

## **Depressive Age** **"Hills Of The Thrills"**

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Music: Tim Schallenberg, Lyrics: Jan Lubitzki

See me pepole I am on the Hills of the thrills  
Rockets, airplanes, spacecranes under my window sill  
Jumping with my friends here on the top of surprises  
Bring us fast the ying-yang drinks with stones and with  
ice!

Cheers angels, cheers sunlight, milky way, cheers  
marsguide!  
Cheers thunder, cheers windways, mooncraters,  
cheers new day!

Signal me, people to the hills of my thrills!  
Planets on my crown turn its way under my will  
Don't think I'm a god, I am the king of all skies  
Lesson to the recall song of all early life.

Suck ying and yang 'til the end!  
Burst! Now you're fat, become an angelrat!  
Cheers violence, cheers hatred, all bad things, we've  
taste it  
Cheers raped kids, cheers weapons, cheers all things  
that happen!

See me people I am on the hills of the thrills  
Rockets, airplanes, spacecranes under my window sill  
Comfort in our seats, we never want to come down,  
never want to put our feet back down on your ground

Suck ying and yang 'til the end  
Burst! Now you're fat, become an angelrat!

Can you feel my fruit in your minds  
I prepare your angelrat-life

Suck ying and yang 'til the end  
Burst! Now you're fat, become an angelrat!

Can you feel my fruit in your mind

