A Hostage

Brazil

J'ai une ame solitaire
Feels the same
Can you not see it?
Our lips are trailing poison
The feeling will last forever
The fighting is over
Won without a sound
Alone in a white room
Alone with no oneExstacy
Constancy
Rapidly
One, Two, ThreeAnd if I get the chance
To lead one sheep astray
I'll pull the rope with bleeding teeth
There's something in his eyes
An angel can't tell lies
The war torn streets of Paradise
How hard the code to break
Depends on what's at stake
Perpetual state of measure

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