

Patrick the Pan, Bubbles

Wakey wakey brainless friend,
today You will see my face for last time.
Sound of chain like waterfall,
moaning eyes in coldest blue will stall.

First You need to find anchor,
take him to the place, that no-one knows...

What if someone will find?

Do You remember, a little box?
I remember every touch of yours, I remember every, every single walk.
I always wondered, what's behind that wall.
Little cats and little birds were only ones, who ever tried to steal your gold.

First You need to find anchor
take him to the place, that no-one knows...
Here's the devil's small advice,
thorns are always better, are better when sharpend.

What if children will find?

You know I trused till the end,
when You took me, and showed me the world behind that wall,
You know I trusted till the end,
When You took me to the place that even children didn't seem to know.
You know I loved You till the end,
till the bubbles stopped escaping from me body...