

Vertigo

Shakra

It is a lonely rainy Sunday
On Hicksville's dirty streets
Only some transient, blurry shadows
Doing non-essential deeds
No one anticipates, the dire menace waits
Prowling for this sweet young thing
She isn't able to resist them
As they entice her with these words

Come on and join the vertigo
I'm sure you'll love the show
It doesn't matter what's to come
Or what you've tried before

A lot of snow fell in the meantime
And days are closing in
From time to time she would appear again
Straying, unshod, frail and thin
One day she disappeared, no single word was heard
She was never seen again
But if you listen very carefully
You can hear her softly sing