

The Game

Deine Lakaian

Grey eyes flicker
Cold is the weed
Worn out shoes
Air full of grief
It is you now
Stuck within
Soul is burning
No chance to win

What have you done to the game
Was it a victory, a shame
Where have you gone
Before morning dew
The game will not end
Without you

Ears of lost minds
Luke and torn
Dresses rotten
And broken stores
And the meaning
It's sold too soon
Can the blister
Substitute the moon

What have you done to the game
Was it a victory, a shame
Where have you gone
Before morning dew
The game will not end
Without you

And the hot sun
Paints the door
Your philanthropist
Sighed once more
Wind was blowing
Air through pipes
Holes in bodies
Mortal crimes

What have you done to the game
Was it a victory, a shame
Where have you gone
Before morning dew
The game will not end
Without you