

Eremita

Pink Turns Blue

Man hold's the fate of this world
In his two hands
But I'm... I'm just talking
That's why... That is why
Why I got into the habit of babbling to myself
Am I... Am I?

I foresaw something like this
But this is worse than anything I
Thought of... serves me right
The poor little boy's quite beside himself
My life's no more
Than the life of a cockroach...

How I hate... what?
My ideas require it... for their fulfilment
I'm the follower... hesitating
And losing the thread
Is that the way... I could hide
My soul?