

Tin god

Lyrics by Ann Kathrin Lüthi

You are trying hard not to show
Your insecurity today
But when your eyelids take a bow
You give yourself away
You magnify a thousand fold
The sparks that you receive
You keep them warm out in the cold
Before they get retrieved

You don't know how but you want to conserve this
Go and beg beg your tin god for mercy
You know somehow you deserve this
Go and beg beg your tin god for mercy

In front of you lies anger
It's red and it is horned
You are feeling like a stranger
With borrowed plumes adorned
It will come in the shape of a torrent
Sending countenance out first
It will await its sore end
But salt in the wound adds to thirst

In a moment beyond time
You stop levelling the hills