

Long Since Forgotten, The Stars And You

Staring into the bright contrast of my dark room.

I can almost feel you here with me.

Your words flow in front of my eyes like aloe to a sunburn,
with your face on the back of my eyelids.

-=Chrous=-

I'm waiting to see your face in front of my eyes,
Because all I have are your pictures. (x2)

I remember the night we talked for hours in the park.

We played like children on the swings.

I couldn't bring myself to say the words that came to my mind,
Because your face was brighter than the lamps that lit the street.

-=Chrous=-