

Everyman

Uneven Structure

I had this strange dream that last night.
And I woke up soaked in sweat,
Stinking of fear and weakness.
With this bitter and familiar taste in my mouth.
The taste of defeat, the taste of waste.
I think I stayed asleep for too long.

I bent my spine my whole life.
I burnt the meadow of my desires.
I offered you my heart on a silver tray.

You ate it, shat it and ate it again.
I gave you my vessel.
You have happily burnt it slowly.

I watch the dripping candle of my desires.
They are not all gone to ashes.
I touch the shivery flame of my fantasies.
Although flickering it still burns my fingers.

But today that's you Mr Liar.
That's you I'm going to watch burn slowly.
I am the end of your story.
I am the end of your era.

I watch the dripping candle of my desires.
They are not all gone to ashes.
I touch the shivery flame of my fantasies.
Although flickering it still burns my fingers.

The curtain has fallen,
The barriers have broken.
And heads will start rolling.

I am the end of your story.
I am the end of your era.

I will never be this lifeless instrument.
I will carry my torch to the highest peaks.