

ManErg

Van Der Graaf Generator

The killer lives inside me: I can feel him move.
Sometimes he's lightly sleeping in the quiet of his room,
but then his eyes will rise and stare through mine;
he'll speak my words and slice my mind inside.

The killer lives.

The angels live inside me: I can feel them smile....
Their presence strokes and soothes the tempest in my mind
and their love can heal the wounds that I have wrought.
They watch me as I go to fall--well, I know I shall be caught,

For the angels live.

How can I be free?

How can I get help?

Am I really me?

Am I someone else?

But stalking in my cloisters hang the acolytes of gloom
and Death's Head throws his cloak onto the corner of my room and I am doomed..

But laughing in my courtyard play the pranksters of my youth
and solemn, waiting Old Man in the gables of the roof: he tells me truth...

And I, too, live inside me and very often don't know who I am:

I know, I'm not a hero.....I hope that I'm not damned.

I'm just a man, and killers, angels, all are these:

Dictators, saviours

, refugees

in war and peace

as long as Man lives....

I'm just a man, and killers, angels, all are these:

Dictators, saviours, refugees.....

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