

Cadaverous Condition, Tryst

today I feel great, finally I've found it
we get drunk on Martini at the Peach Pit
and tomorrow we crush the pigeons on the place
your spirit smiles away my melancholy face

every morning I will say:
"I love you till my heart dies"
and "most beautiful
are your eyes"

today I feel so great in all I do
a time supreme, runes I read in the yew
we lie in the grass interpreting the clouds
we indulge in misanthropy, laugh away the doubts

every morning I will say...

but hoping is futile
and wishing in vain
to you all the best
PS: "all the stars are dead now"