm

That's the downside of my life

All I hear - echoes of you...

It's my life
echoes of you
That's the downside of my life
I'm thinking of echoes of you

The End of the Lie

I wander the forest
still under her spell
no pathway to follow
in darkness we dwell
well sleep's never easy
when your days are ill-spent
dreams of boats burning
refuse to relent

The more I try to feign
the less I belong
and the truth is so lonely
when there's only yourself to be strong

It's the end of the lie
nothing is worth more than time
when passion is compromised
it's the end of the lie

The songbird is silent
whenever we approach
her disdain defiant
all three of us know

So the law I must break
as these days are to long
and the roof is so homely
when below me
there's so much that's wrong

It's the end of the lie
nothing is worth more than time
when passion is compromised
it's the end of the lie

It's the end of the lie
nothing is worth more than time
more lament than lullaby
it's the end of the lie

All Sunday a knot deep in my stomach
for the pain Monday's laid in store
with Tuesday to Thursday the poison prevails
then Friday and Saturday
is the torpor
I've come to deplore

It's the end of the lie
nothing is worth more than time
when passion is compromised
it's the end of the lie

It's the end of the lie
nothing is worth more than time
more lament than lullaby
it's the end of the lie