

Christian Kjellvander, Oh Night

Befallen beauty here to breathe
To seek position and to heed
The battles have started
Your enemies are counted
As your judges take their seats
But tonight celebrated night you're on fire for the first
time in your life
You're not working you're not searching for
Can I crack some porcelain eyes?
You have not lived till something you love has died
Bedew your tongue and join in what's sung
In vacant streets as you walk by
But tonight celebrated rite bring the fire for the first time
in a while
Gone is mourning, gone is whoring out the door