

Kirlian Camera, The Burning Sea

I hear the barking dogs singing your favourite tune
among the growing corn, in this tired summer's flood
I see the falling drops
I hear your boring groans
they sound like casual howls
coming from endless shows...
No one will get into this place
as no one could get out unhurt.
No one will find anything else
but fixed expressions on a picture.
No one can hear, no one can see
no one can save me from my past
no one can eat my chilly heart
no one will escape from this rain.
I've understood your thoughts.
I've been part of your soul
but I never met you before
along these corridors.
I hear the barking dogs,
they sing your favourite tune
among the growing corn
in this old summer's flood...
The game is over, stuff your sun
stuff your light, stuff your drugs
your cowardice, your mummy's sneer
as anyway I'll take you to her.
And blindness is coming, coming here
to our lost lands, to our regrets.
Its kiss is great its hands are cold...
So blindness is coming. Coming here.
And everything is burning down this lost and paralyzing sea
and Donald Duck is smiling from hell
and waves his lovely little hand.
No one can hear, no one can see
no one can save me from my past
no one can eat my chilly heart
no one will escape from this rain.
You legendary idiot shits
what have you been thinking with this joke?
Where have you been, what have you done
what may you say and add and realize?
Your conformity, your anarchy
your rhetoric, your black old Sundays...
The game is over, stuff your sun.
Where have you been, what have you done?
No one will get into this place
as no one could get out unhurt.
No one will find anything else
but laughing killers in a picture.