

Myslovitz, Man of glass.

Though the night's still glowing round
Yet I know the day is bad
Pop stars in a paper bread
And again I find my face
All neglected, out of place
In my hair there is some spray
Now it's warm, I've lit the stove
Burned my poems, feel so small
My diploma's on the wall
In the long jump - third place won
There is no more use of me
So I'd better go to sleep
Don't look at my photos, please!
There's nothing in my heart
No value any more
The redness of my blood
Is just a kind of joke
And I want to forget
As often as I can
There's nothing in my heart
No value any more
And you should guard my dreams
Come any time you like
Those moments of my days
You'll hold within your hand
So do not cheer me up
I'll stand here all alone
There's nothing in my heart
No value any more