

Rise To The Occasion

The Old Dead Tree

I hate to gravel, to beg for help, to feel weak.
I am not this kind of man
But I feel so lost.

I watch my back,
I'm used to managing my friend's problems.
I'm often considered
As an elder brother.

I can't tell what happened,
It came so fast.
A wind of dark feelings
Has blown my mind.
I feel distraught,
But Am I still able to
Rise to the occasion?

I feel distraught,
But I have to fight for
I can't do this anymore.
This Life
But I can't reach the shore.

I feel like a stranger among friends:
Don't trust me anymore!
I feel like a stranger among friends,
Among

You!
It can't be true
Even colours are dead,
Just the cold in my head.
Maybe it's simply my time
I feel
To battle depression.
So lost.
I feel like a child
Lost in a mansion.

I am here, lying on the floor,
Pretending to ignore.
Trying to forget my pain, to dive into the depths,
To forgive my soul for bleeding my senses,
To believe my own lies,
Is the future a light shining in the dark?

I am not myself anymore.
So far, so far is the shore.
I just cannot even beg for more.
How did my life stumble this way?
Everything seemed so strong,
Everything went so wrong!

Take my pain away!
Please give me a life to live.
I cannot stand to see myself agonising this way.
I'm not this kind of man,

Take my pain away,
Help me rise to the occasion!