

Paul Janz

"Mother Superior"

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In the clockwork, in the clockwork,
Time is never at ease
A frantic sensation is hammering
Nails in your spine
Multiple fractions and
Muscle contractions will tear
Your mind into shreds, cutting your threads
Do you regret you were born? Take my hands into
yours,
Dance my senses away
Take my hands into yours,
Before mother superior's home

Monsieur, monsieur you look like
The saint in my dreams
Igniting the flame and carving
My name next to yours
This urban decline is
Leaving it's sign round my neck
Pulling the noose, tells me I'll lose
There's nothing to save

I'm sober, I'm sober, but I wish I was not
A gentle diversion or
A touch of divine I could use
The curtains are closed,
But I still feel exposed to the world
Wishing away somewhere astray
Are you still listening?

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