

Soho, Whisper To A Scream

Love comes
Down upon us and it flows like water
Burning with the hope of insight
Feathered books the colours of the bright elation
Stolen in the sight of love

We are we are we are we're just children
Finding our way around indecision
We are we are we are rather helpless
Changes forever
Whisper to a scream

Birds fly
In the eye of the pathos daughter
Spoken
At the bitter end
Wasted
Sacrificed for the new nirvana
Night time sends the sun away

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