

## Manastir Baroue

Deine Lakaïen

the music stopped to fill the night  
we can't move in this silent room  
the only sound to poison the air  
comes from that man upstairs

his roaring voice screams full of hate  
he can't forget his glory past  
but now his only joy in life  
is liquids, piss and beer

but we won't tell him, we want to forget these  
we go on running up that hill  
we won't tell him, we want to forget these  
we go on running up that hill  
our kind can fly away to  
manastir baroue

sometimes you cannot stand their eyes  
fixed on your face, grabbing at your soul  
you shy away, think of our nights  
and wish i would be around

but when we meet there in our room  
illusions make us raise our fists  
the sense of secrets everywhere  
the loathsome one may smear again  
but we won't tell him, we want to forget these

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our kind can fly away to  
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we won't tell him, we want to forget these...