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Tänker tillbaka på den tiden i ungdomen, då man söker identiteten. Dessutom då man hamnade i de stora eller små "alternativa" kretsarna. Smärtsamma och lärorika tider det var.

- Take all a world can bear, and put it in a little sphere. -

Come here and I'll tell you a story,
but you needn't to worry,
just sit and listen.

It's about a little society,
with its own deity.
Take all a world can bear,
and put it in a little sphere.

There you have the beginning,
there you have the half of it.
The other half?
Just bear with it.

Relationships were given away,
like business cards,
and shattered hearts.

Where yesterday is outdated,
and you were "related"
to everyone around.

But there was a hierarchy,
mixed with a strange type of anarchy.
You had a status and a rank,
But it never took long, before it sank.

Where betrayal was everyday,
yesterday, and the day, after today.
Where people pretend to obey.

Where, the title "Fresh meat"
is a "all you can eat".

Where hurting yourself,
is put open on your shelf.
With blades, or, smoke's och alcohol,

They only wanted, more and MORE.

Then we have the elite,
Where you would fit,
Given, that you have the charm,
the promise of not causing any harm,
and pretending to be so kind, and warm.

Then we have "the others"
Ones the elite bothers.
Not much to say about them,
never knew much of em.

I climbed to the top,
but just to drop,
from the high altitude,
i needed to change my attitude.

But it wasn't always bad,
good memories, i once had,
but still, most of them were sad.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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