

Unbearable vision of failure of the desperate sailors  
abandoned by the fortune of oil. Believe me, don't wait  
for a saviour. Here's your sheet-steel coffin, may you  
appreciate. Believe me, do not look for an answer. There  
are still shits coming before you pass away. And i can't  
bear this snow. And i can't bear this room. And i wish my  
feet would have never known the dark streets of Cottbus.  
End. Maybe we could dance and smile and figure out we're  
still alive, as if we're not leaving our dreams along  
this late highway. Maybe we could wait for some better  
skies to come and shine Over the tragedy we leave along  
white barricades. This was where we lived. This is where  
it ends. Common failure, common sailors. Abandonned by  
the fortune of oil.