

Cell

Sunday Munich

I want to flee
A pause from the dim
Where are the thought that I saved?
Trapped in an old silent film They runned the usual tests
Tiny, tiny veins
Yet flow so constant and strong
I saw my life in red They'll never forget
These cells of mine
How can they forgive
That I figured the code they carried I want to flee
A pause from the dim
He gave me a stone
And I went to sleep

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