

# Comecon, Ulcer

falling  
like autumn leaves  
like tears  
over dresden  
fire storm  
in my heart  
no fears  
now the western  
culture  
sees its end  
what use  
to fantasize  
open shirt  
open wound  
no truce  
the cattle dies

sirens  
distant here  
what's love  
without a blanket  
winter  
seven years  
your corpse  
a virus banquet  
no word  
not a scream  
your eyes  
just like mine  
satan  
spills his dream  
from fall  
to humankind

broadcast  
from hell to now  
I see  
in your eyes  
you fear  
the autumn rain  
are we  
to criticize  
cattle:  
opinion polls  
no voice  
and no way out  
exit  
my throat is sore  
what can you say  
I can shout