

Is Your Soul For Sale

The Old Dead Tree

I can guess what you are thinking
You are telling yourself you can't do it
But I think you're wrong

You're full of doubts
You cannot chose
Between two ways
You fear to lose
Too much time
So much life
You cannot believe
A word of mine
But you're wrong
Yes you're wrong
You should now listen to
To my story
To your family
To the signs that warn you
Of your coming fall

Why are you sleeping?
Can't you act as a man
For once in your life?

Cry over yourself
You make me sick, my friend
What have you done to be so weak?

I can guess what you are thinking
You are telling yourself you can't do it
And maybe you're right

You're full of doubts
You cannot chose
Between two ways
You fear to lose
Too much time
So much life
You cannot believe
A word of mine
But you're wrong
Yes you're wrong
Inactive, immobile, useless
You live your life lifeless
Sometimes I just ask myself
If your soul's for sale

I'd like to be able
To make a decision
I'd like to be stronger
But it's getting harder
I'm just a coward
Loosing his mind

Why are sleeping?
Can't you act as a man
For once in your life?

Cry over yourself
You make me sick, my friend
What have you done to be so weak?