

# Tristania, Tender Trip On Earth

Another day  
The next page  
Still in daze  
Still in a dream  
Out of the pipe  
My lust for life  
Comes and goes  
From above  
Demanding purity  
Sobriety  
Cursing me like a sledge  
Hammering down at me  
Out of the water-pipe  
I suck my lust for life  
And all my floating dreams  
It seems  
Up on the gallery  
God shouting down at me  
Something I can not hear

Tears falling from the sky  
Words from a lullaby  
Everything beautiful dies  
For now, we're hanging in  
Though we are blessed with sin  
You make my tired heart sing

You can be a sunbeam  
And shine for a while  
For a while  
You can laugh a lot  
And bring out that smile

For now we're hanging in  
Even though we're blessed with sin  
You make my heart...  
You make my tired heart sing

Tears falling from the sky...

I'm on a tender trip  
Slowly I'm loosing grip  
Madness is in the air I fear  
Stay, you're my acid-queen  
Stay on my faded team  
Run through the corridor with me