Deine Lakaien, Return

Grey eyes flicker
Cold is the weed
Worn out shoes
Air full of grief
It is you now
Stuck within
Soul is burning
No chance to win
What have you done to the game
Was it a victory a shame
Where have you gone
Before morning dew
The game will not end
Without you
Ears of lost minds
Luke and torn
Dresses rotten
And broken stores
And the meaning
It's sold too soon
Can the blister
Substitute the moon
What have you done ...
And the hot sun
Paints the door
Your philanthropist
Sighed once more
Wind was blowing
Air through pipes
Holes in bodies
Mortial crimes
What have you done ...