

# St John

## Tuxedomoon

I live, yet do not live  
I wait as life goes by  
This life I live alone, I view  
As robbery of life And so it is a constant death  
With no way out at all  
God hear me, what I say is true  
I do not want this life I am so removed from you, I say  
What kind of life can I have  
I pity me yet my fate is clear  
I will keep up this lie The fish taken from out the sea  
Is not without reprieve  
Its dying is a brief affair  
And then it it brings relief  
Yet, what convulsive death  
Can be as bad as my own life  
I live, yet do not live at all  
I die, yet do not die at all The more I live, the more I die  
The more I live, the more I die  
I live, yet do not die at all  
I die, yet do not live at all I live yet do not live  
I wait as life goes by  
This life I live alone I view  
As robbery of life And so it is a constant death  
With no way out at all  
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I live, yet do not die at all  
I die, yet do not live at all

