Nineteen

Ã‚Â¡Forward, Russia!

Ancient sore oculi
Couldn't see the change
But blissful lights still happen
Through the darkest daysShe strokes her hair
In the bathroom sink
It lost volume
It lost the will to giveI gave up
On falling asleep
As the hands began
To shoveBefore you've even seen it
The old horizon's gone
Another recollection
Of the blind, deaf summer sunBut eyes are not the be all
And end all of the west
The east may hold a pair now
But maybe just addressThe doubts you have
There's no great rush
To make this changeShe showed some sense some time ago
When she was happy
She thought that this would make her happierI've told you for the fifth time
I've told you for the twelfth
I'll give up just when you will
You better warn yourselfYou'll get left back
In the cold and rain
And now and againBalancing your roles
I see you get bogged down
And though you say, it's not good
Your life still lingers onAnd so now, little gosling
Don't become a swanI tried to be so special
And I thought, I was alone
I wanted to be special
But I failed us allSo please, now
Please just trust me
Your life still lingers on
And so now, little gosling
Don't become a swan

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