

Feeling like i am out of touch
Twisted icy hands detach
Seeing through this sad jigsaw
Stitch-work cancer working through

Every saying has it's day
Every plaything goes away
Eyes excuse words to abuse
It's seeing through what's safe to say

Fascination with the truth
Doesn't get much closer to
Those things come in very clear
Witch head corset disappear

Every stasis finds the truth
Every detail has it's word
Lies surrounding mounds of lies
The stinking piles of underlines

Who do i have to fuck?
I don't know (4x)

Burning down the system
Tearing down the system
Tear down the system
Burn down the system
Tearing down the system
Tripping down the system
Chase down the system
Tripping down the system...

Who do i have to fuck?
I don't know (4x)

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I don't know (4x)