

See you around

I'll give this book back to you. Am I going to get something in return.
It has been like forever, since we last saw each other.

I wonder have you changed at all. Can we talk just like we used to talk.
I think I'm the same guy, since we last saw each other.

Even when it was difficult, I managed everything pretty well.
I wonder have you changed at all.

And you don't even smile. How miserable your life has been. I lost all the words.
Hey, see you around!

I kept that book in a safe place. I never took it with me anywhere.
You never even asked about it and I thought it wasn't that big deal.
But it has nothing to do with it. Why do I always think too much.
I really am this shallow

Question mark

While I'm here with my courage, with the strength that I have found. Makes me
feel like I need it, after all.

While I'm here with my fortune, I'm all in from the start.
I guess I've made my decision, after all.

Here we are on the road to nowhere.

Why we hesitate... from now to forevermore.
We can't get over the question mark.
Why we hesitate for now to forevermore.

While you're here with your comfort, with the hand that I can hold, everything
must be alright now, after all.

But how long it lasts this time, we focus on the bad ones.
Only hurt we caused is still here, after all.

I play for me

There's a new kid in town and how bad I want to fight.
The unknown has always been tough place for us.
Raised to build self esteem by the fistfight.

There's a new kid in town, who's going to make the brave first move.
Do I need to teach how to spell the rules.
Looking so weak, because I don't know him good.

Is that your new record, I got whole summer to break it.
I like to be much better, that's why I mastermind this play for me.

There's a new kid town, it steals all my attention.
Everything will change for good from now on.
Everything except my twisted and narrow mind.

I play for me... we play for us.

Knot

Have we ever seen the light. This never ending polar night makes me think.
All the light we had is gone. Some bastard stole the sun.

We put on the Christmas lights. Just to help us make it through the night and
day.
All the strength we had is gone. We lost our fun.

Just tell me when I need to laugh, it's alright. We cannot understand each other
all the time.

It's same old me, and same old you, and same old knot, overhand knot.
A little there and from between...

We painted our house. We used black to hide the flaws, a good idea!
Now all the light we had is gone. No time for another round.

Just tell me when I need to laugh, it's alright. We cannot understand each other all
the time.

It's same old me, and same old you, and same old us, and same old knot,
overhand knot.
A little there, and from between, and over my, over my head.

Rugged marks

Well I know, I'm not the sharpest pen, but I'm ready to get sharpen.
Delicate style, I'm not into it. Rugged marks!

Now you know, but did you get the point? Raised in a clinical environment.
Staying between the lines, I'm not into it. Rugged marks!

Haven't had enough time, haven't had enough time to dig.
Always with gut feeling, useless ideas.
Just give it go, and give it a go again. Rugged marks!

Playing stopped, was it my fault? Let's start this all over again.
Concluding, I'm not into it. Rugged marks!

I don't regret anything. What is done, it's done and
move on.
An aberration comes and aberration goes. Rugged marks!

Wrong opinion

I will feed myself a lie. I'm getting stronger and bigger all the time.
It's a rocket fuel for the brain. Watch the weak ones fall off one by one, fall off
one by one.

I'm too strong to keep the world safe from myself.
My violent mind can build one sensible sentence.
-I'm the universe!

I will feed myself a lie. I'm getting restless and bold at the same time.
It's a rocket fuel to my veins. Watch the weak ones fall off one by one, fall off one
by one.

Treasure

Let's talk about the good old days, when the music sounded great.
It was honest with good melodies, even mistakes had their place.
The lyrics were like poetry, flowed in and out like a dream.

Now there's a one new song and they sing it at my grave.

Let's talk about the good old days, when records sounded as they been played.
Bands had creativity, with lots of personality.
They sounded like poetry, flowed in and out like a dream.

Now there's a one new song and they play it at my grave.

So can we keep this between you and me?
There's a treasure buried in six feet deep and that's the place where it must be.

Shell

I tried so hard to fix myself again, but it went somehow wrong.
All these broken parts, I hate to see them rust away.

I tried so hard to open myself a bit, but it went somehow wrong.
And so I run away back to my shell.

No matter how hard I tried, finally it went somehow wrong.
These warped and rusty nails, I throw it all away.

Now the book is open for all to read and there's no turning back.
I run away from my shell

There is peace and understanding, self-delusion and painful landing.

If you just want, you can sit on a wing and watch this plane go into spin with no control.

Time and thoughts

Escape is easy when heart is difficult.
There's a place somewhere between sleep,
between sleep and awake.
You can deal with it, but I'm not sure how can I.
It remains to be seen, can I ever reach it.

If I could make at least one wish, I'd like to stop
time and thoughts.
And I want to tell how much I miss your straight-
backed talk,
your voice can never disappear.

Escape, it's too easy, but sometimes the only way.
Wondering there between sleep,
between sleep and awake.

Which part was dreaming and what is real life.
It remains to be seen, can I ever reach it.

I never said goodbye, and now I never will.
I don't have postscript now and I never will...
I never will forget you.

Waning summer

Yellow leaves, running clouds, biting wind in the waning summer.
Senseless toes, raining nose, fucked up mood in the waning summer.

I'm only telling this, you, my dear foe,
we were never meant to get along.
But I never ever wanted this to happen,
we just show up somewhere at the same time.

Painful voice, shoes too moist, empty streets in the waning summer.
Low patience, frustration, how to handle those in the waning summer.

