

# 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