

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....