

## Rusty Cells

### Depressive Age

Here's the spray set for the ozon health  
and the glasses to see 'round all corners and bends  
My mind is happy, thinking 'bout a ball  
and at the same time the media spits out  
the reality of war

So it's rust in all the cells  
Santa Claus wipes the jingle bells  
Never their harmonies reach old charme  
Guns sending their greetings without alarms

Peace for hip waste, business called love  
cigarette strength, beauty on the rocks  
Internet freaks work with holy trends  
'til four ill seasons, working at the same time,  
are the last thing on earth what's left

So it's rust in all the cells  
Santa Claus wipes the jingle bells  
Never their harmonies reach old charme  
Bombs sending their greetings without alarms