

Nightime

Klone

I saw myself smiling to the thin air
The mirror is bleeding a last joy
And I walk away, leaving a muse dying
Time is melting under my toes
I can feel myself falling
In this abyss of silence

Nothing... but pieces of me
Scattered around, scattered around

I lost myself in this symphony of cries
I gave myself in this infinite of blue
I saw myself dying once or twice
But nothing compared to that joyful howl

Nothing... but pieces of me
Scattered around, scattered around

All solitude is selfish
And I kept smiling to the thin air

I shall catch the stars
And throw them to you
But my hands are still, I am a dummy
I just can't wave or touch you
I don't regret, this time I won't step back
I let myself in that misty place
And lick that moment with intensity

No one sees me rooted in my symphony
Night shift, where am I?
Two shapes walking away
Without noticing me
Nothing, just an abortion of colours
A last word and I walk away once more
That sense of unreality vibrates my bliss
I drown in this stony whisper

Night shift, where am I?
I woke up in a marbly bed
Eyes stuck on roses of loss
Nothing but a birth of dark
Bottles of dead embryos
I walk away once more, away

I missed my life, losing my sight
In this highway
Hypnotised by this delight
Howling in my brain
Your skin is peeling
The light hones its edge
Smiles of crocodile skulls
Caress my lips
Smokes of instants
A sickening encounter