Photographic

Theatres Des Vampires

A white house, a white room The program of today Lights on, switch on Your eyes are far away The map represents you And the tape is your voice Follow all along you Till you recognize the choice

I take pictures Photographic pictures

Bright light Dark room Bright light Dark room

I said I'd write a letter But I never got the time And I'm looking to the day I mesmerize the light

The years I spend just thinking Of a moment we both knew A second boss looking into It seems it can't be true