

## Fools and Dolts

Sadist

These white jail walls  
know everything about me  
They already saw my breath  
changing it's mood many times

My friends and I - 'fools' and dolts  
We keep on living our own thoughts  
Trying to fly within some other minds  
Where resignation builds up another life

I'd like to see some other way  
I'd love to cry out of joy  
If only I could make them know  
All the things that I'm doing

Here the 'fools' come  
with that strange sense of love  
Hands and feet are standing up  
Sometimes we're in - sometimes we're not

How many tears - how many miles  
Some of my friends are flying  
One of them already found  
his own highest cloud

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