

A Long Winter, Portrait Hung in Empty Halls

NOW THIS DREAM'S JUST A CLOUDY MEMORY
RAIN HITS MY FACE FOR THE FIRST TIME
THE CANVAS LOOKS SO EMPTY WITHOUT THE PAINTING
YOU'RE PORTRAIT WOULD BE SO BEAUTIFUL HUNG IN EMPTY HALLS
NOW THIS DREAM'S A FADED MEMORY
RAIN HITS MY FACE FOR THE FIRST TIME
THE FRAME LOOKS SO EMPTY WITHOUT THE CANVAS
YOU MAKE EVERYTHING SO MUCH BETTER
YOU'RE SUCH A WORK OF ART
AND NOW THIS DREAM'S JUST A CLOUDY MEMORY
RAIN HITS MY FACE FOR THE FIRST TIME
I CAN LIVE AGAIN
THE WALLS LOOK SO EMPTY WITHOUT THE FRAMES
I WANTED TO BE YOU, BUT INSTEAD I DESTROYED MYSELF
I DESTROYED MYSELF