

I was feeling younger
As the days were passing me by
All the feelings are all on the rhythm
They were really wrong

You won't find a snitch where you go
'Cause the snakes will grow
And the colder the shoulders will show
Drops your skin like clothes

When the doubt has finally spread
The will is getting off our heads
When they have taken all they can
Then this will be the end of man

And we're never close
Thoughts that curl up your toes
All the bullshit that gets up your nose
And we made a choice
Thoughts that curl up your toes
All the horseshit that's getting too close

Like birds of prey
We shed our feathers
Every single day
In every kind of weather

And we believe the rain
Has come to set you aside
And we can take a play
Of this note there's no doubt

'Cause that is just the type of thing
But we are fed of your regimes
A cookie blueprint lies in pose
You try the blanket from my knees

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Every single day
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