

They whisper

I undergo a natural pressure
I overcome my uncommon pulsions
I fall apart but keep strong desires
I have something I wanna share
I wanna share with you
with you

It's like a game
But the colors
Are wrong again

They whisper to your mind

It's like a game
But the colors
Are wrong again

They whisper to the wrong side of your soul

It's like a game
But the colors
Are wrong again

Something is really wrong,
Your world is going bad
A branded shining new religion
Took control over your life

Controls and commands
They tell us the rules
What to love, what to deny
How we must grow, how we must die
Don't even think and enjoy your time

It's like a game
But the colors
Are wrong again

A Revolution to Come

Tomorrow will come
As we say
And never be the same old day

Mainstream thinking is
Genocide and suicide
We sink together
We sink together
We sink all together

Debunked by junk
Medias we've got no luck
Nothing at all
Nothing at all
We've got nothing at all

Where are the gurus where are they
We're waiting for their heaven yeah
But we still don't see
Nothing at all
See nothing at all

Political thoughts are lost
Ages of emptiness
Are on the stellar way, on the stellar way

Better think
Shouda better think
Better think twice
Shouda better think twice
Better think
Shouda better think
Better think twice
Shouda better think twice
'cos there's something awesome
A revolution to come

'cos there's something awesome
A revolution to come
'cos there's something awesome
A revolution to come

Tomorrow will come
As we say
But never be the same old day

© 2009 – **Pretty Good Skin**

Under Control

Something is dark enough to obscure my brain
But prevents me to fall again onto my knees
The light is bright but the details have gone
Blurred and lost I loose control upon what's going on and...
I'm scared, I'm scared

Disillusion grows
Like the ice on a cold winter day
Broke from the inside
I'm broken by myself
by myself x 3
by my...

my life
is under control
my speech
is under control
my sex
is under control
my faith
is under control

gone...

Slowly, insidiously the thick of the haze grown well
The fourth dimension was a game now it's my every day jail
Surely the size of the maze grown well
how long...before I'll cross the edge ?

I'm scared, I'm scared

© 2009 – **Pretty Good Skin**

Niksund beach

Side to side, blue and cold
Nothing else but me and a world
Where all the things have gone

Do we care about the growing rust
Do we think yet to the dust
That'll cover ourselves

Listen to them
A lesson they teach
Listen to them
On a Nyksund beach

What did I lost
That I tried to reach
I liked the moist
On a Nyksund beach

Hidden in a wooden house
I see all the things we loose
By misunderstanding all the facts

Is there something better than standing by
Under a downpour and a cloudy sky
Watching to the shore

Listen to them
A lesson they teach
Listen to them
On a Nyksund beach

What did I lost
What did I lost
What did I lost
On a Nyksund beach

© 2009 – **Pretty Good Skin**

Virus #1

Ici on coupe
Là bas ils creusent
Plus loin ça fume
Partout ça pue

Parfois ça pousse
Des fois ça tire
Sur des ennemis
ou sur la foule

Empile les blocs
Augmente la charge
On arrête qu'au dernier étage
Si ça tient

Des déchets assez
Pour remplir un train
cosmique et aller polluer
tout l'univers

Quelques milliards,
milliards de tonnes
de béton, d'acides et d'atomes
La race humaine est un virus

C'est difficile à accepter
Eux aussi ont procréé
Et ils n'ont pas le moindre doute
Soit ils sont cons soit ils s'en foutent

Les grands capitaines de service
Savent pas où se trouve l'horizon
Ils fouinent tout le temps
A fond de cale

Là bas on coupe
Ici aussi
La langue à toute contestation

La laideur et les sales odeur
Sont devenues des religions

Les grands prêtres nous le répètent
Dormez tranquilles, Dormez tranquilles

© 2009 – **Pretty Good Skin**

La fête

C'est un espace immense,
Qui sauve mal les apparences,
De quelques affamés

J'écoute et puis je ris
Mal, car le cœur ne vit
Que ce qu'il peut supporter

J'ai relevé la tête,
Les orbites révulsées,
Dans un mouvement de fête,
Les murs se sont mis à tourner, à tourner

Et les travers à se montrer
Et les sourires à s'éclipser
Les murs se sont mis à tourner

Ça croustille et ça craque
A chaque nouvelle bouchée
Ça ne nourrit jamais personne mais donne l'illusion d'exister

De l'idéal et des principes
A s'en remplir les tripes
Ça a le goût des belles idées mais c'est de l'ordure en fait

J'ai relevé la tête,
Au bord des lèvres, la nausée
Ça n'avait plus rien d'une fête

C'était la triste
C'était la triste
C'était la triste réalité

J'ai relevé la tête,
Au bord des lèvres, la nausée
Ça n'avait plus rien d'une fête
C'était la triste réalité

© 2009 – Pretty Good Skin

Virus #1

What is the sound we hear coming from outside world
Is it a rebirth cry or a longtime sigh ?
What is the sound we hear coming from outside world

What is the sound we hear coming from outside world
We know they ride their horses
And dig under our walls

We remember the fields we remember those times
When every new born child was a sign of the Sky
And then we had those junk and we get caught in lime

And now we are
Dancing on a black hole

*He went, like one that hath been stunn'd
And is of send forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.*

Sa.Ta.Co

© 2009 – **Pretty Good Skin**