

The Diplomats

"Garbage"

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As dark as dark sky and earth, dizzily mind
As sore as sore the back of the gullet, dizziness

You can't catch me, can't catch me
Can blind birds fly? They can't

I go up the blind stairs intently

Ladies and gentleman, time is over
Ladies and gentleman, please die

My child flowing down the sewer is a piece of
incompetence
Can't grasp anything with my hands

Like a garbage I go back to doing

Whatever I may wish, it's weed life

Night and day at the end of the day, all day and so
every day

I scream even in my dreams I want to become happy

Rosy lipstick My child laughing is a piece of
incompetence
Self torture... abuse... die... wanna forget... I hate
The song game of counting petals.

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