

Kemet, Short Term God

It looks like a happy night. It began like a happy night.
All the resolutions that we made are no more.
It looks like a festive night, a stillborn festive night.
The funfair was here in town only today... too late.
Is it your favourite dress that you wear right now?
Is it some red that you put on your lips?
Say it to me, (say it to me) so that we could divide.
Say it to me but carefully.
You never seemed so glad to see me, did you?
Is it a consolation before death?
Say it to me and we could divide, it's all you owe to me.
Is it some red that I see on your lips?
Say it to me, (say it to me) so that we could divide.
Say it to me but carefully.
See how much the man I became frightens the child I was.
See how much this ending chapter is so empty.
I handle the illusion so well. I juggle with the doubts so well.
How could I imagine even in worst dreams our faith could go into eclipse?
For all you did to me, darling, our premature love is not anymore.
For all you mean to me, darling, I can't wait for you.
Scars again, flesh to hide, spare to me the reasons to cry.
I can't believe that you are anymore. All you are is a short term god.
You can build another sky. You can spend the rest of your mind.
I can't believe that we are anymore. All I need is a twilight ending.
Fade away, fade away in a laconic mourning.
I can't believe, that you are anymore, all you are is a short term god.
A short term god is all you are.