

DARK

When time rises high and stops behind
There's nothing else that we can see
When light tempts to clear our hands from illness
There's only shine that we can see.

Cursed, as if vanished queer souls were behind the fear
So burned as if restless rodents were consumed by fear.

Bring your lips, don't go away
want you back
Want your way, come around
Treat my fears, don't go away
want you back
Want your way, come around.

And time crystallises my desires
There's only past that we can see
The light tries to clear
our hands from illness
There's only shine that we can see.

Cursed, as if vanished queer souls were behind the fear
So burned as if restless rodents were consumed by fear.

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