

Eternal Beat

Escape With Romeo

Tired of the world that tilled us
reaching for the end of the day
tired of the wind that chased us
it 's gonna blow anything away

with a hunger for something
that you cannot eat
all what's left is moving
to the eternal beat

Move body to body
and skin to skin
lust flashes like a thousand spokes
in the corridors that I'm living in

with a hunger for something.....

Small roads lead to my privat hell
to the centre of confusion
living rooms can turn to waiting halls
beware the next illusion