

Not Too Late

BlutEngel

You wake up in the morning and you feel sick,
with a bitter taste of emptiness in your mouth
and you might know what it's like
to be the bad guy
You look in the mirror and you see yourself
You're a broken guy
with a black hole in your heart,
with a black hole in your soul

This is your life
It's time to wake up
It's time to move
Raise your fist against the world
You can change the future
You can change your life
It's not too late

You have to fight
and you go to
break the rules, to find a way
You can be a king, you can be free
It's not too late

Everybody hates you and you hate them
You don't want to live like this anymore
You know you have to fight just to survive
and every day you want to change the world
So you take the gun from the bedside table
You're driving through the streets,
just to find the guilty one,
there must be someone to blame
for this hopeless situation.