

## My Wine

Depressive Age

There's a castle burning, fallen is the bridge  
There's a good smell inside, water will not switch  
So let it run in silence, let the flames their ways  
Sometimes you'll remember the smoky summer days  
Celebration in a new day's dawn  
The line of black boxes march along  
Kiss their hands, don't wait to make a try  
To touch souls on journey to the sky - goodbye

My wine talks to me, talks his voice for free  
Talks in things I see, in my fantasy

Hurting down from fever deep below  
Piss drop-silence in the new year snow  
I sense a warm ray, don't let it end  
Yellow snow is in my mouth and in my hand - I sense you, man

My wine talks to me, talks his voice for free  
Talks in things I see, in my fantasy

And all day it is the same I see  
Castles burning, hold the lights for me  
In the shadow, care to steer your flight  
You know spiders spin their cobwebs so tight - I fight, I die

My wine talks to me, talks his voice for free  
Talks in things I see, in my fantasy  
My wine walks with me, where I go to be  
Walks and talks with me, in sick harmony