

Locked up behind these walls.
Ages of trying to cope.

Behind December's walls.
Years and years of finding myself.
This was the longest journey I've ever made.
Days of wasting tears and no one cares.
Countless nights, drowning in worthless nightmares.
Ages of trying to cope.
Ages of not giving up hope.

Keeping alive the hope for a deeper sense,
For a better understanding of my world.
My destiny, my goals and myself climbing out
Of that endless misery.
No security, no confirmation of an end.
Alone in the masses. yeah!

Is there anybody on my side?
Please appear now.
I feel... I feel myself slowly crumbling.
And when the rain is coming I can feel myself.
Melting into the ground.
Becoming the puppet I never meant to be.

I don't know how, I don't know why,
So sure I don't deserve this.
But there came an eastern wind
That brought me forward, pushed me out of the sludge.
Formed my actual self, buried my inner demons.
Locked up december's walls. (looked up)
Behind december's walls.

The rain can't force me down anymore.
I'm strong enough to hold back the storms now.
Seeing my visions clear like never before.
From that day I met you.

For what you are, for what you saw in me.
Now I can see clearly all the wrong paths I took.
The prospect is perfect.
From the roof I see down the walls. (from the roof)
I am bulletproof, bulletproof, bulletproof, bulletproof!

And if the vultures are ever circling above me again,
You can be sure I won't let you go because I know
You can still feel my passion.
Strengthened by the scars I've collected in the past.
I will move more heaven and earth to save this.
Because I am bulletproof!
BULLETPROOF!