

# Cadaverous Condition, Underneath Stars Without

look, the birds are falling down  
just like rain they reach the ground  
and all the fools keep bleating

oh look, the White Ship, over there  
come here, but dog damned days are near  
I think someone tears my heart apart

I revisit a place I found with you  
with the memory all the pain comes, too  
now the stars have no sky  
imperfection and you lie

the cosmic chaos of life and of lights  
oh I think I loved you at first sight  
now all fell down and fell dead  
and left me here with nothing