

# A Hostage

## Brazil

J'ai une ame solitaire  
Feels the same  
Can you not see it?  
Our lips are trailing poison  
The feeling will last forever  
The fighting is over  
Won without a sound  
Alone in a white room  
Alone with no one  
Exstacy  
Constancy  
Rapidly  
One, Two, Three  
And if I get the chance  
To lead one sheep astray  
I'll pull the rope with bleeding teeth  
There's something in his eyes  
An angel can't tell lies  
The war torn streets of Paradise  
How hard the code to break  
Depends on what's at stake  
Perpetual state of measure

Lyrics provided by  
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