

Kamprads

"Taste My Brain"

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Watch the devil dance upon my room where our bed is cold

Pray I'll take this day and make it to my very special own

Hear the trafficlights letting all the people step aside
Twist and turn, change the gear, take it back and push
rewind

Let the doctors taste my brain, what will they find
I can blame on someone else, just pass me by
I guess your mum and dad let you know they are all so
proud

Hope you feel you're very much alive

The pictures on my wall keeps moving on to another
life
Turn the radio on so you can hear and we will brake the
ice
Can you hear the outside calling for your soul, so sell
your mind
This will be the last of everything, I kiss your hands
goodbye

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