

The Damned Don't Cry

Visage

Travelling with no destination
No place to go
Nameless towns with faceless people
No place I know

Time to close my mind and drift off
To other scenes
Lose myself in glossy pages
Dull magazines

Moments pass by, oh so slowly
Makes me lonely too
Twisting street light, in the darkness
Makes me lonely too

Ah the damned don't cry
No the damned don't cry

Climbing smoke climbs upward slowly
Past my trembling face
I see myself in rain soaked windows
In a different place

Single heartbeats in the dim light
Makes me lonely too
Hearing sounds of celebrations
Makes me lonely too