

Into Black

Blouse

You're like a picture
You know you'll never be the same thing again
But it's a strike of lightning
Every time you look
Every time you listen
What do the gods know?
They'll never see the stars look as small as this
And you're a strike of lightning
Making up a sky for the gods to kiss with

Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
I want to watch it fade into
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
I want to watch it fade into black

What of the missle?
Doesn't even own its own way to go
That's not the way they made you
The colors in your eyes look like a stained glass window
When your tears fall
You never really see them when they hit the ground
But when they do they rise back
Over to the gods raining on the god ground

Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
I want to watch it fade into
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
I want to watch it fade into
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
I want to watch it fade into
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
I want to watch it fade into black