

A poor man who lost his soul  
A servant without a goal  
A breed made to live the day  
Nirvana far away  
The passion for a chosen life  
The purpose of the dream  
A dead man but still alive  
No heart in a machine

These days, strange days  
The heart and soul, where is the fire?  
These days, strange days  
And I am feeling like a soul survivor

A poor man who lost his sun  
His love for life to carry on  
The wind will take him where it blows  
Nirvana never shows  
The hunger for a higher life  
A full creative mind  
Is now a long forgotten dreams  
Self-chosen to be blind

So confused