

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

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