

# 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