White Robe

Chroma Key

Feeling ugly, looking pretty
Yellow ribbons, black grafitti
Word is written, bond is broken
No big secret left unspoken
Sun is painted in the corner
But it's never getting warmer
All the lies they keep on selling
But you never check the spelling
Flying bullets
Hit the targets
Wings and halos
5 to 7
In this white robe
Through the darkness
Paragliding
Back to heaven
Flying bullets
Hit the targets
Wings and halos
5 to 7
In this white robe
Through the darkness
Paragliding
Back to heaven

Time is running we are sitting
Back together just for splitting
You are crying in the corner
Always next and never former
Open up and let me hear it
Former Body, future spirit
Brain is useless, chair is rocking
Open doors for dead man walking
Flying bullets
Hit the targets
Wings and halos
5 to 7
In this white robe
Through the darkness

Paragliding
Back to heaven
Flying bullets
Hit the targets
Wings and halos
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In this white robe
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