

## BITTER SUNRISE

I want to believe, want to achieve  
the ideals of yesterday.

Maybe I'm naive, it's sure that I'm a thief  
reaching for the sway.

The cancer of my existence is the distance.

The sunrises are getting less  
but bitter – what a success...  
Finally part of the „Suffering noblesse“.

I am an adept who doesn't want to accept  
that the times are changing.

Maybe I lost desire, living as a liar  
the truth arranging.

The cancer of my existence is the distance.

The sunrises are getting less  
but bitter – what a success...  
Finally part of the „Suffering noblesse“.

And I will confess that there's no progress.  
Yes, this is life and I got no access.