

King of Yesterday, Slave of Today

Arise

Distorted colors in a painfull light,
etched to my vision as a spear through my eyes.
I have no memory of what I have done,
this was the last time, this was the final one!

Running dry, feeling low,
burning headache, twisting knives in my eyes.
I can't believe that I will do it again,
the king of yesterday becomes the slave of today.

The walls are leaning over me,
moving closer, ready to fall.
Every noise is like hitting the anvil,
this was the last time, this was the final one.

No, never again! stop the chaos and I'll surrender!
No, never again! Maybe tomorrow all is forgotten.