

The great balls of fire
Controlling my inner self
Filled with a desire
To take over my rational consciousness

What a hell is happening inside my head?
Once so well determined - now I'm just frail

Uncertainty of constancy of my own state
Is pushing me towards to a suicide

By being a leftover to this society
By feeling the fear and seeing it clear
Through the desperation into a misery
Estimation of the last day closing up near

The other one of m hands tells me to get over with it
The another one tries to prove that I am sick
Where to seek the truth?
How to be approved?

By being a leftover to this society
By feeling the fear and seeing it clear
Through the desperation into a misery
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