

# Antje Duvekot, Noah's Titanic

Molly is dead and the birds have gone south  
Said the joker to the thief  
My nerves are live wire and I'm burning on fire  
Got a paper in my pocket and a coupon for a cup of peace  
Truly there was nothing that we really lacked  
Except the feeling of alive  
That's why I turned to art, that's how you got to jail  
And now you're out on bail, fairytale, searching for the Holy Grail  
And closer to the truth than the kettle to the stove  
And the moment that I noticed that I didn't wanna know  
I got a pain in my heart, a burn in my throat  
They go down to my belly, got a bullet of a load  
I got an ache in my head, my confidence broke  
Got a lot of lost time on the shoes of my soul, yeah  
"Jesus, joker," said the thief  
This can't be my life  
Oh, something's been thrown, like an arrow or a stone  
Now the solitude is warmer and I'd rather be alone  
We lost our friends to the everyday  
To the drugs and the dreams  
To the girls in the bars, the boys in the cars  
When your shitty little love life reaches just to the horizon  
And you're closer to the truth than the kettle to the stove  
And the moment that I noticed that I didn't wanna know  
I got a pain in my heart, a burn in my throat  
They go down to my belly, got a bullet of a load  
I got an ache in my head, my confidence broke  
Got a lot of lost time on the shoes of my soul  
Yeah, the light at the end of the tunnel isn't really a light  
If we got any closer we would find that it's only a mirror  
Reflecting our search lamps here in the darkness  
Here in the homeland  
We'll always be searching  
For permanence in quicksand  
And frenzied collecting things that we just can't hold  
But we will hang on with our teeth  
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