

## Blurred (Agonoize remix)

Wynardtage

"On August 29th, 1997,  
it's gonna feel pretty fucking real to you, too!  
Anybody not wearing two million sunblock is gonna have  
a real bad day, get it?

You think you're safe and alive? You're already dead! Everybody  
! Him, you, you're dead already!  
This whole place!  
Everything you see is gone!  
You're the one living in a fucking dream,  
Silberman! Because I know it happens! It happens!"

The clouds, the faces stoned  
the ghosts of love are leaving  
always locked in this time  
what ends when anything bleeding

Wear the big grey-straightjacket  
the rusty chains of life  
give up all sightless faith  
lay down all your pride

The wishes, the shouts like water  
steril thoughts, an open sore  
and we will dissolve  
as blood drifts like snow

Wear the old grey-straightjacket  
the hard blindfolded life  
blurred, stained and covered  
bury all your pride

See a freezing decade  
of love - stained pictures  
turns in to hate  
now it's to late forever