

# Ceasefire

## Svetlana

Good luck and lost love's knife  
Cut a path leading through my life  
I weave through the gusts of change  
As a kite might through the skyI feel down and degraded  
Like I felt when you and me began to tire  
And we stopped long ago  
But I thought it was just ceasefireI can leave the past behind  
Like any normal man can do  
But what I find most of the time  
Is that I have been left behind youI can feel time pushing me forward  
So what does it matter what direction I'm pointed in?  
No one else used to sing my sad chorus  
Now I feel that they too have joined inBad luck and lucky breaks  
Cut paths right through our lives  
We follow the blind man's bluff  
Like lorrys follow white lines in the nightAnd by our nature we are kept alone  
No matter haw long your nails  
You can't cut out of the wombAnd if I can't crash off-course  
You must be marooned  
And we will not be able to go back  
To the source of this wound

Lyrics provided by  
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