Entartete Kunst



Lobo

I tried several salvations for my mind Now it's time to choose a way amongst these lines And I ran I recalled your light while ran through underground Feeling blind So, exactly, what's the reason I still feel blind?

And now it's time

You should not apologize for what you do But, exactly, what will be your point of view?

It was never your decision to be mine. Likewise it was not my fault to be that blind. Are you getting tired of feeling my deep gloom. Or, exactly, what's your actual point of view?

I am so blind My deep gloom Point of view

I'm exhausted just to make you realise, But your memories are becoming your advice. And your point of view. Off view.

I tried several salvations for my mind And I'm willing to forget them at this time And I meant not to be absolutely blind So, exactly, which are your reasons to define? And now it's time Feeling blind You define

You should not apologise for what you do But, exactly, what will be your point of view?

BROKEN TEETH & HONEY

The sea is broken just over my head
While brothers meet each other in the street
And talk about another suicide

Your cigarette shines
Reflected to its own shadow
Identity - Individual
Suppressed by cold's technology

A strip of blood in the wrist

Shows the division between flesh and bone

The extracted time and lost chances

Veins are a hideous
A hideous drawing on your skin
Which must be extracted
Must be extracted pretty soon

I darted through the window
I tried it too
Those who wish to die
And the longing for
A thousand teeth
Broken teeth & honey

Yesterday
didn't die
I'm still alive
will be immortal
eternal life
eternal life

DIVIDED

Lost my right words underneath the sky.

Mediocrity runs away from us.

We should read our memories once more.

Trying to fix it, while my stomach burns.

Feel you closer, don't know what to do.

You're away, now. You're by myself, too.

Drops of ceiling are falling down my head.

I'm divided. Should I say I'm dead?

None of these clouds is going to tell us the truth.

Answer is coming from my deep solitude.

I have seen my pictures of you once more.

But I'm divided, now.

And it's too late for it all.

BRAND NEW EGO

The façade of the man has noisily crashed.

Too much pressure coming from the outside.

The feelings are naked
Blackened emotions.

Destroy the man - destroyed land.

Copying others' proceedings, creating a brand new ego, pretending fake ambitions, makes a subtle system out.

Compassion's going to kill us.

Compassion's going to kill us.

Innocence.

Humiliation of forgiving,
of acceptance - of reconciliation.
The caricature of himself replacing his ego.
The old ego fades away,
facing forced oblivion.
Destroy the man - destroyed land.

Copying others' proceedings, creating a brand new ego, pretending fake ambitions, makes a subtle system out.

Compassion's going to kill us.

Compassion's going to kill us.

Destroy the man - destroyed land.