

Agony

Immer

Some small change, it's my plea please

Dirt inside nails and smelly breath
Greasy hair and indistinct speech
Shabby clothes and go to seed a body
We will not have wanted work

In the morning, in the night we roll about land
We sludge under the use, with piggish decide
We beg for small change, we have be hungry
Stand later with friend, and drink with him of bottle

Why do they care about it other
They have work and aren't lazy

Some small change, it's my plea please

Always find same fairy tale
It's bad luck only, nobody can't for nothing
Nobody want nothing of anybody so much
A few small change only, let be light again

Daily agony and boredom are tiring
It isn't nothing more it's waiting of death only
You want get some drink, it's your sens of live
Rob somebody, stand thrashing sometimes

Why do they care about it other
They have work and aren't lazy

Some small change, it's my plea please

Draw near the winter and iced nights
Likes cut destroyed bodies grim reaper
In the sewer is full, and threaten typhoid
Some small change, it's my plea please

Daily agony and boredom are tiring
It isn't nothing more it's expectation of death only
You want get some drink, it's your sens of live
Rob somebody, stand thrashing sometimes