

A Strange Something

Dying Passion

I am a strange something, a blur in the crowd
Carrying a donkey head on my shoulders

A strange something without a wish of my own
What should I pray for, being faithless

A strange something without a soul, without a head
Without clothes and barefoot, weary and sick

I am a strange something secretly dying
The emptiness is killing me, nobody asks
I am a strange something without a spirit and faceless
Nobody's gonna take from me what I do not boast of

I am a strange something covered in snow
I'm kind of asking you to ask me

A strange something oblivious to the world
Being asked "Who are you?" I reply

I am a strange something secretly dying
The emptiness is killing me, nobody asks
I am a strange something without a spirit and faceless
Nobody's gonna Nobody's gonna take from me
what I do not boast of
Nobody's gonna, Nobody's gonna take from me