

Digital Sunset

L'Impératrice

Sitting on the Express
True tears on your blue dress
But in all this mess
Nobody could care less
I read in your eyes
That you are ready to blow
Something deep inside
That you don't want us to know
But the abyss is my business

Look at me, I'm obsessed
What's your silent distress?
Give me the access
You don't need to hide
I feel you

Maybe you're just afraid of time that is slipping through you
Maybe you're in love with someone but you still don't know who
Maybe your life has passed too fast
Candor couldn't last
Oh no
Is it me I'm talking about?
'Cause I really don't know you
In the end we carry inside
Slivers of a million lives

Train hasn't arrived yet
Digital sunset
And misty mindset
And your cheeks are still wet
You expect us to
Not even care if you fall
But do you close your eyes
When people stumble and crawl
The abyss is our business

Nobody can process
His own troubles unless
Somebody says yes
I'm right here and I feel it too

Maybe you heard too many lies
And you wish they were true
Maybe when he whispered goodbye
You could hear an adieu
Maybe you hate and you adore
When you should ignore
Oh no
Is it me I'm talking about
'Cause I really don't know you
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Slivers of a million lives

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