

I'm Sorry

Arachnes

And you're here, with a storm in your
mind, an ocean of words, again,
I listen you, but I need another life, a
different thing, a different way

And my beautiful hands on your skin
are like a child without toys...

...I'M SORRY IF i'M SPECIAL
MAN, AND IF MY WORLD IS A
TRANSPARENT SPHERE, AND YOU
KNOW;
I NEED DROPS FOR MY HEART,
DROPS OF A PASSIONAL LOGIC,
ALL FOR ME...

To play and play, with notes on my
life, I go on my street in this way;
and the fear is a benevolent lover, an
exciting colour, now...

And my beautiful hands on your skin
are like a child without toys...

...I'M SORRY IF i'M SPECIAL
MAN, AND IF MY WORLD IS A
TRANSPARENT SPHERE, AND YOU
KNOW;
I NEED DROPS FOR MY HEART,
DROPS OF A PASSIONAL LOGIC,
ALL FOR ME...