

Cold War Everyday

Birds in Row

I wanna dance til the dawn of a new day, just like a rat
on the cradle of a new city. And get the appetite of a
bulimic bear facing the promise of a close famine. Broken
wooden horses for ride and a million of chances to take.
My tangible fears sleeping on my knees til this journey
does end. Too tired of making war. Too realistic for
peace. A "never again, never again!" to the beasts
leading me to my defeat. Some of you would say I'm a
coward, sneaking away from down-to-earth matters. Run
coward run. Don't tell me what to do. Run faster run. If
only I could break down the system