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### Micromastia

Keep your head up high, because the girls with smaller breasts got even more room in their chests to offer love. So catch a little breath, cause there's no need to be depressed, because the dress creates the mess, and that's for sure. I know that if you try hard, you could even reach the stars. And I will last all day beside you, counting our scars. (Uniqueness is nature's elegance – Elegance is nature's uniqueness) Keep your head up high, because the girls with smaller breasts got even more room in their chests to offer love. So catch a little breath, cause there's no need to be depressed, because the dress creates the mess, and that's for sure. You always were simple at heart and modest is your mind, but simple beauty is a gift that women hardly find. (Uniqueness is nature's elegance – Elegance is nature's uniqueness) Someday, I'll be a princess. I will have my revenge, I know. I will have the other look-a-like ones on another sheet, and so on...

### Shady Side

I'm beggin' you my lady, please do not act shady! I can't stand you with your raincoat on. Intermarriage won't work out. We're hunting for those tears. We're allowed to cross the ocean several times, but some things ain't alright. And she will find a way to suffer. And I won't find a way to heal. And I know that it shouldn't bother me at all. Don't get lost at all.

### A Pact with the Waves

Sin versus sin. Let's meet under her skin. She's wild again. Swim, let us swim deep down under her skin. She makes us blue. You cannot force yourself to enter flow or even predict when one is going to enter flow. You cannot even let anyone know what every night crosses your mind instead of sleep. Ergo, every given moment needs a focused motivation. (Flow and flow.) Sin versus sin. Let's meet under her skin. She's bored again. Swim, let us swim deep down under her skin. She makes our heads spin around in circles before lying down like those dogs that do spin before lying down. Her nesting behavior and turning may help to make our head a more comfortable spot we could lie on and flow. (Flow and flow forward) With two blinded eyes and one ear almost deaf, the leftover senses will sharpen your mind. With two broken legs and the coast out of reach, your last escape will be a pact with the waves. You cannot force yourself to enter flow or even predict when one is going to enter flow. Imagination guides you far away, to places all above the change of night and day. There you're used to wait, soaked to the skin, for the common voice, »May the games begin!« (Flow and flow forward) With two blinded eyes and one ear almost deaf, the leftover senses will sharpen your mind. With two broken legs and the coast out of reach, your last escape will be a pact with the waves.



### In Leather

Our hair is made of gold. Our body's dressed in leather. We do what we've been told. Our heart is shiny weather. Our lips are always wet – but our eyeballs never. Without wanting to, are not these bad things we do when we offer love? We offer love, sweet love. All your diamonds could not dry a single tear we cry at night. When we hide between feathers, lipstick's smeared upon our nether regions. Your heart is made of stone. Your breath is so depressing to listen to. We cannot stand you anymore, but that's what we are for. Our hair is made of gold. Our body's dressed in leather. In leather. Without wanting to, are not these bad things we do when we offer love? We offer love, sweet love. You have to pay. Your lust – our pain. We have to cry.

### The last Snow of Winter

I will never find what is left behind. I would dive into... You will never mind me and all of mine. I would dive into it! Shadows gettin' smaller all the time. Everyone beside me puts a smile on. I can't stand the fact that I should die. Everytime, they're waving me goodbye. I will never find what is left behind, I would dive into... You will never mind me and all of mine. I would dive into it! She will always be like you imagined me. Every step I go to, every move I make... All the roads just lead to the place someone calls home. When the last snow of winter falls down to melt and die, a new born plant will live, just because an old one was passing by. The speed and spin of living in golden neon lights feels like something is missing... your kiss for a good night.



### TENDING TO HUEY:

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