

Soulwax, When Logics Die

And the place of sadness
I occupy with dignity
was left like a dream among stones
and the words that you spill
from the mouth that you fill
they abandon their grace and fatigue
oh, to feel without touching
and speak without talking
excluded
from the feeling you earn
how I wish we could mend this
or learn how to throw away
as we look for someone to blame
love's been denied
don't be polite
I owe you nothing
when logics die
And the dream is a night
But eternal the kiss
But I guess you already knew
I'm the orgy and the distant cool
the friend you will never fool
I like the way you oppose me
let the last thoughts languish
and try and distinguish
you'll spill the tissues of lies
how I wish we could mend this
or learn how to throw away
as we look for someone to blame
love's been denied
don't be polite
I owe you nothing
when logics die