

Chamber - L'Orchestre De Chambre Noir, Toscana

I close gently in my hand
what I intend to keep
and let fall the rest
from basements backrooms and these cruel extremes
take these thoughts from my head

In the morning I see clearly
that all is wrong
and Im just another going down ☐

The perfume from the cut
makes me ache
Whiskey clouds thought
drive reason away
Your love is as twisted as the world I see
and all your touch is apology

In the morning I see clearly
that all is wrong
and Im just another going down.