

Cadaverous Condition

"A Song For"

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look at the cat, it flies above my head
how will you live, how will you like it
look at the cat, it flies above your head
I can seldom be with you, I'm in doubt

sorry I can't promise you a world without fools
and please beware of all the lies
oh I'm sorry child that love is not luck
pain in severance and pleasure in sighs

city lights are wonderful, so is the wood in spring
of home you think when you're away, there's woe
in everything
and I tell you it is beautiful now to be alone
but only in the knowledge to have someone later on
and the real nightmares are the dreams of joy and of
wealth
for then you'll wake in belief of all these dreamed
things
you don't have

it seems that we gained a bit of immortality
I will always have with you this piece of eternity

look at the child it has your face and mine
look now it smiles, somewhere in time

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