

# Brazil, A Hostage

J'ai une ame solitaire  
Feels the same  
Can you not see it?  
Your lips are dripping poison  
The feeling will last forever  
The fighting is over  
Won without a sound  
Alone in a white room  
Alone with no one

Exstacy  
Constancy  
Rapidly  
One, Two, Three

And if I get the chance  
To lead one sheep astray  
I'll pull the rope with aching teeth  
There's something in his eyes  
The war torn streets of Paradise  
How hard the code to break  
Depends on what's at stake  
Perpetual state of measure