

Memoriam

Ohbijou

It's getting late
The streets are empty
The buildings spark and then burn to the ground

In this eclipse
The ghosts are hopeless
Shapes and frames trapped in the grasp of ice

Glowing, gloaming I know nothing at all

Young eyes ignite, burning city
No time to stop, life's so busy

We'll spread the ashes all down Queen Street
Our relics pass in small gusts of wind
Our egos spill down dirty gutters
We'll watch the sky fill with smoke and take it in

Glowing, gloaming I know nothing at all

Young eyes ignite, burning city
No time to stop, life's so bus