

I slipped into the cloak you left
I fiddle around in the ashtray
To find your cigarette pinkish red
I light it and take a drag
I swear I'm losing it

With all these erased recordings, I'm rearranging parts
You should accept
We'll probably remain this way to the end, in steps

Underneath the sheets I find your
Makeup and shoes in a bag laid open
Grab my keys and some money
And circle around the lake
I guess you're losing it

I like to believe that maybe you're a lot like me
Try using this equality we might need in the air

'Cause there are no more left like you
A picture perfect strange
Imagined in one shape
Unchained

Tempt my spirit within my name
We crawled in the tomb and release some honey
Eighteen hundred million ways striving to make it last

There is no one left like you
A picture perfect strange
Imagined in one shape
Unchained

There are no more thrills I'll need
Than the desire that we shared
From the channels of our dreams
To the grave

I'll find you again somewhere I believe
You'll find me somewhere again I believe