

Turbo, Catatonia(wersja ang)

White walls,
frenzy,
silence,
non submissive wrath.
Shadows,
lights are distant your pious song.
A small window and strange unreal world,
there are blanks in my memory, like a thrown rock.
Medicines are administered to an open mouth,
heavy breath,
beating of a heart, widely open mouth.
Everything goes round, we are placed inside,
where words,
where words do lack!
Close the world,
crazy, raving
in your head
close the world,
unknown world
fury burns