

CROSSING THE LINE

My lifetime's always boiled down to you
And every moment
Every simple taste
Vanished like friends, dreams, aspirations
Exhale your protests
Your desperations

Since I've lost everything
so called pitiful
first Breakthrough...

Had become a witness to my days
And I don't wanna hear from it again

Since I've lost everything
so called pitiful
first Breakthrough...
Now it's not hateful things
That will prove you wrong
Just use all your gifts
'know them so well
« Don't overstep » ain't part of
Your words

Since I've lost everything
so called pitiful
first Breakthrough...
Now it's not hateful things
That will prove you wrong