

Eleventh Hour Tactics

Kaospilot

Somehow the fire went out and these winter days left me cold.
Spending my days counting empty bottles really don't satisfy me
anymore.

Walls built to protect are closing in now ready to destroy.
I need to fight them, fire against fire.

Smash the bricks lose control.

Love, passion, rage, hate please let me feel again. Dancing on
thin ice, I want to dance on fire.