

Closed

American Public Media

Closed doors
And burning
Bridges behind me
Closed doors and
Empty rooms on the
Field of sorrow
I never felt
Love in this world
All you gave me was a knife on my back
I close the door
'Cause I have to the land of sweet dreams
This so called life
Is an empty room with no windows
This is a song for love, humility and childhood dreams
This is a song for you my friend, I hope your dreams come true someday
The light of day won't ease your pain, but you have to
Look the thruth straight in the eye
I close the door
'Cause I have to the land of sweet dreams
This so called life
Is an empty room with no windows

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