

# Robi Rosa, A Blindman's Parade

i remember the day that i began to swim  
i conquered death i was a cloud of peace  
sinned with my mind and prayed with my soul  
i threw my dice i thought i'd never grow old

been in the gardens of the blinded parade  
wanted sensations to become my only friend  
my revolution never missioned the air  
am i a victim of my counsciousness  
will i find god again

i'm old...  
i'm old...

i am right through the flesh of a nervous disease  
some days i'm crazy some days i'm serene  
i am the undercraft of your lucent dreams  
the end of life though when there's nowhere to be

been in the gardens of the blinded parade  
wanted sensations to become my only friend  
my revolution never missioned the air  
am i a victim of my counsciousnes  
will i find god again

i'm old... i'm so old and lonely  
i'm old... i wonder if i'll ever see another day  
i'm old... a blindman's parade  
i'm old...

at the end of my future i imagine the rains  
bullets and dragons aren't far from my pain  
slipped through my spoon and lived through my pride  
i judged the day as if no one's alive

i'm old...  
i'm old, i'm so old and lonely  
i'm old, i wonder if i'll ever see another day  
i'm old, a blindman in his parade  
i'm old, i'm old, i'm old, i'm old  
i'm old, i'm so old and lonely  
i'm old, and if it ain't god did someone blinded me  
i'm old, a blindman's parade  
i'm old...