

Featherflute

Depressive Age

Kilja is my bird, she cannot sing
Chemistry has boiled her strings
She said: "Built your hut on my wing"
Kilja is the bird who 'catch my fall
from a bridge with suicide toll
Now I try to wake her bride call
Quiet waves my window sill
Real is the miracle
And the virgin lust of my new born trust
can excite us like a double moon in love
Kilja writes a poem line in the sand
'bout a norwegian fjord shore bend
where a filter breaks the sunstand
Secrets in your ever changing suit
makes my voice to your substitute
'cause I know Kilja means the "Featherflute"
Quiet waves my window sill
Real is the miracle
And the virgin lust of my new born trust
can excite us delight us like a cannon of the winds
Quiet waves my window sill
Real is the miracle
And the virgin lust of my new born trust
can excite us and delight us
Sometimes I wish to fall your cure,
then it's jealousy what rules
'cause your bride call
would pull a charming bird into your urge