

Gaba Kulka, An Orange

The moon was an orange in a violet sky
when you chose to show me, who you really are
And I can't have known that this could lead
to a terrible death of a girl in need
To a terrible death, oh, a terrible death, indeed
A terrible death indeed
The moon was an orange halo round your head
when your pretty, pale hands made sure that I was dead
But you felt no joy in your success
cause I lay there cold and unimpressed
yeah, I lay there cold and you tried to clean the mess
Clean the mess, clean the mess, clean the mess
The moon was an orange that I could not see