

Soundarcade "Traum(a)"

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Just touch and go one way of show
It's so sad to know it's sad to know
The troubled mind can't see the coasts
From the aside this room gets smaller every day

Find no response in awakening
Makes heaviness burst out of my breasts
Into your room into the angels of your ceiling
With sanguine thoughts... they cut no figure...

You are the disease
I'm unwilling to be cured of

Just one question
To settle all my doubts
Can't you feel that
There's no air to breathe
Just one request
To settle all my doubts
Promise you won't
Fail me with a smile

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