

Saved

Bauhaus

You're entering a pearl corridor
Ending on your crimson spot
I become unconscious, saved And just pursuing spirograph
With the zahra universes
Hung in middle space
That i promise to be you But was no such thing
I was saved, saved, saved Ooh, ooh The world does not lie
The place of paradise
The people, the people lie
The people lie One with your body
You are walking peace
What if things do not part
What if things do not part Part, ooh, ooh Saved, saved You're entering a pearl corridor
Lying on your crimson spot
I become unconscious
Saved, saved, saved, saved, saved....

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