

Factory Of Art

"No Fixed Address"

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Growing up in a family of social disease
Would be better if I'm going insane.
Cause insomnia has stolen from my superstitious
Wealth diseases, often torture my brain.

No home, no cover - chains - give me the right,
Dead men, old gods - pray - take me to the light.

Deeper & deeper, illusions colors stay,
Devils in corrosion flames this junkyard of my grave.
Deeper & deeper, see the wave of teardrops roll,
Sorrow, thrust & emptiness in this junkyard of my soul.

Standing at the wrong side of worlds latest big flash,
What's the answer, stupid, do you feel free?
Poor men, rich men fight their battle out on the streets
The losers have their cover in me!

No home, no cover - chains - give me the rights,
Dead men, old gods - pray - take me to the light.

Deeper & deeper, count the hours day by day,
Murders in the neighborhood this junkyard in their
grave.
Deeper & deeper, like lovers in embrace,
Feel the warmth of jimmy beam tonight!

No home, no cover - chains - give me the right,
Dead men, old gods - pray - take me to the light.

Deeper & deeper, illusions color stay,
Devils in corrosion flames this junkyard is my grave.
Deeper & deeper, see the wave of teardrops roll,
Sorrow, thrust & emptiness in this junkyard of my soul.
Deeper & deeper, count the hours day by day,
Murders in the neighborhood, victims crying out in
graves.
Deeper & deeper, all seasons, thousand years,
I've smelled a breath of loneliness in this junkyard of
my fears.

