

Lenin And The Wounded Angel

Nits

I'm walking on the thin ice of the lake
It's almost spring
It will melt and break
The holes are getting bigger
A déjà vu, a prophecy, a joke
The skyline with the factories
The black sky with the smoke
My brains inside a cap of fur
My thoughts are burning like a fire
It's important to bring electricity
To all the corners of the country
To fight disease and poverty

There's a hand on my shoulder
A hand on my head
"How do you do?"
His face is red and blue
"My name is Josef
Just for you"
I can hear your whispering voice again
But I cannot speak your name

Tampere
Tampere
Home of the Holy Smoke
The bricks and stones
My prison
My home
Homesick home
I can hear your whispering voice again
But I cannot speak your name

In the distance a snowy road
Two boys are carrying a precious load
An angel with a wounded wing
The younger boy is wearing a hat
The other a small brown jacket
He's turning
Looking at me
I can see his worried eyes again
I can feel her hidden pain

Tampere
Tampere
Home of the Holy Smoke
Bricks and stones
My prison
My homesick home
Tampere
Oh, Tampere

Drops of blood falling on the snow
Like cherries on a table cloth
In her hand she's holding
A bunch of flowers
They bring her to the Blind Girls' School
Where the wooden rooms are always dark

In corridors with rippled tiles
Small shoes are whispering