Soul Survivor

Gorefest

A poor man who lost his soul
A servant without goal
A breed made to live the day
Nirvana far awayThe passion for a chosen life
The purpose of the dream
A dead man but still alive
No heart in a machineThese days, strange days
The heart and soul, where is the fire?
These days, strange days
And I am feeling like a soul survivorA poor man who lost his son
His love for life to carry on
The wind will take him where it blows
Nirvana never showsThe hunger for a higher life
A full creative mind
Is now a long forgotten dream
Self-chosen to be blindThese days, strange days
The heart and soul, where is the fire?
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And I am feeling like a soul survivorA poor man who lost his son
His love for life to carry on
The wind will take him where it blows
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A full creative mind
Is now a long forgotten dream
Self-chosen to be blindThese days, strange days
The heart and soul, where is the fire?
These days, strange days
And I am feeling like a soul survivorThese days, strange days
Where is the fire?
These days, strange days
And I am feeling like a soul survivorSo confused

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