

# 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