A feeling of powerness
In a world arranged
Still the power is ours
For the world to change
With a collective choice
To let hear our voice
An extensive decision
Of a vital mission

But in between is a wall
Standing thin but tall
With a printed line of text
Telling you what to do next
An ever ringing mantra repeating in one's head
Affecting your life - until you drop dead

You are what you have, you are what you do But furthermore - What others think of you

And so we fear the release would make our own worth decrease We are bound to the wall (waiting for it to fall) With indecision to ac, the wall remains intact We are bound to the wall (awaiting a heroe's call)

The Fear we plant in the morning's breeze

We get to feed on - on our knees

Traditional tratits carried on through generations

And keep reflecting on our relations

Was earth made to be a court of law?

Or an endless game of self conviction?

A risky Place where no one's safe

From one another, foe and brother

NO NO NO NO NO NO!!!
We're below the freezing point
Point zero
The ice is burning in your eyes

You're blind
Blinded by the pain you see
It sets me free

(The gates open)
(To a brighter world)
The lament of a dying kind
The slaves of mind - Stand aligned
Who suffers through all kinds of pain
For peace, but all in vain