

# Diary Of Dreams, E.-Dead-Motion

Long, lost faces jump off fences  
Taste the fall on bloody lips  
Sit up, bend down  
Connect the masses  
Grounded, reduced to soil

But still it's up to you!

Feel, fake - reject my touch  
Shiver, shake - don't trust my language

But still it's up to you!

How can you cope with rare conditions  
That you've caused by yourself

Never try to understand me!  
Never try to face my faces!