

summer dies here and so could I somewhere underneath
where the ground is made of stars and everything unclean
your opaline is everything I see
your opaline brings me to my knees

summer dies here and so could I somewhere underneath
so much like the ones in and on my skin and somewhere in between
this opaline is everything I see
your opaline brings me to my knees

without you I am nothing
without you I can't believe
this gilded place has everything
but this comfort is not what it seems
it is not what it seems
in between is everything I need

your opaline is everything I see
this opaline brings me to my knees
your opaline brings me to my knees