

Exodus Tree

My lift may just kill
The rent's on the rise
The water is leaking
Through my bedroom walls

I go for a ride
On an old shabby tram
The people are melting
Against my skin

City lights I'm glad I'm leaving
I hope one day you'll pass my harsh test
City lights your charm's misleading
Everywhere I look I see your misery

I go to a club
There's a show every night
A hundred attending
But very few come

Next door there's a bar full of people
Who stare into phones
As if their body was a burden
They're dragging along

City lights I'm glad I'm leaving
I hope one day you'll pass my harsh test
City lights your charm's misleading
I hope one day you'll pass

For now I'm gonna put up with this mess
Skipping all my thoughts they ain't good friends
And with this tune in mind I'll sleep till another day

Tomorrow I will paint my aches on the wall
Get lost in the vivid kaleidoscope
And with this tune in mind I'll work another day

Chronically Innocent

Think of me as a wooden doll that all women can share
I'll always keep my mouth shut and wear no underwear

We'll set out for the adventurous ride and drink on end
But when I get caught crying it will strike you I'm no man

Think of me as someone who finds pleasure in the pain
Cause there's nothing more beautiful than seeing nice things end

Think of me as an old man selling his heart door to door
Cause nothing looks more stupid than a man falling in love

It's not that I remain that bad
I'm in sanctuary baptized innocent man
Whose brain is exploding with some innocent filth
Who's losing all his friends 'cause he is saying nothing
Who's losing a real life anchor 'cause he is silent
You're the cliff I hang from my dear
Hang on

Black Monday

Is the lack of preaching killing the rests of common sense
Is too much eating what makes the lungs heave with discontent
My naked eyes see rebel masses lie
Is life in comfort filling the heads with nonsense

Does zeal for lynching and a bland life correlate
Does spitting at those who have a religion make you safe
I've seen a few and none of them were like
Those TV portraits spinning the cobweb round your mind

The time is ticking loud
The bomb is in your violent hands

Standing in the way of those who distinguish the color of man
Why are you always looking for the arguments for letting speak your weakest part
My body will be torn apart by the act of some idle hands
What is it that you're looking for
I am craving for reason

Citizen

A citizen came with a paper in his hands
The petition said "build a proper park instead"
I'm afraid sir the Mayor's not here to meet
He'll deal with your problem during the election week
Now I kindly ask you to leave

A citizen came with a paper in his hands
The taxes were written down all neat and clear
Excuse me, minister, I know that you're a busy man
But at the end of the day, could you please do the same
And stick to your commitment

A citizen
Seeking home
He beholds
Have a look somewhere else?

Or behave
Work and pay
A Simple life
This country ain't so bad

A citizen came with a paper in his hands
With the list of the pains for those who represent
Welcome to meeting, I'm glad you have your civic needs
But it's useless for my public image and my speech
Now please let me govern two more years

Heavyweight Champion

Will I ever reach the feeling of an ordinary geek
Sitting calmly on the back porch
Children playing hide and seek
Will I stop the mind expansion and feel the blisters on my hands
Gardening, forget the tension
Waking to a blackbird's scream

Will I ever shed excuses and come out the way I am
No wasting time polishing bruises
Admitting to a peasant's fate
Will I ever stop this bleeding from spilling on the city's streets
Log my forest, build a cabin
Waking next to a river stream

I cease to speak
My goal is to carry on
Present is my only companion
Boy, you're git
For fighting the heavyweight champion
Makes life happen terribly fast
Your brain is an overweight mass

Epic Clash

Watched the row of cars facing the trees
Lined up silently in pre-war peace
Soundtrack in my head made it so real
Quiet morning
Perfect momentum

Empty heap of steel you looked so sad
Compared to the majesty of plants
I felt sorry for the human race
I realized we'll never back away

I don't want to overstate, but I've witnessed the epic clash

Little Ann Sucking Her Thumb In Terror

Skinny lady is leaving my flat
She is out of sight
Little Ann is nibbling at bread roll
Unaware of importance
Her mom and dad have a date tonight

When you grow up
You'll go on dates too
You'll play in bands and be cool
Countless boys will end up heart-broken
Girlfriends will envy you

So why to shout at me and what for

If you're craving for a shelter
This kitchen rug will do the job
If you're crying for your parents
Believe me they will be all right
Little Ann sucking her thumb

Words are useless
They have no meaning
For a little creature like you
So I'll shut up and keep on playing
The treble tones may calm you

If you're craving for a shelter
This kitchen rug will do the job
If you're crying for your parents
Little Ann sucking her thumb

Millennial's Question

How have I lost that feeling we're dancers
Our tiptoes used to slide
Across the floor quite easily
Who's calling me on
I'm running out of patience
Who's calling me on
I'm running out of faith

How come our kiss don't lead into an explosion
Delicate dress
Yet we're becoming strangers
White tablecloth
Makes every moment tense
The supper is great
Yet we're becoming strangers
Can cuddle and sex work it out this time

To discard or repair
It is millennial's question

Delicate dress
Yet we're becoming strangers
White tablecloth
Makes every moment tense
The supper is great
Yet we're becoming strangers
Can cuddle and sex work it out this time

Who's calling me on
I'm running out of patience
Who's calling me on
I'm running out of faith
Who's calling me on
I'm running out of patience
Who's calling me on
We were fine

After four years of our life
Are we designed to be replaced like some merchandise

Anguish Tamer

A new idea is messing with my mind
There's no way to prevent it
It's strong enough to live
It outcries all I believed a while ago
Like a little kid and candy
I'm rushing towards it and cling to it

It's on my radar
Constantly ablaze
It stays with me
Then suddenly it's gone

The vicious circle goes on on and on
One stays for a minute
Another for a week
They move so fast they're bludgeoning my soul
They excite me and leave me
Like a whore who just saw someone drunk and broke

It's off my radar
Completely erased
It's gone for good
It's driving me insane

Our Time

Years of longing
Years of waiting
For the real feeling
For the real meaning
It's here
Give in

Auto-crisis
Hypocrisy
Locate the spot
Squeeze out the pus
Our time has come
Right here right now
Get on your feet it's our time

Privileged Son

Wallow in the garden at the dusk
Following the disappearing sunbeams to an unfrequented spot
Gazing at the playground across the fence
In our house like every night my parents shuffle in harmony

Do I linger or am I undecided
Intentionally putting off the most joyous moments of my and their lives
Am I waiting till they pass away
To bring up my kids and then take them to visit an empty house of my splendid childhood
Where time passed effortlessly
House of the true adventure
Where I'll always be your son

I've grown up used to they're just here
Considering their lifetime can be filled like a summer drink
Looking at the trees coated in bronze
My eyes are two black pools of sorrow every time I get this thought

Oh, out of so many
I am the one you gave birth
Oh, after what we've been through
I am still your privileged son