

Slide

Haujobb

Black walls in this corridor
Constant process of loosing
How did I get here
How did you change my mind

Insufficient memory, syndrome kicks in

Dark colors, faint flares
Permanent process of winning
Why do you love me
Why am I scared

Insufficient memory, transition to dream

When I hold you, I hold the wind in my hand
When I touch you, it feels like pieces of sand
When I kiss you, I kiss the slow drying blood
But when I love you, I love like it will never stop