

## Night Owl

Sadist

On it's face a whole lifetime of experiences all truly lived  
A long deep furrow of who wanted to live  
and talk to the sky  
A man walks bent forward on the path  
that leads to home

In the night blowing wind - Owl hunting stops the run  
The heat of a blind summer and I know  
the smell of dead grass  
Frost of a snowy winter cold feet that  
sink but you cannot stop it  
A man walks bent forward on the path  
that leads to home

In the night blowing wind  
Owl hunting stops the run

Poor dear they seek the bent man  
but he's not there neither his melody  
While they dance rising and falling on music  
A song that kills everything else around

A man walks bent forward on the path  
that leads to home

In the night blowing wind  
Owl hunting stops the run