

Azra

"The Kings Of Four"

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all this time i searched for regal company
the four horsemen of the apocalypse in a
dream
when the hips of the prodigal dutchman
burst
i'll be transformed into a pyre
and futile the sea will bang on the cliffs
and futile the wind will demonstrate its
strength
and futile the moon will fall to the earth
and the books were written for nothing

(crazy
crazy must be crazy
but for anyone who calls me
i'm not here)

mama
i was always a foreigner you know
a scoundrel inside and a devil to the eye
born to judge the impermissible
born to be absolved in a different way
then when the cards are dealt wildly
then where there's no hope
then when rationality is humiliated
then when you remain and die

(crazy
crazy must be crazy
but for anyone who calls me
i'm not here)

papa
amongst us
afterwards the flood
anyway
you recall the sensation on your own
selling souls for a first full of illusions
papa
my compliments
you have no faults

and
yet there's something crude about your
voice
honey
and cheap the result of unfathomable
hate
frustration spreads like a stench
like a commandment
i said
o my god

(crazy
crazy must be crazy
but for anyone who calls me
i'm not here)

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