

David Nail

"Keep It Like This"

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In this world of contradictions
We go on by intuition,
We're apparently persistent...

Without hopes, without base, without pleasure,
Without names we don't know what is our purpose.

Everywhere we look there's pose
Beautiful peel and rotten core
Everything is imperfectly aesthetic.

We don't defy this mechanism,

We don't design a new design
We just keep it like this.

Without hopes, without base, without pleasure,
Without names We don't know what is our purpose.

We don't know, we keep it like this.
Impulsively, we follow the traces of culture,
We blindly use the dictates of fashion,
We like to keep it like this.

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