

Living

Adna

I need to get of my own head.
To leave my whole past.
Get new thoughts, new feelings a whole new life.
I never wanted this one.
These days neither do I see or hear.
Heavy eyes are being held up by bloody fear.
In my ears some buttons put a moderator.
Making me enable of hearing.
Today I'm shouting my pain out.
For now, because of echoing the war.
I didnt want this thing called living.
I never wanted this thing called living.
The nerves were drowned by tears and I.
Was standing weak at my knees.
Between concrete buildings.
Where the gravel and sorrow are filling my lungs with darkness.
Today I'm shouting my pain out.
For now, because of echoing the war.
I didnt want this thing called living.
I never wanted this thing called living.
Oh.
I need to get of my own head.
To leave my whole past.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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