

The Hostage

Almah

In the name of fame and destruction
You recute your dead poetry
In the name of a sacred exposure
You are living anonymously

In the name of a needed acceptance
You are selling your self as a bitch
In the name of a glorious present
You are burning your future indeed

I've got tomorrow
I live it up
I crossed the damn road
I've overcome

In the name of (an) addictive pestilence
You are pitting your death in the scene
In the name of a native instinct
You're unfolding yourself as a beast

In the name of a priceless rising
You're denying aggressively
What's left of the men's conscience
What's left of the men's dreams

I've got tomorrow
I live it up
I crossed the damn road
I've overcome

All dreams are in the storm
(eternally into this world we're thrown)
All fear ascends your soul
(eternally into this world we're thrown)