

# Nighttime

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