

Port Graveyard

Depressive Age

What a special taste has desert sand
that seeps all through my skin
No more unreal shapes of caravans
shall lead me to nothing
fade away
I tried to save what's left in my life
fade
away
Heaven can wait and hell shall die

Freedom - My desire
Gratis - Not for to hire
Sandsea - I'm a sailor
Landlord of my port: Graveyard

Burning witches of these desert lands
Please, satisfy my thirst as lovely as you can
I will suck you out on all your tongues
Firejuice 'til I get drunk

Patience - My desire
Gratis - Not for to hire
Sandsea - I'm a sailor
Landlord of my port: Graveyard

Loneliness that I fear for years
What a good state and I have it here
That's my aim and no one needs to bury me

Wind bring me the sand
to cover my end