

## Parade of Adolescence

Klimt 1918

Speaking the mourning  
Your breathe on my mouth  
And lightbulb hole  
For you I'll find my name.  
Winter is gone we just fly in the dust  
In the warm flat plaid  
When you call my name,  
When I see your smile again

And now.  
There are no more walls  
In your room  
No bed no clothes  
We need just teen's like times

Wake up  
And open wide the hymns to hide  
Today you take we by the hands to stay

And maybe it's just a dream  
The dream that smells  
Like winter's night  
We can't

Oh we can't believe  
Tone of grey on mouth so close  
Is it just a spell  
Is it just your smell  
Why I saw your smile again?

Oh girl  
We fear the sounds of time  
We tear our bad shaped lies  
No we won't believe

Oh day  
We lead a simple life  
We pay a common price  
No doubt,  
We need just teen's like lies.