

He drank the wine and dropped the glass,
then whispered softly
"don't ever turn back"
I may have broke the code when I said
"please give me the keys maybe I should drive you home".

I have heard the silence,
it never gave him a chance to flee.
Staring through life's naked eye eating the poor man alive.

He was only twelve years old
when mama took him away
and introduced him to his new daddy.
He told him all about sex, drugs and rock'n'roll,
and to mess around with alcohol.

Into the point where we are.
Up to the line we never cross.
This place where we build our homes.
This place where we bury our corpse.
We bury our corpse again.

The year was 1995,
the boy is a man now, with no plans for the future.
Today he's lying naked on the floor,
of Stockholm central-station.
Slave to the drunken master.
He only felt alive with a bottle at his side.
He tried to fight the habit,
but he was in too deep, out of reach.

Into the point where we are.
Upto the line we never cross.
This place where we build our homes.
This place where we bury our corpse.
We bury our corpse again.

Now it's time to open your eyes,
you've been living in a dream world.

Now it's time to open your eyes,
you've been living in a dream world.

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