

# Cadaverous Condition, A Song For

look at the cat, it flies above my head  
how will you live, how will you like it  
look at the cat, it flies above your head  
I can seldom be with you, I'm in doubt

sorry I can't promise you a world without fools  
and please beware of all the lies  
oh I'm sorry child that love is not luck  
pain in severance and pleasure in sighs

city lights are wonderful, so is the wood in spring  
of home you think when you're away, there's woe  
in everything  
and I tell you it is beautiful now to be alone  
but only in the knowledge to have someone later on

and the real nightmares are the dreams of joy and of wealth  
for then you'll wake in belief of all these dreamed things  
you don't have

it seems that we gained a bit of immortality  
I will always have with you this piece of eternity

look at the child it has your face and mine  
look now it smiles, somewhere in time