

Nothing Is Important

The Inchtbokatables

So he`s asking every day
Should I go or should I stay
All the time feeling his unstoppable fire
Counting the money for a killer to hire
For himself to delegate the decision

Ending his life with human precision
But he knows that in case of his leaving

The world would sink into the arms of usurpers

Nothing is important
Ask the stray dog
The one eyed with the bag
In the mouth

How many percents
Hey do you have
If it`s less than forty
You have to piss off

Usurpers try to fight us down
So keep your laughter and keep your mind
Cos we know some answers they`ll
Never be able to find
Let`s drink the wine and let us sing
Sometimes bitter but without the bad conscious
Of them who sold there life's for nothing

We are the ones to find the magicians book
In spite of the pain of ist wisdom.
Is entering our hearts like a high tide
In the early fall either or
Complying with our own law only
Expecting the speech of our fools court
That stutters syllables on the tub world

We are the one`s to find the book either or