

Soulfly

tryin hard to save my soul
wanna scream and shout
because of all the nothingness
i´m sourrounded by

stricking eyes appear seldom
showing up just very short
vanishing like misty clouds
high in the endless sky

and like the sky is endless
my soul aches for flying
fleeing this prison fo
my body and reality

i simply have to keep function
until my time has come
then there will be no limitations
exept death

but death is what i already am
poisoned by the system
system is poison itself
surviving is simply a necessity

sometimes i fell like
giving in
giving up
makeing heaven come true

waiting is the only thing to do
impatience my curse
dreams my sanctuary
and death maybe a solution

but still life is precious
the only thing not to pay for
although that does not mean
you have to worship it

Prisoner

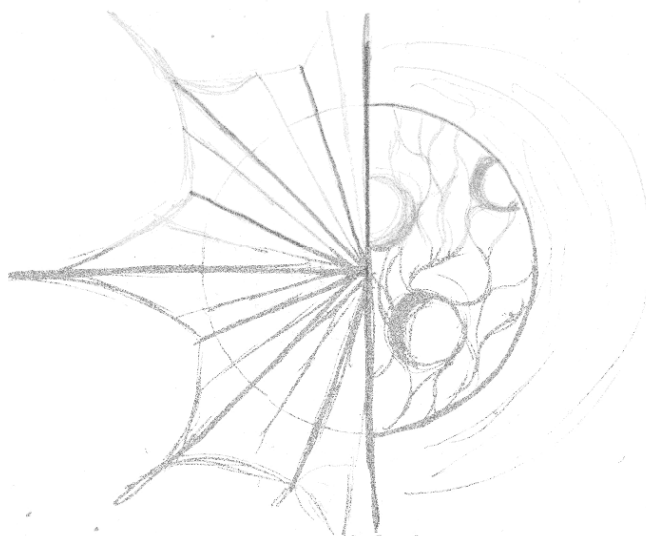


Soulfly II

Am surrounded by strange subjects
somehow part of them
part of their sentence

and

...far far away...
my spirit flying high
sometimes looking back
and seeing my numb body
crawling through life and the world
itself



My spirit feels pity
not guilty
mentally playing with the stars
like they're brothers and sisters
enjoying this illusion
bringing little explosions of
happiness into my eyes
soothing the mortal half

