

The Last Straw

Immer

The Last Drop is Falling to cup
His Margin Overflowing
The Think is exploding, the body go downhill
The heart is full to margin

Lonely Evenings
Unbearable loneliness

The memories to times, which is over
To happy live once
To live before than came into red flower
To chest woman, which no one's you

The shot end sounding
The silence is unbearable

When Your wife fell to soil
You looked into weapon alone
You caught said light, you not heard sound
The fall to floor, you not perceived

Sip From Cup is better
Than Let overflow his

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Sip From Cup is better Sip From Cup is better