

Klimt 1918, True Love Is The Oldest Fear

Like an exhausted soldier
sleepless for five and six days
burning dark clothes I wear
sometimes I feel like being dead.
The oldest fear is true love.
It's the desert in my mouth.
I've been looking for love.
I got enough guilt to start.
I'm still up and staring
at the trails of aeroplanes.
Soundless dawn slow motion.
Sometimes I feel like being loved.
The sweetest truth is failure.
It's the cold breeze felt in June.
I've been looking for her.
I got enough love to give.

And her smile now explodes in the coldest day.
She can't stop to instigate true-love's hopeless fate.
And my mouth now collides with my oldest fear.
I can't hold these inside.
I can't hold these tears.

It's the sound of the joy that I can't rewind.
I used to hear distant crack out in the city night.
And today I've no words
I'm coming unmasked for her.
I would like to sing it all day long.
It's true love. It's the sound of the joy
that I can't rewind.
I used to hear distant cracks out in the city night.
And today I've no words
I'm coming unmasked for her.
I would like to sing it all day long.

I'm still up and staring
at the trails of aeroplanes.
Sometimes I feel like being loved.
Just listen to the sound of the joy I can't rewind.
True love's hopeless fate.