

Blurred

Wynardtage

"On August 29th, 1997, it's gonna feel pretty fucking real to you, too! Anybody not wearing two million sunblock is gonna have a real bad day, get it? You think you're safe and alive? You're already dead! Everybody! Him, you, you're dead already! This whole place! Everything you see is gone! You're the one living in a fucking dream, Silberman! Because I know it happens! It happens!"

The clouds, the faces stoned
the ghosts of love are leaving
always locked in this time
what ends when anything bleeding

Wear the big grey-straightjacket
the rusty chains of life
give up all sightless faith
lay down all your pride

The wishes, the shouts like water
steril thoughts, an open sore
and we will dissolve
as blood drifts like snow

Wear the old grey-straightjacket
the hard blindfolded life
blurred, stained and covered
bury all your pride

See a freezing decade
of love - stained pictures
turns in to hate
now it's to late forever