

THE STORY OF THE GUY

It all has started, when I finally realized,
there was something different in my eyes.
But I yet not know the right way out,
don't know where to find the right way out.

I am not different from before, I'm the same.
It somehow still is the same game.
Taking glass walls for the right way out, I
looking through them, never getting out.

Refrain:

It seams I am just told the story of the guy, I am,
I'm told my own life.
Often I shiver and often I stumble,
but I am still intact, I am not broken yet.

I tried to live this life with ration, but I don't like to hide away.
It feels good to search the right way out,
wondering if you one day will get out.

I know my faults, I got to get to know myself
and I don't hate myself, I even think
I may finally find the right way out,
getting up one day and thus get out.

Bridge:

Thanks for asking, I am really pleased living.
Life to me means to be free at least.
It means to be released and I still feel at ease.
A dream could be, what all that's me is made of.

A dream that paralysed me.

Refrain