Azra "Straight To The Bottom"

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one hundred and fifty roses and a particle of your dreams marched ceaselessly last night i gave them my best city perspiring champions with extinguished eyes fell along along the way

i come to you as the phantom of freedom so show me exactly what you know i come to you as the phantom of freedom to drag you straight to the bottom

a poorly concealed desire a far off goal
the routine settling of accounts for ape faces
a provincial ball with a song at the end
devastated the night
i fell asleep over an open book
shackled consciousness in a golden binding

i come to you as the phantom of freedom so show me exactly what you know i come to you as the phantom of freedom to drag you straight to the bottom

and when you want to return take a look your shadow dazed with loneliness at the window in the mirror in front of the doors

i saw the anger in coarse men a demonic game of rejected people who took their places in paradise honesty or power who praised the emperor's new clothes dwarfs from the front pages

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to drag you straight to the bottom

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