

# 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