

I lack the courage of youth
the power to struggle and fight
not ever achieving my lying dreams
not solving my problems right

a victim of passivity and indolence
I cast twisted shadows on your openminded sense
guess I have to scream it out
things they do not work your ways
guess I have to scream it out right...
right in your face

buried in a coffin filled with dirt
even though I try the rope is 'round my neck
it seems as if a hundred years have passed
it's the walls around me I will never break

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guess I have to scream it out right...
right in your face

years are wasted, they always are
and betrayal is the blind man's faith, I know
thine's too expensive and that's a fact
I look at you from here - it's from below

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