

YOURSORT

Words and Music by Lars Nolte, Sebastian Monse and Lars Bilke

Is there a sence in the long way to your death?
Is rain cold or is it only wet?
Are you drunken or are you paranoid?
Is it old or is it just destroyed?

Is it a war or do you play a game?
Is it your love or in your heart a flame?
Can you see the other unknown tear?
Can you feel another unknown fear?

Yoursort looks for the answer.
Yoursort light in the night.
Yoursort is coming closer.
Yoursort not wrong or right.

The sence of life is beliving in myself.
The cold rain hurts - in bad brains who're unhealth
I'm paranoid but it's ok for me.
Self destroy is like a whores pussy...

Yoursort looks for the answer.
Yoursort light in the night.
Yoursort is coming closer.
Yoursort not wrong or right.

War in your head is for us no game.
Love our hate - it's everytime the same.
Fear is not true -fear is an unknown dream.
tears are not real those are a helpless scream.

Yoursort looks for the answer.
Yoursort light in the night.
Yoursort is coming closer.
Yoursort not wrong or right.