

Her Manic Frame

Daryll-Ann

Mary my dear
Where has it gone
From where I stand
You're moving on
These times were made
For a solitary gaze upon
Broken dreams and glamorous stars
She keeps within her shelter for
She finds her thrills in all her manic frame
Take care of my mirror
Don't let go
Be aware of the new dimension
Your secret world
Will keep on growing
Old without affections
Ancient streets
And deserted bars
Are the bones
That shake this mellow town
Reopen doors
On summer holidays
All these small communities
She keeps within her shelter
She'll find another station on her way
Lit up your life for years
You talk so well
Wait up for me
As far as I can see
You should be glad
To lay down your head
Don't fear my love
It won't get old
Never leave the city
Better let it go
Take care of my mirror
Don't let go
Be aware of the new dimension
Your secret world
Will keep on growing
Old without affection
Take care of my mirror
Don't let go
Of the resurrection
Your secret world
Will keep on growing
Old without affection