

Across the lines
On the cities careless lips
It is my time
To sense the times
Drink classroom milk
Smell the spirit of shopping streets
Live sixth day paradise
Visit my disguise

Stripped
Unreal

Across the tracks
Head to tense steel
Cracked by corrosion
The car caught the future plan
Dressed in cheap jewelry
Waiting to get cut in three
Head kicked between players
The steps will stay

Landscapes changed
With pornography
I'm sold at the streets
For what I've got
Coughing moral blood
Sweating out the compassion
In panic regret
I refine my excrement

A house is built
A round my crucifixion
It has doors at both ends
To let the dead through
I lay in the basement
Bathing in my new blood
Forced on classic poetry
And trivialistic thrills
A midsummer day
The family gathers
To enjoy the pain
And to exterminate all escapes

The distance is never too big
To life's frame
Your freedom is your remote control
The last nail in the coffin
Fits me well
It fits me well
Society