

I prattle words in a range of phrases
But still there's something missing over and over again
I am making a sentence, sequences of clauses
But the world is grey without a freak out

Stone cold we are acting the merry play
Love grows heavy behind
the barred windows, screaming from the bed
We briefly kiss each other our strict goodbye
And days pass by without embrace - a silent cortege

So I keep on my mere prattling, killing time
No matter how sad, I hide my feelings
It's necessary to live in order, to sail one ship
Drown my own betrayal and lie to myself
Live for the lie and rest in peace

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