

# The Game

## Deine Lakaien

Grey eyes flicker  
Cold is the weed  
Worn out shoes  
Air full of grief  
It is you now  
Stuck within  
Soul is burning

No chance to win What have you done to the game

Was it a victory, a shame  
Where have you gone  
Before morning dew  
The game will not end

Without you Ears of lost minds  
Lame and torn  
Dresses rotten  
And broken stores  
And the meaning  
It's sold too soon  
Can the blister

Substitute the moon What have you done ... And the hot sun

Paints the door  
Your philanthropist  
Sighed once more  
Wind was blowing  
Air through pipes  
Holes in bodies

Mortal crimes What have you done ...

Lyrics provided by  
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