

1. A song for those
Who have wasted all
The love for life and inner beauty

The medley of the
Archived values
To ease for a second
The weight of torrid world
Spread your wings, do not look back

2.
Poetic justice
Denied and feared
Gladly coped
With crocodile's tears

Like witches burned
The humble and the poor
Lunacy and heresy
Burned by the mob at dawn
Now break your shackles and fly

Gift of life turned into
Battered routine
Cry in the crowd
The fragments of solace
Blown by the wind
Like ash of the urn dies
Burn-out race

"Behold from above and below,
the anguish on a path called life.
Tiny figures strive to survive
Oppressed by suicidal pride."

IN THE END THE WAY TO REDEMPTION
WAS JUST A DAYDREAM - NAIVE MIRAGE
AND FOR THE BLIND A TRAIL OF RAZORS,
WHERE EVERY STEP BRINGS PAIN AND ANGER

Could I please have emotions?
Could we please have needs once more?
If we just open our hearts
Maybe there's hope for us again

I ask you to join me in this dance
In the alley of shattered dreams
We're not alone in this cold place
Where blessed are the insane
We build our sanctuaries
Se deep within our hearts

3.
A song for those
Who gave up the hope
It's not unheard of
to be doubtful and ashamed

Now take my hand
Look me in the eyes
We are safe now
If we just stay together
Now sing it, sing like a star!