

Man-Erg

Van der Graaf Generator

The killer lives inside me: yes, I can feel him move.
Sometimes he's lightly sleeping
In the quiet of his room,
But then his eyes will rise and stare through mine;
He'll speak my words and slice my mind inside.
Yes the killer lives.
Angels live inside me: I can feel them smile
Their presence strokes
And soothes the tempest in my mind
And their love can heal the wounds
That I have wrought.
They watch me as I go to fall
Well, I know I shall be caught,
While the angels live.
How can I be free?
How can I get help?
Am I really me?
Am I someone else?
But stalking in my cloisters hang the acolytes
Of gloom
And Death's Head throws his cloak into
The corner of my room
And I am doomed
But laughing in my courtyard play the pranksters
Of my youth
And solemn, waiting Old Man
In the gables of the roof:
He tells me truth
And I too, live inside me and very often
Don't know who I am:
I know I'm not a hero, but
I hope that I'll not die.
I'm just a man, and killers, angels,
Are all me:
Dictator, savior, refugee in war and peace
As long as Man lives
I'm just a man, and killers, angels,
Are all me:

Dictator, savior, refugee

Songwriters

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