

# 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.