

Psycho Circle Game

Depressive Age

She cries til it's bright, til the sun is shining in the summer
time
She's dry, had no tears to cry, then daylight starts attacks
Against her muddy eyes
She's tired of this life, no summersun can help her
'bout the sorrow in her mind

When the spoon is hot and the needle searches for a way
She's turning back to live and to feel like a queen
When the stuff is over and the nightlight sucks the day
She's longing to drift and to push the time away
When the money's over and she sells herself as shame
Her unconscious state remains an psycho circle game

She screams for a scene that she saw herself on the TV-Screen
She was steam, ash grey steam, but now she's going black
And it fades for free
She must sleep, her body's weak but she is powerless
Against her fast heartbeat

When the spoon is hot...

She screams: please help me! Her friends go down this same way
They're no medicine

When the spoon is hot...