

Thursday, Into The Blinding Light

We stare into the blinding light to see what's between us.
It's red and it's white like lies, like lipstick on last-look good-byes.
The substance assimilating to watch the bodies burst into a string of lights.
When there's nothing left, the party crashes
and the rings come out from the jacket pockets into the blinding light.

The fire is dying out and there's nothing left to burn except for ourselves.
The cinema speaks as you take off your clothes and burst in dissimulation.
Just let your body burst into a streak of light.
When there's nothing left, the wedding crashes
and the rings fall off, roll out the bedroom window into the blinding light.

Please someone help me - take away my loneliness.
Please someone fill me - take away my emptiness.
Please someone touch me - take away my longing.
And please someone, please someone...
Please someone show me the light...

Please someone - Take away my sadness.
Please someone kill me - tear me up and throw me away.

And the rings fall out like a silver snowfall into the blinding light.

Just make your body burst into single lines.
When there's nothing left, the heart rate crashes
and the rings fall out as we turn each other into the blinding light.

White night coming down.
Silent armies all around.
Deep sleep covering.
Enemies in clean white sheets.

(The sky went off-white, it snowed for fourteen years.
The sunlight splintered into all out darkest fears.)