

Psychologic Secrets

Beborn Beton

I close my eyes, like a tear my brain is falling
Crashing on concrete ground
They step on it
They step on it like on tears
And I close my eyes

Then the sun is flashing dirty
Moving in dark Areas, Dish
Scum on it
And scum on it and falling and laughter
And frozen dreams, like a tear

Psychologic secrets, leave me, deceive me
Get out of my brain, getting out of my brain

The photograph in my hands, and falling
A gun in my hands
Scum on it
They step on it, the decay
My brain on the floor

Psychologic secrets, leave me, deceive me
Get out of my brain, getting out of my brain
Psychologic secrets, leave me, deceive me

Productive phase abridged because of psychological
And physical distress