

Off The Ground

Disharmonic Orchestra

Here comes the blue
A million tears gonna tear apart
What never shuts
A million spears gonna pierce your heart
A thousand cuts
A million souls all running scared
All driven nuts

Over the moon back to my place
Off the ground to the lunar base

If I could have just one more wish
It would be a viscious fish]

I'm happy to say
The chronic breath of death collides
Up to my sleeve
No flovers for the man who died
You can not leave
Throughout the windows of deep sleep
Where I achieve

Come inside and join my mind
I will show you how to dance
Without attractions caused by trips
I will put you into trance

I leave you soon
You talk too much
I'll never stand
Your obsessive touch

A clumsy kiss
That ends in fears
OH how I wish
Not to be here

Come to me
Close your eyes
I lose control
And drift away