

Stephan Eicher

"Whatever"

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I could use a lie or two, I'll keep them for me
Won't use them on you, stretched here on my back
Like a turtle rehearsing suicide
On my knees for prayers, songs, accusations, whatever
Go out and invent yourselves new ones

That's the way it's written here, that's the way
That's the way it's written here
On this blankets, between ashes and lost hair

Wheels, powder, citylights, whatever
I leave it on the nightshade of my window while it goes
on
It goes "shouting, choking, laughing", whatever
While I lay here in this body, only waiting for some
sleep

That's the way it's written here, that's the way
That's the way it's written here
On these blankets, between ashes and lost hair.

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