

## Many Wills

Darkseed

I'm lying on my bed now  
No morning gives me promise  
of a glorious day  
Will happiness return'  
I overdrink the day  
I overdring the night  
I'm drinking forth myself  
abroad to an empty loss  
down to a sunless sea  
to drown in my own misery  
Will my happiness return'  
Will the night lay to rest?  
Future-expectations there?  
Hopeful promise anywhere?  
Will my happiness return?  
Will the night lay to rest?  
Will the rainbow bridge my ways?  
Will there be glorious days?  
I'm a stranger for the world  
Nevermore to dance  
Isolation in my rooms  
Oh hell that I was born  
Too many wills that don't come true  
No chance to realize  
The final countown, final flight  
to false illusions, astral suicide  
I'll stop my sadness, use the key  
to the outlet of my misery