

## **Forward, Russia! "Thirteen"**

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Choose life

We all can lean on figures and crutches  
It's such an easy thing to do when you're so unaware  
We all can change our tegument's function  
Replace the outer shell with something more neoteric  
We all can lean on figures and crutches  
A busy wife-child losing all her selfish memory  
Will only lean on figures and crutches  
Become a child and plastic surgeon

Let her go  
Yelled the occupied pharaohs  
A lucky soul  
Who just so happened to break out

She took the corner way  
And in the event of that the normal result should fail...

If you won't blink at me, I'm coming  
If you want to be something new, I'm coming  
If you won't blink at me, I'm coming  
And I won't breathe at all  
Until you blink at me, I'm coming  
If you want to be something new, I'm coming  
If you won't blink at me, I'm coming  
And I won't breathe until

We all can lean on figures and crutches  
The politburos will expect their free lunches  
And all the prison guards rely on their hunches  
But we're assured of the existence of a better way:  
We all can lean on figures and crutches  
Replace our hearts

And if you won't blink at me, I'm coming  
If you want to be something new, I'm coming  
If you won't blink at me, I'm coming  
And I won't breathe at all  
Until you blink at me, I'm coming  
If you want to be something new, I'm coming  
If you won't blink at me, I'm coming

And I won't breathe until  
You're strolling down the pavement

If you won't blink at me, I'm coming  
If you want to be something new, I'm coming  
If you won't blink at me, I'm coming  
And I won't breathe at all  
Until you blink at me, I'm coming  
If you want to be something new, I'm coming  
If you won't blink at me, I'm coming  
And I won't breathe at all

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