

Marquis De Sade

"Skin disease"

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You lean your head upon your friends shoulder
Back in the white room
A blonde haired man, just another sailor
Silent smiles and hopeless looks
Rip off long shreds of dry skin
Stand up and face the wind
We caught a skun disease

Conscuousness fell asleep
Then no more choice
Then no more voice
No more choice

I don't want to hear this inner voice
It's so hard to take one's choice
And now, I'm throwing out my thoughts

Watch the single light at the end of the way
And now please keep in step
Wear the uniform of the other sailor
Now please keep in step
Let the sun pick up your bones
Let the sea drown your hopes
We caught a skin disease

Consciousness well asleep
Then no more thoughts
Then no more doubt
No more thoughts

I don't want to hear this inner voice
It's so hard to take one's choice
And now, I'm throwing out my thoughts

Avoid any contact
Avoid any contact
In need a number
A tatto on my arm
To tell me who I am now
To tell me where I have to go

Und der seemann sagy
Eine auf dem Arm tatowierte Numme
Um Jhnen zu sagen
Dab ich jetst
Da bin, wohin ich gehe

I need a clock to set me life
I need a dreamless sleep
We caught a skin disease and
Avoid any contact
Avoid any contact

Eine Uhry, um mein Leben zu regeln
Ich brauche einen traumlosen Sehl
Wir haben eine Hautrankheit

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