

Our Way

Germs

Clara would be proud to know us
We've taken it to the end
Where the gray turns to black
And the white just begins
We live everyday on the water
The night just kills the pain
From the suffering that was
We are no stronger, we are dust
Down in the crowd
We're down on our knees
Wanna get out but
Don't wanna succeed
We're the red-eyed legends
Of the night before
We're the dead mind babies
Of the TV war
Living in a rectory of sin
Against the currents we all swim
Cageless wonders of sometime when
The paper icon's chase will end

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