Stop

Fiddler's Green

We hunt the hare that grabbed away the meaning We try to catch the lark that stole our words While all the answers dance upon the ceiling The questions seem to be a modern curse

The message of the rain is but a whisper, just a whisper Which no one hears in all the traffic noise Relidion peters out like an old blister Futility is dancing with the boys

The monuments are shining in their glory
The endless roads find mother earth no more
We try to close the book of this damn story
And no one knows what we are heading for

Please put an end to all these nightmares Make both ends meet Please put an end to all these nightmares Make both ends meet

Stop! We fall without a parachute Paralysed we wait for blessing in disguise Stop! We fall without a parachute Paralysed we wait for blessing in disguise