## Room With A View "Tiergarten"

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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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