

Innocent

Look-Out!

Broken heart, broken dreams, broken life, misery on the bloody knife.

Stolen time, stolen clasp, stolen hopes, I have just my confused notes.

Speaking with the ghosts on the wall, waking up from dreams, home alone.

Tell me why, please tell me why, You didn't tell goodbye.

In my head, in my soul, in my heart, I feel that's the way into the dark.

Latenight walks, latenight drinking, street disturbances due to violent thinking.

Everyday upstairs into my garret. I pet with my old thankful berret.

This is the end, end of road, its time to go.

I'm sorry, please excuse me! my dear, now I know ITS TIME TO GO.

My hand, my illness, my alter ego.

Its time to go, I already know, where I was that night, oh nooo ooooo.

Lost sheet, lost knife, lost paddle. All the small things fitting together.

In my mind, in my memories, now I find the reason of my misery.

Upstairs into my garret. With schizophrenia and thankful berret .

This is the end of road, now I know that its time to go.

I'm sorry, please excuse me! my dear, now I know ITS TIME TO GO.

My hand, my illness, my alter ego.

Its time to go, I already know, where I was that night, oh no, oh no.

ITS time to go.....