

RHETORICAL TRUST

“Revise my mind look if I am right, mask me by passing remarks.”

“How shall I know, how will I see that you’ll be someone like me.”

“I will find out your true essence and get a different personality.”

But who knows if they are lying.

Perhaps even my “friends”, unable to take a look from my side.

And who cares if I’ve been falling down a height onto your being set me.

Unable to take a look from my side.

When children cry they distinguish black and white.

Their tears are telling about their colors of their life.

*I ask me how they feel.*

Acting without to know rules my thoughts.

Feeling inside the desire to escape.

*But I ask me how I feel.*

*And Don’t find my true essence.*

So many times I’ve changed into the unknown,

Too many times that I had to be the one.

No doubts inside I have to obey,

Believing in Sundays praying that day.

*I’ll call you a friend one day, when I have found my own way.*

So many times fellows try to build someone

Who doesn’t feel like a preacher, like a son.

Sometimes I wish to see my tears running down.

Friendship misused, mistrust made me insane.

*I will find another gain; my life gets a different aim.*

Too many days the delight prevents my dreams.

The shady sight hides the mirror of my fears.

Believing in the deepest doubts inside,

Sleeping without the dreams makes me insane.

Now I know that they are lying.

I am sure even my “friends”, unable to take a look from my side.

Someone cares if I’ve been falling down a height onto I set me.

I take a look around from my sight.

So many times I changed into the unknown,

Too many times that I had to be no one.

Feeling inside the desire to escape,

Not prisoned by the thoughts made me insane.

*I’ll call you a friend one day, but will I find my own way.*

I look around and I feel another kind

Of many times following the dream behind.

The shady side will hide my deepest past.

Learned from the lies to get a different aim.

Music: kurai tanima, 1992

Lyrics: B. Motzkus, 1992