

Way Out

Depressive Age

I have trouble in my mind
Do not know what's wrong or right
I fall in thoughts 'bout the roots
I hate myself, I am confused

This town is dangerous every time, don't move in unknown ways to find
The way out to relief, 'cause violence amplifies the grief

I have no disease, have food, bed and flat
Lots of important things that other people want to get
Maybe I'll help them, but I'm selfish today
I hate myself, so dazed in this state

This town is dangerous every time, don't move in unknown ways to find
The way out to relief, 'cause violence amplifies the grief

Now, one is gone, one near me
Is gone forever and finds some relief
His child is left alone for me
Is this the new way that should be, out of my hate?

This town is dangerous every time, don't move in unknown ways to find
The way out of your hate, is this the new way out of my hate?