

What Should But Did Not Die

Anekdoten

I make images of you
Ideal more than true
I glue photos on my wall
Ladder bound to fall

And now seeing you again
Will it ever end?
Here I've no way to deny
What should but did not die

Dark of day and light of night
O you t s I d e I n s I d e o u t
Perfume circling around my brain
Draws me in again

Hopeless, helpless soul unchained
I succumb again
Come to me and make me blind
Dark-eyed dream of mine