

Sylvan, Essence Of Life

Hey, did I ever tell 'bout cute tick called Pete
He lived his life quite well,
Though he was a complete freak
You should believe me,
he's the kind of tick you wanna meet
Led a lone life in peace oh yeah
He was quite tough tick Pete
Oh sweet little Pete
That's your life

Little Pete once was in a nasty mood
And so he asked himself:
What is the reason that I don't feel good?
He had a feeling that was rather strange
And so Pete knew that all
he needs was just a blood group change
Once someone told him of a place somewhere,
So he left home although he knew
that it would be hard to get there
You see his planning was quite terrific,
That's why I told you our Pete was such a cool, tough tick

Walking away
Walking away my friend

Life what does it mean to you?
However you get through,
Each has another real essence of
Life who can make sense of it?
Some may think life's just shit
Some think that blood is the (es)sense of life!

Travelling from host to host - always alone.
No matter the time it costs so far from home.

When he got there, it was like paradise.
A new sensation you should have seen his eyes.
And Pete was quite pleased
Blood in variety.
So he did not even see
The impending tragedy
How should he know just a
Stranger after all but blood in
Soho may contain alcohol.

Most of his time Tete was in a sort of let's say delirium
He lost from time to time his style and equilibrium
You might conclude: in a city what a pity but he will lose the day
But drugs create indifference,
So Pete doesn't care, anyway!

They fade away the pheromones of bygone days.
What's left to sayha, different priorities!

Drifting away