Two Birds

Typhoon

Twin birds drawing closer in space
Collide inside the windowpane
Feathers on the glass
Wings beaten one bird remains

It comes apart become the part you play
What happens then when the character gets killed on the stage?
Do you die two deaths?
Do you start bleeding off the page?

Bird in my hand in the mirror I am estranged
Just sit and watch while the metaphors copulate

And it feels different
And it feels the same
Out of the game

It feels different
Really feel the pain
Out of the game

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!