

Mathilde Santing

"Beauty Of The Ritual"

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Here's a sad case, all my friends have let me down
There's no sweet taste when your luck is leaving town
I'll have to swallow it all
There's no shame when you lose, when you waver and
fall

So all I've got is that simple routine
And the moves that I make are like a ritual to me
I had to find a way out
So I swallowed my pride and I made a new start

Can't you see the beauty of the ritual
A quiet concentration on the minimal
But is it pain or is it pleasure, you just don't know
What to feel
'Cause it's all in the ritual

No more sweet taste, it's supposed to be bitter
What would you say if your love was leaving town
I can't accept what is real
So I dream up a world that belongs just to me

Can't you see the beauty of the ritual
A quiet concentration on the minimal
But is it pain or is it pleasure, I just don't know
What to feel
'Cause it's all in the ritual

Never knew how lonely it could be
(Never thought that it could get so lonely)
Now I've lost it all.
(I lost my fortune and my friends as well
Then it seemed to me there was one solution only)
There was one solution only
A tribute to the ritual

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