

## OFF THE WALL

I have build a home in torture  
I have build a house in pain.  
I have kept my eyes wide open  
while I stuck into the grain.  
And the streets are running nowhere  
and the buildings dark and cold.  
While we care about nothing... getting old.

And this is how we go along, but I stay awake.

The memory chip is broken,  
and the doors and windows closed.  
The miles we walked a fortress  
off the wall, to grow and  
everybody is loosing what  
everybody s got and the  
streets are running nowhere.  
So if bitterness is your pillow  
and hatred is your home, of  
cause you couldn't fail.  
You are alone.

And this is how we go along, but I stay awake.  
And this is how we took it from the mother and the son.  
This is why. This is how.

But if we try to keep us warm and tight on way out of the night  
in the early morning light no one is on your side.