

28.08.'10

Music 20.12.'10

Recorded 21.04.'11

## Miss Ego

So finally you made it clear  
Finally you did surrender  
And it was not to Me, my dear  
For good Miss Ego became your centre

You couldn't bear it any more  
Somewhere caught up in between  
All the selfishness inside you stored you stored  
You finally relieved, esteemed

Miss Ego You're the Queen  
You are the only Whore  
You're fucking the Heart  
Lonely lonely Queen  
Queen of empty dreams

Your solutions they're not difficult  
Just turning the button in your head – to 'dead'  
The faithful threshold of unconsciousness  
Fuck the real, just feel what you want instead

Now your legs were granted their free walk  
No you won't interfere no more  
Continuously Miss Ego stalks  
It's over, feeling lousy, feeling torn

Miss Ego You're the Queen  
You are the only Whore  
Fucking the Heart  
Lonely lonely Queen  
Queen of empty dreams

The stalker made you feel so warm and so safe  
And if you would meet people's eye  
Directly you'd tell your truth behind their faces  
Oh even though you knew it was a lie  
You knew it was

You loved the game of hide and seek  
You loved to walk so straight and proud  
The world was just your private street  
You were the centre of your crowd

But you loved me truly and sincere  
As part of your unique collection  
Your humble goodness, Queen of solid tears  
Loved to grant my body your erections

Everything giving you pleasure is a blessing  
We all should honour sooner or later  
And if it stops to please, just send it straight to trash bin  
I don't complain, no I Know my fate  
I Know my fate

And as you loved to move forever  
Now you started to believe in afterlife ooh  
Like you believed in your own beauty  
That thanks to mirrors you contrived ooh

Miss Ego You're the Queen  
You are the only Whore  
You're fucking the Heart  
You are the Whore  
You're fucking the Heart  
Lonely lonely Queen Queen  
Queen Queen of empty dreams

Oh how you loved to believe in goodness  
Oh you just loved to believe in love  
To the monsters' Dark you are nobly ruthless  
Keeping it down sweet sweet blind and seeing light above

And anyone not bowing for your wishes  
Is sent at once down to the dark  
Oh you've had it with those phoney and malicious  
Even though you are empty, you are the Queen, the Queen of heart  
Queen of heart of heart heart  
You think  
You're sure  
You think you're sure

You think  
You're sure  
You think you're sure  
You think  
You're sure  
You think you're sure