

Dagoba, The White Guy (Suicide)

The rain's falling...
Flashes of light on your pale face, this face you hate
Even the darkest sky seems to cry
Tonight again you want to die

Thousands of reasons to live
So much pleasure to give...

Spasms shudder down your spine
Bitter saliva and a clouded vision
Hesitation - fill your glass
Smoke another cigarette (least but not last?)...

Memories drive away the lies
The dawn always reveals the light

Shoot!
Pull the trigger!
Free yourself!
Eat the gun
Pull the trigger!

Everything's here, the pen and the gun
The bullet's prepared: shiny jewel...
Do you have to write something for the ones you leave?
Did they deserve it? Will they read it?

The sermon becomes a lullaby
While you choose your time to die
Shoot!
Pull the trigger!
Free yourself!
Eat the gun
Pull the trigger!

The rain's falling
Flashes of light on your bloody face, this face you hated
Even the darkest sky seems to cry
Tonight... you died

Memories drove away the lies
The dawn always reveals the light

Shoot!
Pull the trigger!
Free yourself!
Eat the gun
Pull the trigger!
Memories drove away the lies