

Tea For Two, Masada Complex

(S. Weber/M. Schumpelt/J.O. Soerup)

just like a small explosion when he hits the balls to break
all his hopes of private glory lying on this frame
some balls

He feels so secure - the winning smile is on his face

but it starts to fade away with every shot I make

deep inside of me a certain feeling starts to grow

grinning shapes get on my face

my perfect mask turns black to blue

believe in friendly perjuries, who cares about the compliment's malice ?

I might feel superior, but there's a voice, a fear I'll fail it raises

anytime they seem to laugh behind my back

and there's a voice, a fear I'll fail, it raises anyway

you wanted to meet a friend, to play a bit, to have some fun

I play to win, to satisfy my personal desire

perpetual invasion of destructive thoughts

ambiguous words will fix attention

they make me revise - make me analyse - realize

while visions confuse your weakening reason

though I'm sure to win I long to expect the worst

when everyone's laughing behind my back

and there's a voice, a fear I'll fail it raises anyway