

Illuminine

Thurston Moore

Sunday lights

Come take my nights

And I'll bend down

To my knees and die

Illuminate

My soul to take

Illuminine

Your clear cool wine

Going back alone

Your lovers light is home

Where the hallowed shine

The lights lighting the road

Monday cries

White clouds turn grey

But your perfect lights

Brings the sun to play

Illuminine

Your clear cool love

Your clear cool light

Morning comes awake

To your wildest dreams

Let the daylight break

Set the angels free

Sunday lights

Come take my nights

And I'll bend down

To my knees and die