

Muezzin

Noga Erez

Coming out, coming out
Coming out, coming out, coming out
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Coming, coming, coming out

High pulse and no gravity
Banging head, spinning head, dazed, overwhelmed
And there's no ground underneath
No ground to stand on
Words can not contain
The weight and the size of this stain
With an unberable logic behind
And the soul in the mind and the people waiting outside

Square heads, square lips
Squeeze the answer out of me
False confession, take me to imprisonment
Number me, take my things, shave my head
Dress me, undress me
Dress, undress, undress, undress, undress, undress and once again

High and pulse no gravity
Banging head, spinning head, dazed, overwhelmed
And they said they'll help me if I cooperate
"So, write down your name on a blank page
You nutcase, you crazy face
How come you don't remember it?"
"I'm trying but I can't seem to recall it"
"We didn't even start and you're losing it
You skip a step and can't seem to snap out of it"

"And there's no coming out of this
There's no coming out of this
No good coming out of this
There's no coming out"

"And there's no coming out of this
There's no coming out of this
No good coming out of this
There's no coming out"

"And there's no coming out of this
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No good coming out of this
There's no coming out"

"And there's no coming out of this
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Coming, coming, coming, coming, coming out
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