

Across From My Window

Moriarty

Across from my windows are windows
Where once there was sky
Rows and rows of eyes
That are yellow and cold
And dark and hollow but always always blind

Like everything else we lose our name
Coal turns to ashes and ashes choke the flame

One thousand faces on Tverskaïa
I had yellow flowers and black suede bows
I knew he was coming, the master
Love caught us like a murderer
Hit us like a finnish knife on this very very day of May
Hit us like a finnish knife on this very very day of May

I had a man
I was his secret wife
I had a man
I was his secret wife
His book became my life
Publisher shut him up
Master gave it up
He grew afraid of the octopus
Heading straight for his heart
Heading straight for his heart

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Where once there was sky

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That are yellow and cold
And dark and hollow
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Yellow and cold
And dark and hollow
But always blind
But always always blind