

Weird Boy

Depressive Age

I've digged my dices in the corney of these
Street stones
Now they shoot along the drain ground lights
They join a gamble with the ground water
To win the wipping willow tears where gold
Sparks hide

Here where we sing all our love songs of the yins,
Kills the embrace of wild charming and sins

We ride our spinning wheels around the walls of sleep
To net the castle in a fairy jail
Give me a minute for my punishment, the garden
Where they wait with whips of devil tails

Here where we sing all our love songs of the yins,
Kills the embrace of wild charming and sins

Bless you, weird boy, said the may sky
Blees you, weird boy! Tell your weird joys!

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