

E.-Dead-Motion

Diary of Dreams

Long, lost faces jump off fences
Taste the fall on bloody lips
Sit up, bend down
Connect the masses
Grounded, reduced to soil

But still it's up to you!

Feel, fake - reject my touch
Shiver, shake - don't trust my language

But still it's up to you!

How can you cope with rare conditions
That you've caused by yourself

Never try to understand me!
Never try to face my faces!