

no more torture – the goddess of former
days of relief has sent us her daughter
Abbey is dead – “Abraxa” I call ya
silent messiah

a tribal - a backbone - this kanji is a no-no
this is the prison of hate and racism
crows on your wardrobe give you a good flow
silent messiah

she got jet-black hair and silver eyes - taught teak-won-do in the “raven-style”
I'll dress her up in black and white - abraza
the fabric's cold – the lights dim low – who wants to hug the hip I hold
to dance through a kaleidoscope - abraza

abraza Abraxa – la zooeydad wants you to stay
abraza Abraxa – la zooeydad sends you on stage

the world on your shoulders seems to be slick
hey chick – don't make it slip
Abraxa will take your burden
silent messiah

come on – face the facts - this girl kicks ass
when you're a wreck she'll take you aback
so you won't burn your feeble fingers
silent messiah

do you think you are a substitute when you lay down in a hotel room
and someone's breathing next to you?
so you sit in front the ducks you feed just rapping about a broken dream
trading crumbs for sympathy

abraza Abraxa – la zooeydad wants you to stay
abraza Abraxa – la zooeydad sends you on stage

ich glaub dir – denn was wir sieben Nächte träume, das muss wahr sein
denn ich mag dein Haar – rabenschwarz wie die Nacht
au petit jour je rêve dans un taxi qui traverse le centre-ville
und ich zeichne die Nacht, die Abraxa erschafft
au crepuscule je me leve regarde par la fenêtre et reste tranquille

ich glaub dir – ich vertrau dir
abraza Abraxa – la zooeydad wants you to stay
abraza Abraxa – la zooeydad sends you on stage