

Full Of Voices

Maximilian Hecker

Full of voices
My head breaks down
My head bursts in you
Full of gestures
My face breaks down
My face bursts in you

On some blue, light-green fields
On a long, leaking road
I confess there's no course
That could lead me to you

Pictures of her
In those booklets
Crawling in my head
Trolleys, madness
Songs of coastguards
Can't relieve my speed

On some blue, light-green fields
On a long, leaking road
I confess there's no course
That could lead me to you