

When knife cuts glass

F.O.B.

My hands are cold
My thoughts are insane
My arms are growing rotten
I cannot get up and I feel hard pain
I have sand in my eyes
And thinking about lies
Outside somebody cries
for mercy
I am crying
when the knife cuts the glass

I cannot understand
Why people use knife for cutting glass
With every next cut
Hit the nail on the head
And wound is opening
And the knife cuts the glass
Slowly again

At this point I see all my born days
There are clouds far beyond
Far beyond the sweet sun
It's too late to change something
It's too late
When knife cuts glass