

1000 Flaming Dragonflies

A Toys Orchestra

The wrinkles on my face are dusty and dark
as the scratches on a record forgotten in the attic
but the night that will come
knows all my prayers better
she will clasp me in her arms
she will crumble me as a bun
the moon has drunk too much
she's drowned into her scotch
but i'll count the sheep, i'll count my breathes,
i'll count the bites on my lips,
the autumn leaves, the can of beer,
the newborn tears, the glasses filled,
the human fears, the unpaid bills,
the fish of the sea...
No whale will sing tonight
no zodiac will give me a light
1000 flaming dragonflies
make my way through the ice
but down there, we are just a number,
a dive into the air,
the memory of a tale
if you could go under my cold and trembling skin
and if you could stop my breathe..
Only then you would stop me.