

Everything Is Made In China, Fetters

Cloud your eyes
try see the stars
Im not the one youre sure of
Go to the shop
And choose your life
I'll try to buy it for you
And Spread around but dont reply
My shadow always finds you
Try view the air and throw it out
Or that you keep you off

I have to say that I dont mind
If you still send me letters
Dont draw the space in black and white
And free your hands from fetters

Go to the roof top
Ill work you out
Youre not the one Im sure of
Give me a favor
Im loosing time
You try to buy it for me
Come back stage
Its not so long
Your shadow always finds me
Give me a weapon
And throw it on
Or