

Face To Face

November 2nd

Last time when I was dreaming
Death's face appeared to me
Lady in long blue heavy dress
And with a chilly smile
No, she isn't bad
Just waiting for me to take me away
And do you think it's strange
That she seems beautiful to me?

It feels like I'm walking on the wire
(above the abyss)
It's mortality of mine
If I make a wrong step
I will fall down and never come back
And do you think it's strange
That she seems beautiful to me?

Everywhere is rumour of death
In my ears I can hear shivering
Of her long blue dress
She still passes me by
But I know, someday
I will meet her
Face to face

All I'm wondering about is
If I ever understand (this is cruel beauty)
Will I understand
When I hang on the rope
With my feet in the air?
Will I understand?
And do you think it's strange?

Everywhere is rumour of death
In my ears I can hear shivering
Of her long blue dress
She still passes me by
But I know, someday
I will meet her
Face to face