

Depressive Age "Subway Tree"

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Music: T. Schallenberg, Lyrics: J. Lubitzki

Black flags with your fingers as their sign in the
subways
They show me the right path into your home,
in the city's depth
Down here are the villages of hope for the artists
Their caves, wich the trains never can reach,
so I go by foot
Rainbows in the sewer rising just like me
I'll live in the hollows near you to plant our subway tree

Stumbling in your foot step traces only I alone
have the might to reaad your black flags, to know
where to go

Targets 'round your brests and 'round your belly button
Tatoood like myself at the same points.
It's the same motif
You shoot me your views under my skin through my
circles
Radio, I received things that I missed, Is this higher
love?

Suck me through the sewer, in my heart your key
I'll live in the hollows near you to plant our subway tree

Stumbling in your foot step traces, only I alone
have the might to read your black flags, to know where
to go

Give me your higher love
and receive my higher love!

Gypsies cross my way, they say: "Join our Cave Bells
Cult
then we will save your body's health"
No my direction is soul
My cure is when I come to my deepest love
Suck me through the sewer, in my heart your key
I will be the only brightness for you and our tree

Stumbling in your foot step traces, only I alone
have the might to read your black flags, to know where
to go

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