

Kirlian Camera, Coroner's Sun

Fast, without a story the past falls
After so many windy days
A nameless new fog comes.
All that you may hear is just a lost noise...
Like a feverish hell's drone
In this petrified hill.
Anyway here it comes
Looking like unforeseen joy
In the end, as a thief
As a silly memory.
Stealing on stars on stars
And their everlasting fire.
Summertime, secretly
Here it comes with its nonsense
Stealing any revenge
And the voice of the dumb dead
Stealing both Satan's blood
And every possible last hope.
S'got your face, your language
Your all-time depressing voice
Your postcards from the world
Sent off when you were a star.
All the wanton lies you always spread
And all the allies you always had
Are now close to burn down.
Unreal oblivion without sound
Makes everything more ghostly while
So still appears the garden.
S'got the grudge you always had
And the snobbery of whom
Has a friend, maybe dead
His stuffed body in the lounge.
S'got the grudge you always had
And the snobbery of whom
Had a love, time ago...
Who killed you before your crimes...