

Hardly in the spirit of the era
Delicate and thin-skinned
One appeared in front of the jury
Face uncovered against the wind

In this life unprepared
With the script unrehearsed
Beauty of looks, beauty of faults
Frightened and offhand
Deaf to a command
Anguish in an envelope of bliss
Whom to wake up in the morning?
A Gregor or a Josef will it be?
Neglected and abused
Or wrongfully accused
Or eventually plague will catch me?

While others see to the horizon I can see just beyond
I'm micro-dosing hell staying under a blissful spell
My vision drinks up the ink I dip my eyes in
You came into the world unloved
But love has found you through a word
Cupid pierced your chest with nibs
The void will bleed with inks
The void will bleed with inks

Absurd of my existence
I'm aching through persistence
The pen will slit the heart
The pen will slit the heart
The void will bleed Das Nichts!

I showed my bare face
It was ripped off like a mask
As they stepped upon a throat of my own song
Unmasking comes in price
All that pure is compromised
In exclusion I cement myself alas!
Now I am just a ghost at the attic
Life for me is doing time
The world has shut me down
But it's more than just fine
Not everything has a purpose
Nothing happens for a reason
How absurd! What a treason for a man!
We are lonely don't feel sorry
And at night when there's no glory
Laugh without interruption to cough blood
Oh

Absurd's my existence!
Oh, how absurd!