

Lunik, Prisoner

Each day he finds his way to the graveyard
Without flowers, without prayers
For hours he sits there on the floor
By the people lying there
He doesn't know any name
Written in the cold stones
He spells each of them tenderly
Looks forward to be one of them

He's a prisoner in his own world
Doesn't take the challenge to break out
Poor prisoner in your own world
Is there nothing you can smile about?
Poor prisoner in your own world

Each day he leads his car to his office
Without thinking, without dreaming
He nods to everyone
Without even looking at them
He doesn't know any face
Belonging to those name-plates
Ignores each of them naturally
Refusing to be one of them

He's a prisoner in his own world
Doesn't take the challenge to break out
Poor prisoner in your own world
Is there nothing you can smile about?
Poor prisoner in your own world