

Room With A View

"Tiergarten (Komrad Kiev)"

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Setting sun over the boulevard
Orange brilliant cold rays wound my eyes
Ancient headless divinity's statue
Mute and obscure, anonymous life's rider

Another one bites the dust of failure
Poisoned thoughts on the shadows
Lonely pylon divides the moon
And I see two different faces

Smell of concrete in this rusted air
Taste of blood in my mouth
Car carcass under the sun
Oppressive clouds of desperation

I need the turpentine to clean my errors
Definitive clean work, impossible to end

And I cry high to the sun
I can't pretend to be alone
And I cry high to the sun
I can't pretend it's not my fault

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