

Circles

A burden waits to
Be carried around
Moved in circles
Without a sound
A burden waits to
Be carried around
Not given to loved ones
Kept in the ground

Modern Times

Are we deaf?
Hear no wakening call
Blind as well
See no signs at all
Worst thing with these modern times
Is that I've heard it all before
They still tell the same old lies
How good it feels to start a war
Lure them all
Give them a name
They will forget the cause
Digging their own graves
Worst thing with these modern times
Is that I've heard it all before
They still tell the same old lies
How good it feels to fight a war
Live like flies
Dive into the light
We used to sing
Instead we cry
Worst thing with these modern times
Is that I've heard it all before
They still tell the same old lies
How good it feels to win a war
Lose your mind in these modern times

Collector

Collect your sorrows
Drop them by the burning trees
There's no tomorrow
Not for you and not for me
The final equality
So hard to listen to you today
Might be because of
You ain't got something to say
Sit and wait your whole life away



Bridges

There is no luck
For those who never got
A chance to change
And none of them remains
May the bridges
That I burn
Light the way
For your return
We've learned nothing
The past will hunt again
There is no hope
Between the fire and smoke
Yet you move slowly
Speak in tongue
Bribe the reason
Pay with guns
May the bridges
That I burn
Light the way
For your return

Wheels

I sit on your shoulders
Been there for long
Thought you would not notice
Never been so wrong
And the wheels they keep on turning
They turn you all around
When we speak you listen
You listen for a while
I would never notice
I talk all the time
The wheels they keep on burning
They burn the luck you've found
And the flames keep on rising high
Until you fit the ground

Famethrower

I know for certain
That I don't belong here
Traded my virtues
For luxury and fear
To lose a meaning
Is nothing to regret
Feeling sorry
The first thing you forget
We take all chances
To worship the dead
Always remembered
Never to forget
And the air filled with voices
That chant your name
Easy to mistake fright for fame
And I forget
What should
Never be
Forgotten