

The Smokers

Lunarsea

Watching TV, live without respect and esteem
Window of summer, enter fresh air of evening, a stupid film
Demonstration of decay; sad of myself and looking part of the world
I should break the screen, eat all photos; but night is coming
Do you wanna a company?
I am the smoker, lost in smoke, when I wait an idea to get the breeze out, I disappear
I'm the sleeper, hint in emphasis, when all the drags go up in smoke
I tremble in pain...
Light a stick, inhale, my polluted lungs! from fingers to mouth
Your facelines in the dark
Allow one day to dejected
I've already burnt my lips once
I'm the smoke, I'm here again, you're my smoker
Our deadly win
One stick again
One flame for me, alone
Tomorrow as today, smoke calls smoke, my own with severity of loser, but I don't it. docile ash over the room
Sit like a statue
All around is gray and blue, I never wouldn't finish to regret
Even if I left seal of dream, ray light hits me by lunarsea
No brakes for shaken mind, fit for purpose