Glorious

Hermitude

Your touch is a blur
Don't feel my hands in yours anymore
Feels like forever
My skin, my call and I talk 'cause for
Venus crashed the lights into the dying sun
And now I got that gold rush
We could be glorious (We could be glorious)

I'm just a black silhouette
Playing an old cassette
We could be glorious
We could be glorious
We could be glorious
I'm just a black silhouette
I'll smoke another cigarette
We could be glorious
We could be glorious
We could be

It's midnight, I'll die
I searched for the scent of your perfume
Not even sun red (Not even sun red)
Could escape the black hole in this room
You and I were gelignite
In mirror light we blast away like [?]
And I know, I know that stuck with us (I know that stuck with us)

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