Don't Trust

Paprika Korps

Looking through my windows,
trying to grab as much as they can,
they would gladly step foot in my home,
but i manage to shut, to shut the door.
I am not a player, I am a spectator.
I know i don’t take part in this game,
cause it seems to be clear from a distance sharp and rough.
Maybe i haven't seen a lot but i've seen enough.

I don't trust no one, who claims to be the voice of the generat
ion

My former god,
well known in heavens as an addicted smoker,
was trading the souls he possesed
to get money for his favourite poison.
So liberation hasn't cost me too much,
but prejudiced me against such companions.
Now my door frame is wrestling with another's proposals
and it's going to be brighter after closeing the blinds.

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ion

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