

Panzer AG, Mother

At first you made me listen
I cannot play your frequency
I suppose it was a lesson
Cracking fingers, I can hear it

My nails stucked in the wall,
teared off, my feets in concrete.
Eyes shut tight, I just might
start listening, a million wishes

I've poisoned your heart, can you forgive me?
The ground is open beneat my feet
I've killed our children for our convenience
I clench my body to the roots of a tree