

# The Dark Street Of Yesterday

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The dark street of yesterday  
Appears in the corners of my eyes  
Though time conceals with golden seals  
Kind ghosts, I can still hear your distant cries  
My thoughts run wild to what could have been  
Had blood remained in the pulse machine

Quiet daydreams flicker, then expire  
Why does it always have to be the same  
That memories are always the brightest fire  
And what is real, the weakest flame

Let's join our hands  
Let's dance on air  
The wind your breath  
The stars your stare  
The night your love  
The clouds your dreams  
The rain your tears

There is hope, it seems

Don't speak to me of madness, I've heard it all  
Don't speak to me of sadness, I've felt it all  
Don't pierce my heart in anger, I've seen it all before  
Don't speak to me of voices, I've heard them all  
Don't speak to me of choices, I've made them all  
Don't talk about delusion, that's not my style at all

Come with me and you will see  
That I fell  
Come with me and you will see  
That I'm real