

Ella Blame "Foldback"

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Foldback, foldback,
Foldback, foldback.
Foldback, foldback,
Foldback, foldback.

I can see you, although you're not yet here.
I hear you without you having said a word.
A shiver runs over my neck.
My time is folded back. Back.
My time is folded back. Back.
My time is folded back.

My time is just one of a zillion times,
Zillion times.
My realities are changing continuously.

Do you believe that you really exist?
Perhaps all this is only a game,
A game filled with cruelty and love.
And you and I are that game's only pieces.
Pieces, only pieces.
Pieces, only pieces.
Pieces.

What's time? Is it a measure? A dream?
I don't know, I wish I could scream, scream.
However, I'm muted because sound
Cannot originate and flutter around
When time is folded back.

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