Vortex - Jinjer

Like a lunatic, frantic The man in the room looks so dramatic With a left shoe on his right foot This spiral traffic feels too traumatic (too traumatic) Quiet The man is wandering around Where's the way out he never found? And inside There's a ball made of lead It's rolling and rumbling on parquet, yeah Oh, how heavy is the ball? It bends his spine to the very ground Neither his nor another Enormous, ludicrous Oh, how heavy is his thought? In a half an hour or so It crushed the floor And smashed the man's toes Oh, how heavy is his thought In a half an hour or so It crushed the floor And smashed the man's, soul Whirl, through the black hole in the floor Spin, I begin my whirl Swirl, I'm a driftwood with no strength Spin, without soul, with no will Like a feather I travel down (a spiral staircase) One more loop through abyss (where stairs are erased) Like a feather I travel down (a spiral staircase) Falling deeper than it is (all stairs are erased)

Through rapids and stones

I came like water and like wind I go
Through rapids and stones
I came like water and like wind I go
Spin,
Swirl
Whirl,
Spin,
Swirl
Whirl,
Spin,
Swirl
Whirl,
Spin,
Spin,
Swirl
Whirl,
Spin,





Swirl

Słowa: brak danych Muzyka: brak danych