

## The Pizzeria

Nits

I had a terrible dream  
The hour was early  
I walk in my neighbourhood  
I turn a corner

I see a river of blood  
With angels drowning  
Devils with black parachutes  
Fall down with bare feet  
On the street  
With sound of a thunder  
Incredibly loud  
My hands are on my ears

I had a beautiful dream  
The hour was late  
I felt incredibly light  
A hundred keys in thousand pieces  
Were flying like dragonflies  
Over my head into the street  
It was a beautiful sight  
Like icicles in light

I had a terrible dream  
The ovens in the pizzeria  
Were burning like hell  
And the dryers in the laundrette  
Were turning red  
It was a terrible sight  
I heard the barcodes beep