

Klimt 1918, Skygazer

'Til the colours dissolve a slight difference in the air I feel.
Whatever wind says I am that's what I'm not.
I don't cry over you.
My hands are so cold, my face is so pale.
With more sky than words I live.
Season has changed, each loss of my breath I gaze the blue.
I never see stars again, I have them on my knees.
Heaven trickles down the drain.
Still showing my teeth to the great vast vault,
I want to sweat out fears.

I'll cover my shame with salt sky waves
bathing all my limbs away.
I want the (whole) world to know how I cried
how my spirit flew.

'Til the blue sky involves a slight difference
in this life I make.
Notwithstanding the untold,
the universe is mine, in this basement I hold (out).
My hands are so cold
my face is so pale. With more sky than words I live.
Season has changed, each loss of my breath
I gaze the blue.
I never see stars again, I have them on my knees.
Heaven trickles down the drain.
Still showing my teeth to the great vast vault,
I want sweat out fears.
I'll cover my shame with salt sky waves
bathing all my limbs away. I want the (whole) world
to know how my spirit flew, how my eyes and skies unite.