

## **Klaus Flouride**

### **"Opaque"**

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It starts as an offer  
Some cash in a coffer  
A kindly intention for the day  
It goes on and goes on  
The ground is still frozen  
The springtime is still so far away  
In my dictionary  
The adjectives carry  
The same weight I try to push away  
The houses are numbered  
All pillaged and plundered  
Their tenants march slowly to the bay  
Tell me  
What are the songs that you would take (high mountain)  
Which old excuses would you make (high mountain)  
Tell me  
How many promises you'd break (high mountain)  
On the mountains of the moon  
If I were a guru  
I might try and fool you  
And tell you it all comes to an end  
But as you well know now  
The elements show how  
The injury's no worse than the mend  
Tell me  
How many ideas are at stake (high mountain)  
Tell me  
How many rivers build a lake (high mountain)  
Tell me  
How many times will your soul ache (high mountain)  
On the mountains of the moon  
Tell me  
Aare all the windows still opaque (high mountain)  
Tell me  
If it was cold would you still shake (high mountain)  
Tell me  
How many hearts will you break (high mountain)  
On the mountains of the moon  
Tell me  
If it was time would you still wake (high mountain)  
Tell me

Which ten emotions would you fake (high mountain)  
Tell me  
How many friends will you forsake (high mountain)  
On the mountains of the moon  
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