

# Kirlian Camera, The Day Of Flowers

Sadly  
every night I pour wine  
in the silver glass you loved  
Sadly  
once again  
I drink your past and close my eyes  
sitting near you, empty.  
And still I am here  
with your smile thrust in my heart  
every night.  
All the words  
all the downs  
all the men  
all the shame  
all the lies  
all the ruins  
all the sounds  
all the damned suns  
all the beasts  
all the bastard sons  
are about to know who you were