

Depressive Age "Featherflute"

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Kilja is my bird, she cannot sing
Chemistry has boiled her strings
She said: "Built your hut on my wing"

Kilja is the bird who 'catch my fall
from a bridge with suicide toll
Now I try to wake her bride call

Quiet waves my window sill
Real is the miracle
And the virgin lust of my new born trust
can excite us like a double moon in love

Kilja writes a poem line in the sand
'bout a norwegian fjord shore bend
where a filter breaks the sunstand
Secrets in your ever changing suit

makes my voice to your substitute
'cause I know Kilja means the "Featherflute"

Quiet waves my window sill
Real is the miracle
And the virgin lust of my new born trust
can excite us delight us like a cannon of the winds

Quiet waves my window sill
Real is the miracle
And the virgin lust of my new born trust
can excite us and delight us
Sometimes I wish to fall your cure,
then it's jealousy what rules
'cause your bride call
would pull a charming bird into your urge

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