

## Fading Away

The Church

Don't come to pieces in my hand  
White stars reflecting dust and sand  
That perfume makes me think of grief  
Shake the faith, shake the belief

Who's there to say that we're living this moment  
Feels like I'm in a play  
The sets and the props of this, your apartment  
Seem to be fading away, fading away

So I wander through these rooms  
I feel the orbit of the moons  
And I dream what I've become  
And all's forgotten by the sun