

Phidge

"A Sudden Spring Night (Dedicated To Ugo Tognazzi)"

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It makes me stronger to feel I'd have to sink
To run away from here
It kills me slower to loyally hesitate
And speak while you can't hear
I'm going under experimental hate
To measure up my skill
I'm falling deeper, my lips are getting grey
Disclosing how it feels

If your stars and my numbers work out
I still believe
That your stars and my numbers work out
I feed the need
That your stars and my numbers work out
I'm taking heed
For your stars and my numbers
Work out

Distorted mechanical cries
Revolving their colored waveforms in this nuclear sky
Distorted mechanical cries
Feeding that radicated fear of unnatural smiles
Distorted mechanical cries
Tracking this newborn sun down in a sudden spring
night
Distorted mechanical cries

It makes me stronger...

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