

Camouflage, Sooner Than We Think

Take off your shoes,
walk with me
on the mossy forest ground
to those places out of bounds.

Taste my skin,
explore me,
under the shadowy forest's roof,
making moves.

Sooner than we think
an endless day goes by.
Sooner than we think
these moments we'll deny.
So now we walk on thorns
and in the end we're torn
apart by all this loneliness.
The wind blows through your hair,
drifts you away.
In the dying forest's light
you disappear from sight