

Come... Come and bring your lies,
if lust flows on your eyes,
 or dress up justified
 if your innocence can't last

a quiet blast
 proposes a way in
 through this Shanghai portico
 we make a living
 with the crimes we dispose of
and we're done
 with consolation
 baked in a silent way

we commit a line
to the unknown,
 and here you slide
 down that door
 make me an angel
 by the hands of your sins
I will be saved
 cause I got no escape!

A smile is made of tunnels
 and our lives twined
 around the lure of being young
we made a promise to the future,
 there by the Chinese lamps,
 what have we done,
 oh...
 what have I done?

Your face has a new light
 smoothed in the mist
 of this two hundred degrees heat
 perceptions absorbed
 distortions allowed
 saints all forgiven
it's only left over
 a single excuse,
 the one which refrains from making us sane:
 but there!, you may be...
a verse is seducing you,
 a blink of your lips
 and suddenly I'm lost...

