

Unspoken

A sheet of paper lies on my old wooden table
Sallow it's waiting for my words
But where I can start as long as it never ended
I light a cigarette

Nobody knows what will be
We don't know what was
And as long - noone risks
Nobody knows what is now

So many things unspoken
How do you feel? There are many things - which don't make sense
When everything is broken

The grey grind day in day out is back
Painted with coloured memories of you
Alone we try to separate us from the common
A false truth which never will be true

Nobody knows what will be
We know what was
And as long noone risks
Nobody knows what is now

So many things unspoken
How do you feel? There are many things - which don't make sense
When everything is broken
I ask myself if you think on me - These things will never end
Too many things unspoken

I always try to forget
A smile without shine and glory
But it doesn't work till yet
It's a neverending story
There's nothing I regret

But I feel so sorry

So many things unspoken
How does it feel? There are many things - which don't make sense
When everything is broken
I ask myself if you think on me - These things will never end

Too many things unspoken
Too many things unspoken