

Joerg Vogeltanz, Level 5

level 5

in the center of the sound she'll travel

through the darkness of a spinning wheel
til her ears are slowly dying
in this velvet she can't hear
and in the storm
that's carryin' her

across the border
running upstairs
but she was always reaching level 5

opened chests are singing hymns of morning
it's so strange to touch a sunbeam
with organs bare
she's cutting out her heart
to enjoy the silence
and in the flesh of death
she'll see no sin

across the border
running upstairs
but she was always reaching level 5

Words: vogeltanz 1995