

# Soul Survivor

## Gorefest

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

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