

Unbearable vision of failure of the desperate sailors abandoned by the fortune of oil. Believe me, don't wait for a saviour. Here's your sheet-steel coffin, may you appreciate. Believe me, do not look for an answer. There are still shits coming before you pass away. And i can't bear this snow. And i can't bear this room. And i wish my feet would have never known the dark streets of Cottbus. End. Maybe we could dance and smile and figure out we're still alive, as if we're not leaving our dreams along this late highway. Maybe we could wait for some better skies to come and shine Over the tragedy we leave along white barricades. This was where we lived. This is where it ends. Common failure, common sailors. Abandoned by the fortune of oil.