

Scars remain

Wolfsheim

Grapes of wrath are fruits of passion
Fulsome hands don't feel repentance
Seekt the reason, find an answer
Why do only scars remain ... mirror, mirror on the wall

A mean and ugly, calm but painful
Feeling you can't understand
A taste of freedom, insufficient
But it's all that's left to be ... mirror, mirror on the wall

Don't be frightened, don't be anxious
A new attempt and you fall further down
Come on defy indifference
And the sun will shine for you again ... mirror, mirror on the wall