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

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