

Porcelain Hours

Pin-Up Went Down

Every piece of
This cold truth
Knowing all
From shit to shit
Knowing nothing at all
Fear of the light
Fear of the lies
The truth
Around
I'd rather be blind
I'd rather seize that porcelain hours
But I know

Fear of the light as you're seeking deep
Fear of the ground as you're loosing it
Wake up wake up
What you seek indeed
Every piece of cold truth is a grave to remind

Every piece of
This cold truth
Knowing all
From shit to shit
I'd rather be blind
Never know nothing at all
Fear of the light as you're seeking deep
Fear of the ground as you're loosing it
Wake up wake up
What you seek indeed
Is a grave to remind