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Don't come here and talk punk with me!

On deserted streets, searching for an answer,
Seeking therapy in unknown places with no meaning.
In every corner, in every street,
Your hope is lost, but you are not defeated.

You looked for help in the wrong places,
But don't get discouraged, keep fighting.
Real therapy is not in a building or a hall,
But in your heart, where all the battle begins.

Don't get lost in the maze of deserted streets,
Listen to your heart, it will show you the unknown ways.
The therapy you seek is not far,
It's inside you, waiting to be discovered.

So arise, seek no more in vain,
The therapy you seek is right in your heart.

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