

# Faust, Me Lack Space...

Me lack space in the spirit  
The weakday is five stories high  
And the deafening different distance  
Between the brown bread breakdown and you  
Is a delicate delight

Crush cast  
Just imagine your impossible impressions  
Merchant mercy: message  
From morning to night  
Hey Miss Brown  
Object to the oak  
You ought to turn the page  
Take a peculiar pen and write  
Your own instant  
If some body talks to you  
Apply for proves  
Now  
Don't the satisfied with a lack  
Everytime you say goodbye  
You die a little  
Don't take root  
Don't retire  
Paint the painful page  
Otherwise you only ought to track the outline review