Resurrection

The thing Is, I was not supposed to survive. Didn't deserve to succeed, born with a silverspoon In mouth. Fat, druged, a disgrace, a disappointment & God knows what not. Didn't deserve…didn't deserve.

First memory after the storm settled. I could not play the guitar for months, a whole year went bye. I just looked at It. From a distance. From afar I watched It. Silence, I felt like loosing. I couldn't accept It. I have to fight. Im a fighter. I cant give up, never give up. Never say die !

I grabbed It and went Into a room without lights. Total darkness, I started to strum the strings. Some chords, some riffs, the electric guitar sound. No noise sound so raw & awesome as the electric guitar. A Mayhem of sound chaos turning into riffs & melodies. From a Crystal clear fender tone, to the mighty humbuckers from a Gibson guitar. Setting up the pedalboard finding the amp & sound of choice.

Im doing the singing on my own from now on. I can do this, cant give up. Never give up, never say die !

Once I were an athlete. The football was my way of fighting then. I guess that diamond spark that's living In every one of us shine through, Its always been with me. As a child I dropped my pacifier In the holy water at baptism. A strong survival energy have always been with me. Call It luck or whatever, Im not religious but where others have ended their path. I woke up. More than once Iv been In dangerous & scary situations. Iv seen my life flash before my eyes several times. Then suddenly Iv become & Iv experienced an Unexplainable clearness!

I had to find back to my best self again. I went into the martial arts gym once. That too, started something that changed Inside. It became a therapeutic process. The storm within settled, a mediative state of mind. Peace of mind, peace of mind.

Iv never been bad, but of course Im evil. I was not supposed to survive was I. Woke up again.

Faith won't leave me alone, faith won't leave me alone, faith won't leave me alone…