

Dead Mans Calling

Enchiridion

Soon, I'll see my own life
which once stood in front of my eyes
and I'm craving after restlessness.

Is this a sign of being dead? I'm running down an endless way
aware of being humanities prey.

Lives insanity shows myself
that liars won't come out for help. Restless souls are haunting me
and cruel dreams are teasing me.

Look behind my hidden fall
can you hear my dead mans call? Haunted in an eternal maze.

They've never shown any grace,
when I'm hanging high and watching the crowd
when they're screaming "DIE"!. Through the eyes of a child

I saw other dead men hanging high.
"I've never had the chance to dream!"
He called into the crowd and got killed
by a liars hands. Memories are not left behind

Pictures of a cruel Mankind
playing-back within my head
I haven't done anything bad.
Souls pull me into the depth
calling life worse than death.

Although I want to live again
their final words I can not stand! Through the eyes of a child

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