

Phonograph

Bibio

In fortified ruins
You glisten like a starling
You born again dreamer
Wishing at the windows

In fortified ruins
You whistle like a nightingale
Born again dreamer
Wishing at the windows

See the planet
Spinning like a phonograph?
Still regret it?
I don't think so
But you are forgetting
It's nothing like the photograph
It's so embedded here

In forty-five turns
You spiral into darkness
A born again moment
Listening to echoes

In thirty-three turns
You spiral into blackness
A born again moment
Listening to echoes

See the planet
Spinning like a phonograph?
Still regret it?
I don't think so
But you are forgetting
It's nothing like the photograph
It's so embedded here

See the planets
Spinning like a phonograph?
Still regret it?
I don't think so
But you are forgetting
It's nothing like the photograph
It's so embedded here...