

Hands Off

Quidam

Constant tension in my head
I wake up tangled in words
I became a puppet in a theatre of the upper class
An actor in an eccentric performance

I feel that my independence was taken away
Hectic pace of life destroyed my memories
They clip my wings when try to fly up
I give in to petrified thoughts?

Like a leaf I'm
treaded upon in autumn like a leaf
Beggard of hope with desire of life, but how can I live, how can
I live?

I've overcome a storm and settled on an island of oblivion
I've found what I needed, my remedy for life

Many things have changed for all these years,
I clench my fists and fight

I have enough courage to face life
I know that my time has come at last

But every night awakens my pain,
I can feel the breath of my enemy down my neck

Hands off don't touch my soul
Hands off my soul
Hands off don't touch my soul
Hands off my soul

The time will come when you will understand
You will feel the way I do
Power is in youth, and brings revolution
The time will come when I will pay You back
I promise