

Burn

Wynardtage

It's in the growing
In every further sense
No pill to make forget
The permanent defense
This collapsing life
In a hard soundtrack
All sorrows return
Everything stays black

It's in the words
In every stupid sound
A vote against the fear
And it's thrill somehow
I am the freak
No(thing) good is done
Hiding and burning
For the circus to play on

It's in the violence
In concrete, glass & steel
Closer to the walls
In silence to kneel
Praying and singing
At least the hoping for
The preacherman is wise
And his medium is pure

It's in the challenge
The complete incarnation
Having the real drugs
Perform the provocation
I am the clown
Releasing and unite
The hidden components
To get in circus life

It's in the shout
The lie absorbing cross
Gold as the heart
Get all weakness lost
Smiling and healing
For a better, a correct life
Meds taking effect
Deceiving all the time

It's in the concept
A freezing, gnawing pain
The wish to take control
Is already here again
I am the patient
Addicted to my fate
To things that make alone
For now it's circus date

It's in the habit
Everyday and now
Signs are almost the same

Colours fading out
Believing and taking
The mask is only yours
It's kept just in the minds
What's to be longing for

It's in the strength
A legacy of change
Keep us from the ideals
Of the blinded brains
I am the sinner
Belonging to my turn
Make the bible bleed
Let the circus burn