

From Here

Kamchatka

What is this meaninglessness that we feel?
Why can't I see what you see? Please, tell me.
Are there some rules that I never did learn?
Are we the only ones whose page doesn't turn? So tired of tearfilled eyes.
So sick of painted lies.
There must be some place else. If it's the truth that you say about time,
that we have none left and it's all too late,
then what do you think I should do today?
Well, times up, so why should I care anyway? You have to realise
I ain't telling you no lies.
I'll give you all one day. I just don't know when it will be. So, now, please sit next to me once again.
I want to hear your sweet voice for a while.
Tomorrow we will be dead and gone,
so, now, let's go, we have stayed here too long. We've seen these streets before.
Same faces, please, no more.
Let's seek out something new. I think I know where we could go.

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