

Paris

BT

Burning of a million torches
All that bare your name
So in their darkness,
they bring you great light
And sonorous of black holes
you steal their flame

So I'm learning protection
For my self contained light
In a plethora of burning suns,
In the blackest of pure twilight

And although I wish
to give endlessly
I will not relinquish my sight
Let us linger in our luster together
Together in this Parisian
garden of light

So in this perfect of hours
And in our silent of space
Pray the world grows perfectly still
And surrender to our silence, yea

Let me come
Be still in your silence
Be silent and hopeful
Again....

I'd like for you
To be still in our silence
Be golden in darkness
A g a i n