

Dangerous

The Inchtbokatables

It's my game it's your game
No one knows what happens to us
It's your name it's my name
No one wants to ask us again

Tired people are looking for their foolish
Side
Tired people that aren't able to speak
We try to play the awakened ones
Looking for the horizon that burns

It's your game it's my game it's your
Game

Don't believe that you took the right
Way
While you can't have a look behind
Their masks
Against the fucking majority
Don't ask 'bout your task

Delicious turkeys were cooked for ministers
Serious crows are flying into their mouths
Real hard fought positions become
Angle dust

It's dangerous

It isn't your game it isn't my
Game it's their game

Pick'em up let'em fall down
It's my game to decide
How I best could leave myself
Or who should get the crown is golden

It's made of our hearts
I imagine dancing with the fools
While you are looking for the foolish
Part inside of you

I imagine dancing with the fools but
I know
There is no dance at all