

Harmful "Simple Touch"

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Get in to crawl with all your grace... can't
stand the wrong within Blame the disarmed and give
in...
to face the game of passion To set things clear your
departure is near Straight in the backyard of decay
Far away, far away from here... I met a man who
wasn't there
He wasn't there again I wish he'd stay away
Just lie and try to remain Pleasures in a fool's black
garden
Far away, far away from here... I met a man who
wasn't there
Anyhow you can, anyhow you will How does it feel to
recall all that's real in the end... to relent

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