

I close my eyes, like a tear my brain is falling  
Crashing on concrete ground  
They step on it  
They step on it like on tears  
And I close my eyes

Then the sun is flashing dirty  
Moving in dark Areas, Dish  
Scum on it  
And scum on it and falling and laughter  
And frozen dreams, like a tear

Psychologic secrets, leave me, deceive me  
Get out of my brain, getting out of my brain

The photograph in my hands, and falling  
A gun in my hands  
Scum on it  
They step on it, the decay  
My brain on the floor

Psychologic secrets, leave me, deceive me  
Get out of my brain, getting out of my brain  
Psychologic secrets, leave me, deceive me

Productive phase abridged because of psychological  
And physical distress