

Bruno Major, A Strange Kind Of Beautiful

The paintings Turner threw away
The greatest one he never made
A Chopin impromptu that nobody heard but him

A sunken ship that won't be found
A falling tree that makes no sound
The way that you are with no one around but me

To touch a frozen waterfall
A flower at a funeral
A strange kind of beautiful
Singing to an empty hall
Silence at the curtain call
You are unusual to me

The information in a kiss
Tells of things the words have missed
A moment of you that last on my lips each night

To see a star with naked eyes and know it has already died
Or a comet fly only once in a lifetime
To know just enough, to know we know nothing at all

To touch a frozen waterfall
A flower at a funeral
A strange kind of beautiful
Singing to an empty hall
Silence at the curtain call
You are unusual to me

Tears of emperors as they fall
The sound of soldiers at the door
A strange kind of beautiful