

If this is the way

words and music by Bodo Schaffrath

I know it's the time to sacrifice our souls
for things that we think we need to rest our lives.
The crowd's calling out my name, cause I'm the guilty one.
They put that spell on me, cause I'm not their son.

If this is the way we have to go,
We better stop, we better stop to go
– and let the feelings grow.
And we'll fly away, turn night into day,
Until the world is knocking on our door.

The promises I've been told now getting old,
they're mad out of single words, alone they have no sense.
Comfort expires the glow of the revolution,
blindness has build this wall that we can not pass.

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