

## Buried Attitude

AWS

How trees are flapping  
Stretching all her leaves  
When hurricane comes and plays with the branch  
This wild tangling chaos is like a bop of ideas in my deranged  
mind  
Like every minute you have pissed  
Behind your back and you can't bring it back

Every day breaks through the past terms. Rethink your dreams  
The feeling's in me, but my mind can't read it  
Every day breaks through the past terms  
Every day breaks through the past  
My mind can't read it  
My mind can't read it

Lonesome sobbing of the fiddling fall  
Brushing my heart with a needle so dull  
It's also freezing when the pendulum  
Swings as reality embraces my daydreaming  
Now I fondle into burning ice, my heart is cold but my mind's o  
n fire  
Fitfully pressing my makers hand  
Tries to hold me back, but it's hopeless, I'm just about to fal  
l  
On the street  
Where the crows are croaking, they are hunting a prey for the s  
uffer  
Thousand deaths against one big one  
There's no more chance, as the spring is so bloody now  
I sit here in a shiver, in the hands of the summer

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Itt a nyár meg a tél  
Nézzél rám, te nyár, én üvöltök, üvöltök a sárban  
Sose éreztél, sose kér  
De lásd, este van  
Egy másik álom jön, fénytől fél  
De lásd, este van