

With My Freedom

Arachnes

When I see your fine face,
when I hear your fine words;
when you crush my life, and you are glad,
well this is my riff,.

I go still, with my freedom,
with my desperate wheel chair;
and I'm a shit, yes, you may not believe me,
but anyway is true,
I don't want anybody,
I don't want pity; and I'm fell well...

The sky is my head,
and I want to touch the sky.
And then I love, I love, I love,
without saying a word,
And with your sad sad look
I play another bad riff:
and I'm a shit, yes, you may not believe me,
but anyway is true,
I don't want anybody,
I don't want pity;
and I'm fell well...