

But don't turn my hope into a weapon

There's no one to trust, except maybe the two of us, but that's in the past the
place where I'm living

Haunting my broken dreams, I read horoscopes in magazines

Especially yours, in the sign of the Leo, the regal one but man you let your
claws

show, oh it's so slow, when will they let me go, let me go, let me go, let me go

Believe in me and this lie, tell me everything will be all right

Cause it's so good to believe, we could turn it all around in a night

You and I, yeah it's so good, but don't turn my hope into a weapon

Turn my hope into a weapon