

# This Dead Town

French Films

Every day I'm waiting for  
The airport bars and the fading shores  
To clean my heart from all the rust  
That stayed when nothing ever changed

I'm just a kid with imaginary future  
So tired of being nice  
To all these idiots around  
Building on jealousy and fear

I don't know if we live or drown  
Or where to belong in this dead town  
And when there's no return from hell  
Well then there's no return from hell

And you wouldn't have to read to know  
The witch hunt never died  
Here's again something to rip apart  
For the petty little soldiers of graceland

And all those things I've never seen  
While working pointless jobs to waste  
Still backed by tainted nature force  
By the fucked up choirs of the kitchen whores

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It can break your heart  
Take your mind  
It can bury your soul  
And all the colours in it  
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