

No one will remember,

What happened here today,

Already tomorrow,

The radio will lie,

The truth can make you fly,

Or cry and want to die.

The grace of a pebble,

Without any chisel,

Or touch of this cripple

Master race.

The grace of a pebble,

Is lost in the gravel.

That's what you shovel

Every day.

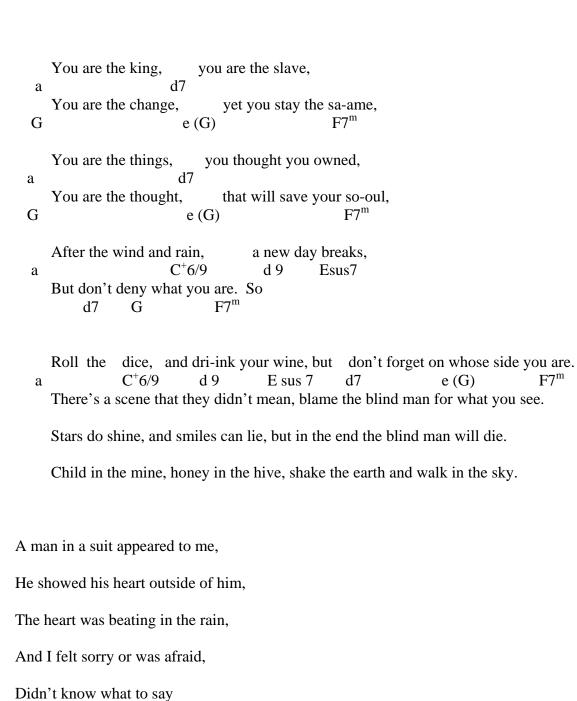
You walked with the devil.

They gave you a medal.

You'll throw in the towel,

In this final race.

So, Roll the dice . .



Then in my head, yet from the sky,

All of his words fell down on me.

And help you on your waaaaay,

The main in the suit will make you wise,

He started to explain,

Colder than the rain,

F7^m