

Social Siberia, The lone gunman

In road, little friends strip-search our faith
And broke our bones
It's hard, look it up, when searching over and over
And heals once again broken arms
Your still outnumbered same kind of hopes
They're all the same kind adoring the streets
but they need the same cover because they play the same cards

The sun is set for now, sacred blouse around your neck
Still have written no's to all your quests
The sun will get us past your path
The sense I've lost, are your sense?
The sincerity will be written in the stars

Is this your way to well?
Desire's gone...
It's a quick breath to take
but they care to breath

In the night when no one is around
Playing with your feelings
like they didn't know it was there
I know I must get back to under wide wings
It's time to sober up and pray for gold

And broken arms
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NOTE:Vldigt mycket som r vldigt svrt att hra, detta kan mycket vl vara helknas.. sander