

## **V.i.p.s**

# **"Frankness Of The Pressthroated Person..."**

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It's my arm and it's my beautiful eye  
My compassion and my running sing  
On and on I hear the noise inside me  
I think to keep it or not to keep  
I was born with a beast, with a hole.  
Soul is hole

Enemy lives by my body  
He steals my happiness  
I don't belong to me

Blackness... Whiteness  
Black pale on the fate  
Blister...  
Fortune...  
Shadow...  
Pickles...  
Wind.  
Take him away from me

Enemy lives by my body  
He steals my happiness  
I don't belong to me

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