

## No gun - no fun

### Abstract Essence

I live in house for dying people  
Next door stands old theatre  
Which is closed  
For too much long  
As a time as I am alone  
Beating the time by touching memories  
Reading forgotten script  
Wrinkled face  
Ripped curtain  
No mark seen in the dirty crypt

I am the man  
Who's never spoken a word,  
Who's never breathed fresh air  
I'm dust on old red chair  
I am the man  
Who's never seen the play,  
Who's never tried to get there  
I'm just running away

Chorus: No more play  
I lost my way  
To change my fate  
Which's fucking grave  
I can hope  
But in blame  
Only cry  
Remains

Life has gone out of this place  
Ghosts of past cover me  
I am too old  
My life is done  
What can I do to stay alive  
Looking through the window every hour  
Once a man now zombie  
Woken up all night  
She is my bride  
I am almost resting in grave

Chorus

No melody there in orchestra  
Dark corners occupied by spiders  
Just once say goodbye  
To the old man and his pain  
For the last time switch on the lights  
For the last time give me a chance  
Stuck up cruel fate for the last time  
Stuck up cruel fate give me the chance

I didn't do anything to feel better  
Never did a right step  
Didn't feel love  
Didn't feel hate  
Expecting nothing waiting for death  
Fuck

Never hit me a storm  
I lose my life  
I lose my soul  
Fate is a joker and I am a worm  
Worm without privilage to existence  
Better to smash me when  
I was in womb  
The fucked tomb  
Or kill me when I was in there  
From the cradle to grave everything is blacked  
Mountains of fear and shame  
Lost life I have  
Lost life I take  
Six feet under is where I'll stay