Blind Myself, Oceans Of Crabs

Me that was me who has been in Contact with you for ages I know, I know even If I don't try, I don't care That I don't live a successful Life but that's me I'm nothing, my muscles Are not bulging out My fingers are not moving And now I'm only thinking about silence My eyes are not opening May be once more to step ahead To tell who am I, to tell that's me But it doesn't work I'm suffering

I wanna hide in the bottom of the sea of the deads Where only crabs have enough of me too It doesn't work no

Stop

May be once more to step ahead To tell who am I to tell that's me