

Balzac, The Bleeding Light

Go!

When I fall down on my own
It came out to meet to me
(You!) just like waitin' for me the night

The children of the night, in my mind
(It just the bleeding light)
Glowing bright
Children night
Glowing bright
It just the bleeding light
It's just the bleeding light

Glowing bright into the night
Glowing bright in the bleeding light