

Love Like Blood, Johannesburg

I don't sleep so I don't dream
and again I don't want to fall
your name's burned or days are buried
forgotten at all
so I said some day that
I would return to an end
everything to loose will be just
will be just a friend
yearning oh children
children of love
everyone seems like a little
child like a suicide...
innocence gone wild
everyone seems like a little child
like a suicide candidate
I wish to be in your dreams
every night, nights you'll hate
you know that I could have
waited for a long time
but the truth is spoken now
and to tell the truth is no crime
you should not feel flattered
it's not yours belong
and dreams are just like
souvenirs which I don't want to keep
I don't need the reasons
and I don't like some surprise