## Deine Lakaien, Mindmachine

the music stopped to fill the night we can't move in this silent room the only sound to poison the air comes from that man upstairs his roaring voice screams full of hate he can't forget his glory past but now his only joy in life is liquids, piss and beer but we won't tell him, we want to forget these we go on running up that hill we won't tell him, we want to forget these we go on running up that hill our kind can fly away to manastir baroue sometimes you cannot stand their eyes fixed on your face, grabbing at your soul you shy away, think of our nights and wish i would be around but when we meet there in our room illusions make us raise our fists the sense of secrets everywhere the loathsome one may smear again but we won't tell him, we want to forget these we go on running up that hill we won't tell him, we want to forget these we go on running up that hill our kind can fly away to manastir baroue we won't tell him, we want to forget these...