

Zeigeist, The "Humanitarianism"

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Winding is this road of yours
(Walk on your own)
Confident of early scores
(They will be gone)
Waiting is my favorite bore
(Maybe you'll see)
Thwarted love will hurt me more
(Reconcile me)

A million of worse things
Worse than kissing you
An angel with black wings
Will finally prove
That this is love

You predict a common end
(Fresh out of lies)
Kiss me make my backbone bend
(Sweet as your cries)
Spread your wings and make a turn
(Make them all see)
Let me feel that angry burn
(In love with me)

A million of worse things
Worse than kissing you
An angel with black wings
Will finally prove
That this is love

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