

## Sounds from the Phone

P.V.A.

There's a sea which is built  
from the ashes of sea-beds.  
There's a knowing all about  
misery o three heads.  
There's a sound like nothing to tell,  
like blowing around prisoning hell.  
There's a trying to get through  
and not to find the truth.

Sounds from the phone...

Through unspoken crowds of wires  
are your lips speaking to my ear.  
I hate this feeling always  
but it doesn't wanna disappear.  
But if you are just talking about us  
there must be a chance for me to see your eyes,  
to be with you somehow,  
not to play this game of clowns.

I hate the sounds from the phone...