

Me Lack Space in the Spirit

Faust

Me lack space in the spirit
The weakday is five stories high
And the deafening different distance
Between the brown bread breakdown and you
Is a delicate delight

Crush cast
Just imagine your impossible impressions
Merchant mercy: message
From morning to night
Hey Miss Brown
Object to the oak
You ought to turn the page
Take a peculiar pen and write
Your own instant
If some body talks to you
Apply for proves
Now
Don't the satisfied with a lack
Everytime you say goodbye
You die a little
Don't take root
Don't retire
Paint the painful page
Otherwise you only ought to track the outline review

Put on your socks
Before you put on your shoes
Watch out
Mad dog is running loose
You've got two ears
You've got ten fingers
But it's never you
It must be the others
Sleeping tight
Thinking of the past
I wonder how long
Is this gonna last