

Broken

We're running away
from disaster
the Devil take the hindmost
the power's slipping
all away now
and I need to take a break

Broken down and worn out
just like I knew
we've reached the final goal
it's a decline, no doubt

We're dreaming so
sweetly in our beds
a nightmare's rearing its head
we didn't notice
how bad it was
and we didn't care at all

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just like I knew
we've reached the final goal
it's a decline, no doubt

I will follow your footsteps
on the dusty road ahead
how can we tell the blueish sky
from the memories we've lost

I will sit in sunken caves
and drink your dreams from a cup
I will walk on the sunset lawns
and say goodnight to the lords

The scattered thoughts are
roaming my head
the broken dreams we all share
we never can mend
what we've done here
we never can see the light

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