

**Dominique Dalcan****"Obsession"**

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Look for something that can't be found  
Hasn't been found yet  
Look for fields of finger-like grass  
Ready to be hugged at any moment  
Like a dog without it's master  
Scarerow thrown into the not flowing river

The circle of tears  
I dissolve everyday faster and faster  
I feel like being consumed, consumed...

I'm a piece of lard  
To be peck whenever you want  
Son of a bitch  
All the bulbs are broken  
Even the big one  
The one everything depends on...  
But there must be another way

There's nothing between seasons  
Only the night  
She has'n changed  
The ink like one

Sat on my facewaving it's cassock  
She did it on purpose  
I knew she was without her pants

The circle of tears  
I dissolve everyday, faster and faster  
I feel like being consumed  
I'm a piece of lard  
To be peck whenever you want son of a gun

A drink of death  
The horizons comming closer  
You're talking yourself, alone again  
We run  
We rest at night  
Somewhere under bridges or on the crossroads  
Where nobody is...

Open and prepare my mouth in the name of new god  
A drink of death  
You're talking yourself, alone again  
The curtain was supposed to fall after the show  
Fade away  
On the shouting crowd  
There's nothing to last any longer  
There'll be no enore  
Fuk you assholes!  
No refund for the tickets  
We run  
We rest at night  
Somewhere under bridges or on the crossroads  
Where nobody is...  
I see everywhere around the swarm of runners  
Like moths flying towards the hot bulb

There's nothing between seasons  
Only the night  
She hasn't changed  
The ink-like one

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