

Klimt 1918, Just In Case We'll Never Meet Again

Drench yourself in light
until I walk away.

You never knew, you swear, backlighting could be so sad.
Your only saving grace is the bit of blue light surrounding my hair now
fading in to grey.

You are the virus I can't get out of my head
I miss you, summer is here when our dreams end.

In case we'll never meet again
I wanna wish you well, love.
A fire on the hill, I'll light for you.

I hate last hours of the night
when dark sky is gone (out)
leaving messy thoughts
leaving summer days.
I've always wondered if I ever came close to the truth
leaving my old town
waiting on the ground.