

Guess, guess, guess, rotten star  
Falling into his favourite vomit  
You got it, it's so sad, but it's all right!

It came to kiss your palm, and swallow what you are...  
Listen to my words  
It came to steal what's left, from what you've got in  
this world...  
The sweet crash of an angry angel again  
Today, the next day, is that the morning after again?

Guess, guess, guess where the exit is?  
Exciting side of light that can't even exist  
You got it, it's so sad but it's all right!

It's time to fly back home, to see what you really are  
I think you've got to see this  
It's time to make from what's left a little lie, in this  
world  
The sweet crash of an angry angel again  
Today, the next day, is that the morning after again?

Cause now, it's what you are  
I'm sick of my job, I'm sick of your face, I'm sick of  
your story, sick of these days, sick of my runaway, sick  
of the truth, sick of sex and six past six. Don't try me  
once more  
I don't now why? Is it for me? Is it for real?