

## The Marching Sane

## Flowing Tears

the autumn in your eyes  
the salty dark within your veins  
we walk the streets at night  
a searing spark inside our cage

your light it burns so painful  
turn around and burn me painful

no light can release my pain  
not a young god  
I spit in the eyes of the marching sane  
and in the young ones  
and the world will turn in vein

the autumn in your smile  
don't dare to walk another way  
and when there's no behind... don't look back!  
we praise the dawning day

your light it burns so painful  
turn around and burn me painful

no light can release my pain...

no light can release my pain  
not a young god  
a tiptoeing knife in the back they reign  
all the young ones

no light can release my pain...