

Manastir Baroue

Deine Lakaian

the music stopped to fill the night
we can't move in this silent room
the only sound to poison the air
comes from that man upstairs

his roaring voice screams full of hate
he can't forget his glory past
but now his only joy in life
is liquids, piss and beer

but we won't tell him, we want to forget these
we go on running up that hill
we won't tell him, we want to forget these
we go on running up that hill
our kind can fly away to
manastir baroue

sometimes you cannot stand their eyes
fixed on your face, grabbing at your soul
you shy away, think of our nights
and wish i would be around

but when we meet there in our room
illusions make us raise our fists
the sense of secrets everywhere
the loathsome one may smear again
but we won't tell him, we want to forget these

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our kind can fly away to
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we won't tell him, we want to forget these...