

when all is dark
there are no points of reference
and we no longer navigate
by the stars
we just end up somewhere

...nowhere...

where lights are dim
and shades of black are grey
time appears like a golden calf
while the moments slip away
a search for the freedom in the future
when the hours fall behind
I can always die
another day
desperately I seize tomorrow
all out of my reach
that is what I learned
this is what I teach
corruption seems to flourish
while promises decay
where lights are dim
and shades of black are grey

where lights are dim
and shades of black are grey
from the moment of arrival
we are led astray
with nothing but a distant cry
from deep within a soul
a wordless voice
to guide us on the way
desperately we name the voice
and make the cries our own
as if to deny the fact
that we are all alone
in solitude we mingle
disillusioned we fall prey
where lights are dim
and shades of black are grey

I can always live
another day...