

The Good, The Bad and The Queen, A soldier's t

Wake up feeling good
Go to bed frequently lost in the wood
A soldier's tale of soul winning love
No drunken stuff spewing out of my mouth
All over now out
Birdsong in the night
The sound drags a net through the twilight
Emptiness in computers bothers me
These are the seas in our minds
We make our own confine in time