

# 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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