

BLACK SQUARES

I've had a dream, when I was young, was still a child
in which I walked right through a large hall.
whose floor was made of black and white squares I walked on
But all those black Squares were holes, I feared to fall into.

When I was young I thought the only one alive
was me surrounded by dead machines,
that tried to kill me or at least to make me change.
And all those black Squares were holes, I feared to fall into.

Refrain:
Sometimes I feel so lonely and so absurdly small.
I 'm looking in the mirror, can't find my face at all
I look at these hands and they're looking so unreal.
And I can't even speak a word then.
To me it seems just as if I would vanish.

Sometimes I feel like captured in an empty cage.
I watch the world throughout the bars, but it's a fake.
I stand on a white square, surrounded by dark holes.
Tell me is there a chance in running?
What is it that could make me finally wake up?

*1991
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