

## 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...