

to a friend

Rotes Haus

I'm thinking that it's time to get out
My patients are fading fast
The mind bruises just a little bit easier
Dark times and shadows cast What are you suffering for?
Your pride or some kind of personal war?
And will you throw it away?
For nothing more than the simple taste? I'll stay in time and watch you pass by
(Paranoia woven deep beneath my skin)
And I'll draw this line and hope you take my side
(Breath slow, breath slow) You shouldn't have to fight alone
(You shouldn't have to fight at all)
It's nobody's battle but your own Panic holds me like a gun
Firm and steadfast bleak and cold
I think it's time to kill the drama
This life style's getting old Faces threaten from behind closed doors
Eyes spy from dark windows
Plotting minds that seek to harm me
Or maybe not I don't really know There is something waiting for me
In the darkest part of my imagination I'll stay in time and watch you pass by
(Paranoia woven deep beneath my skin)
And I'll draw this line and hope you take my side
(Breath slow, breath slow) You shouldn't have to fight alone
(You shouldn't have to fight at all)
It's nobody's battle but your own This is just self-induced terror
There's more to come, this is just a glimpse
I tell myself that it's all in my head
But I'm pretty hard to convince Oh, there's no relief
Oh, this world can offer
Oh, there's no relief
Oh, this world can offer me I stay in time and watch you pass by
I draw this line and hope you'll take my side
You shouldn't have to fight alone
It's nobody's battle but your own

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