Tuxedomoon, St-John

I live yet do not live I wait as life goes by This life I live alone I view As robbery of life And so it is a constant death With no way out at all God hear me what I say is true I do not want this life I am so removed from you I say What kind of life can I have I pity me yet my fate is clear I will keep up this lie The fish taken from out the sea Is not without reprieve Its dying is a brief affair And then it it brings relief Yet what convulsive death Can be as bad as my own life I live yet do not live at all I die yet do not die at all The more I live the more I die The more I live the more I die I live yet do not die at all I die yet do not live at all