

Witnesses

Agua de Annique

No change no pleasure no jokes no sex
No choice no morals no ethics no depth
No colour no fight no freedom no life
Profound creation, temptation is swept

I hear knocking on my door

I wonder how it's possible
That I just sit here in my room
Watching some TV
Thinking of nothing and nothing
And I don't know how
Does anybody have the nerve
To come to my door
And sell the world of God

I wonder what's the remedy
And I can move on with my life
Before you people are through
With the extinction of the universe

You save the world from me
I wonder who will be left over...