

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