

K.

The Clientele

Back into that falling night
the birches & the silhouettes
the haunted plain, sweet lord
here I am again

You flower through my nails
and skin moving like the sunlight
in the alleyways but in this life we
won't meet again

You flower through my nails &
skin moving like the sunlight in the
alleyways, but in this life we won't
meet again