

Pierrot, Pieces

the wind is cold
even if my body freezes
since time rushes me
I'll simply start spinning a tale, now...
I had a dream, a familiar dream
that morning stole
from the space between the fingers that covered my eyes.
I wished for nothing to change
draped in light
my fragile memories, like glass that shatters when you let go.
even now I'm not sure what to do, asking the old you
but you know, even now
I don't feel like leaving any of it behind.
Will I now ?
I prayed for nothing to change
draped in light
my fragile memories, like a fog that lifts when you stop looking.
even now I'm not sure what to do, asking the old you
but you know, even now
I don't feel like leaving any of it behind.
Even now... ?
One day I will take back the fragments of the precious dream
I no doubt left behind somewhere, that's how I've always done it.
Will I tomorrow?