

the surface

breathin in the tension, images keep dancing, focus on the penalty
strangled in decisions, screaming inner visions, deconstruct the self-portrait
waiting for the circus, cracks within the surface, happy times on saturdays
nervous twitchin fingers, hurricane that lingers, pressure on the porcelain

come spend a thousand thoughts
will never fill my mind
how many drops can fill the sea?
create the clearest path
it' still damn hard to find
how long can one wait patiently?

hold another meeting, next one to pass the ceiling, life itself keeps passing by
feeding on the weaker, still a true believer, whomever now shall justify?
centred in the circus, whole within the surface, empty space on anyday
hasty searchin fingers, hurricane still lingers, pressure on the por...

wide awake or in sorrow blind
it can work much the same way
take a breath of fresh morning air
there's no one else to blame

come spend a thousand thoughts
will never fill my mind
how many drops can fill the sea?
create the clearest path
it' still damn hard to find
how long can one wait patiently?

once again step sideways, leave the bling-bling-lightbox smiling at my savoury
get a bit of bliss here, i'll take care so sincere, never let it slip away
gotta leave the circus, underneath the surface, will there be more clarity?
nervous twitchin fingers, hurricane that lingers, pressure on the porcelain

wide awake or in sorrow blind
it can work much the same way
take a breath of fresh morning air
there's no one else to blame

wide awake or in sorrow blind
it can work much the same way
take a breath of fresh morning air
there's no one else to blame