

# Myslovitz, Man of glass.

Though the night's still glowing round  
Yet I know the day is bad  
Pop stars in a paper bread  
And again I find my face  
All neglected, out of place  
In my hair there is some spray  
Now it's warm, I've lit the stove  
Burned my poems, feel so small  
My diploma's on the wall  
In the long jump - third place won  
There is no more use of me  
So I'd better go to sleep  
Don't look at my photos, please!  
There's nothing in my heart  
No value any more  
The redness of my blood  
Is just a kind of joke  
And I want to forget  
As often as I can  
There's nothing in my heart  
No value any more  
And you should guard my dreams  
Come any time you like  
Those moments of my days  
You'll hold within your hand  
So do not cheer me up  
I'll stand here all alone  
There's nothing in my heart  
No value any more