

# The Hostage

## Almah

In the name of fame and destruction  
You recute your dead poetry  
In the name of a sacred exposure  
You are living anonymouslyIn the name of a needed acceptance  
You are selling yourself as a bitch  
In the name of a glorious present  
You are burning your future indeedI've got tomorrow  
I live it up  
I crossed the damn road  
I've overcomeIn the name of (an) addictive pestilence  
You are pitting your death in the scene  
In the name of a native instinct  
You're unfolding yourself as a beastIn the name of a priceless rising  
You're denying aggressively  
What's left of the men's conscience  
What's left of the men's dreamsI've got tomorrow  
I live it up  
I crossed the damn road  
I've overcomeAll dreams are in the storm  
(Eternally into this world we're thrown)  
All fear ascends your soul  
(Eternally into this world we're thrown)Unreal, illusion  
We're the virtual hostage onesOnce  
We were  
As a child  
In love  
And the signs  
Of new times  
Make us feel  
In hellAll dreams are in the storm  
(Eternally into this world we're thrown)  
All fear ascends your soul  
(Eternally into this world we're thrown)Unreal, illusion  
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