

Obca (wersja po Angielsku) – bryska

I feel like a quiet whisper,
Weak breathing,
What catches the ear
Desires covered with fear,
Still no Titanic,
What breaks the ice
Lost eyes,
Looking for the side door
The thresholds are too high,
Then for my feet,
Go
They talk to me as if I were here,
Alien
Their expectations are
Where the ceiling of a skyscraper
Probably on Mount Everest,
It will be easier to get there
But when I get to the top,
I won't be completely,
Like the black sheep in the herd
Alien
Alien
I had to know where I was going,
And when I fall,
Have the strength to get up
I heal abrasions with music,
Which time was supposed to heal long ago
Lost eyes,
Looking for a side door,
Too high thresholds,
This is for my legs,
Go
They talk to me as if I were here,
Alien
Their expectations are
Where the ceiling of a skyscraper

Probably on Mount Everest,
It will be easier to get there
But when I get to the top,
I won't be completely,
Like the black sheep in the herd,
Alien
I feel like a stranger
Alien



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych