

Kashmir, Dring

once I was taught to fly
but someone kept me in his eye
my wings were burnt and for a while I cried
but now I'm in the air again
and headed for a better when
to land upon a closer friend again

I drew my own world in every sky
in few and cruel words you passed me by

it took me years to concentrate on anything or any fate
but the one I found in hate for you
you tangoed down 'till you were sore
a bottled leaked and many more...
I picked you from a frozen floor again

I wish I could have done whatever I felt
just to pull a loaded gun from my belt and blow it in your mouth...
blow it in your mouth...

let me go... I'll make it better on my own
let me go... I may just break a few bones
let me go... I ask you to let me go
and just let me flow

you die in every dream I have, but I still wake up
it may be you that made me dring...
I dring...I dring...

let me go... I'll make it better on my own
let me go... I may just break a few bones
let me go... I ask you to let me go
and just let it flow