

# 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  
Luke and torn  
Dresses rdtten  
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 ...

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