

BT, Paris

Ya mon... another day another time... set another fire...
{Less than behold when I and I come to take control and cause}...
Come on BT... drop the {???)
Let me come...
{???) BT {?????) guarantee each and every time
Now the old folks used to say: Nothing comes before the time
But silence is golden
Burning a million torches, all that bare your name
So in the darkness they bring you great light
Sonorous of black holes, you steal their flame
So I'm learning protection
For my self contained light
In a plethora of burning suns
In the blackest of pure twilight
And although I wish to give endlessly
I will not relinquish my sight
Let us linger in our luster together
Together in this Parisian garden of light
So in this perfect of hours, and in our silent of space
Pray the world grows perfectly still
Surrender to our silence ...yeah...
Let me come
Be still in your silence
Be silent and hopeful
Again...
I'd like for you
To be still in our silence
Be golden in darkness
Again...
Let me come