

iForward, Russia! "Spring Is A Condition"

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This is the end of your life

We all live in hostels that mirror our fear
Each face a portal to nothing or everything
Depending on resting on circumstance
The chances of knowing

Just what standard of silence you can expect to
receive?
No discontentment will be voiced or rendered
When we all bleed in the night, bleed in the night
Bleed in the night by ourselves

Spring is such a painfully deceptive time
Everyone's got some problems to hide in the lives they
lead
Spring is a Christmas time away
It seems we've all got hands to beg, we are spinning
lies

April is dripping a spawn soaked in mucous
As May accelerates here
Yes, April is dripping and standards are slipping
In the land of the devoted

This is a standard of silence that you can expect to
receive
True discontentment will blur with our leisure
When we all bleed in the night, bleed in the night
Bleed in the night through ourselves

As God turns away, as God turns away
We are becoming devoted children
We are set in our ways
Yes, as God turns away, as God turns away

We are becoming devoted children
And I am becoming like all good children
Yes, we are becoming devoted children
We are set in our ways as God turns away

Then this is a standard of silence that you can expect

to receive
All discontentment reduced and surrendered
Sub-parity, they are bleeding the night, bleeding the
night
Bleeding the night for themselves

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