

I am Kloot, Astray

and times move so fast, and now there does not seem to be any
and once it felt that there was more than plenty
I do believe that something somewhere sent me
To you, astray, and the bald raging flame of your heart is making me stay. and I admit, that I have s
Not knowing what is or is not illusion
Riddled with myself and destruction
Astray, and the bald raging flame of your heart is making me stay. and flux, we move, crawl across
To think that she once thought that I was clever
But I was do or die not now or never
Astray, still the bald raging flame of your heart is making me stay.