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Silence, strange silence
Poor flowers that you still hold in your hands
The jewels of the meadow of your dreams
Silence, you hear once more
Your hopes are like the footsteps on your wall
But now he comes
Into your room
And he takes
You away
As you are
Like the first
Like the last
Or the deadly one
And he rides you away
To his moon
Makes you forget
The scary tune
Outside, down the streets
You watch them and you hate them for their love
No need for jewels of your dreams
Outside, no need to ask
Who took the treasure running down the hall
He looks like the human sun
Riding on a moon
And while others sleep
And miss the key
He opens up the room
But now he comes
Into your room
And he takes
You away
As you are
Like the first
Like the last
Or the deadly one
And he rides you away
To his moon
Makes you forget
The scary tune
But now he comes...