

## Saved

Bauhaus

You're entering a pearl corridor  
Ending on your crimson spot  
I become unconscious, saved

And just pursuing spirograph  
With the zahra universes  
Hung in middle space  
That I promise to be you

But was no such thing  
I was saved, saved, saved

Ooh, ooh

The world does not lie  
The place of paradise  
The people, the people lie  
The people lie

One with your body  
You are walking peace  
What if things do not part  
What if things do not part

Part, ooh, ooh

Saved, saved

You're entering a pearl corridor  
Lying on your crimson spot  
I become unconscious  
Saved, saved, saved, saved, saved....