

Lonely Kings, 84'

Could it be? That you gave your last goodbye?
Wave those arms about, just spin around and scream
Where are we? Safe sounds familiar it's no fun anymore
Save sterile warnings 1984
Look around
Can't let all the time fly by
Never heard a song, I didn't want to sing
And even when you're satisfied
Might as well decide to turn around and dig your grave
Back in 84', 1984, back in 84'
Grave running out, rotting out, running out
I can't forget a hidden disease like a sprinkler in a cemetery
Like flowers for those dead bodies, I don't walk there anymore