## 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.