

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