

Sadist "Night Owl"

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On it's face a whole lifetime of experiences all truly
lived
A long deep furrow of who wanted to live
And talk to the sky
A man walks bent forward on the path
That leads to home

In the night blowing wind Æ– Owl hunting stops the run
The heat of a blind summer and I know
The smell of dead grass
Frost of a snowy winter cold feet that
Sink but you cannot stop it
A man walks bent forward on the path
That leads to home

In the night blowing wind Æ– Owl hunting stops the run

Poor dear they seek the bent man but he's not there
neither his melody
While they dance rising and falling on music
A song that kills everything else around

A man walks bent forward on the path
That leads to home

In the night blowing wind Æ– Owl hunting stops the run

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