The Fall, And This Day

Everywhere
Just no fucking respite for us here
Dream theatre
And this day
No matter what all who fills baskets
Or who's just there
The whole earth shudders

And this day
Seen from the bottom glass phut cig
Everywhere
Just no fucking respite for us here
Jim kidder
And this day
The old feelings came back
The surroundings were screaming on the road
And you even mistrust your own feelings
And this day
The old feelings came back
You show me the bloody poor bores
The surroundings were screaming on the roads
So you even mistrust your own feelings
A big basket full S-pub S-mart
And this day
The old feelings came back
Everywhere just no fucking respite for us here
Jim kidder
A big basket full S-pub S-Mart
A zero in the SS school bus lacks wages
Poetic justice
And this day
The old feelings came back
The surroundings were screaming on the roads
So you even mistrust your own feelings
And this day
As seen from a glass bottom phut cig
Everywhere
Just no fucking respite for us here
Jim kidder
Who are the translators?
In a Bl glandule area
And though the blades make presence felt
Like US football players
And this day
It will soon heal up
Everywhere
The surroundings were screaming on the roads
But I'll even blow my nose on last pound note
And this day
The old feelings came back
The surroundings were screaming on the roads
So you even mistrust your own feelings
Even god pays here
You can go all around Holland
Holland Europe
Youth continent
But it will soon come back
And this day
It will soon heal up
The surroundings were screaming on the roads
So you even mistrust your own feelings
And this day
I am right here
The fear and the awe

Medical thingy
And this day
Everywhere just
no fucking respite for us here
Jim kidder
Everywhere
Just no fucking respite for us here
Jim kidder
And this day
Who are the translators?
Everywhere
Just no fucking respite for us here
Guaranteed by god
Rosso rosso
And this day
The old feelings came back
Everywhere
And this day

Who are the translators? Who are the empirical leeches?
Who
Who
Classical
Smart organic brain bank
Multiplexes
Who are the transistors?
Who are the numerical leeches?
Brain bank
It's clear when every lie disturbs
Makes you jump
Everywhere
Just no fucking respite
Us here Jim kidder
Your friends are dust
They're in bits
They're dust
Dusty friends
I cannot account
For this village
Turned me into a nigger
Space dusty clock drove me
To this village