

Kirlian Camera, Heaven's Darkest Shore

Don't tell me that you are not really alive
Oh how many dreams I'm having in this life
Sometimes I see the daylight, but prefer to look
over its whitish borders, going with my eyes
over the memory of it.
Just a hazy memory, not even so nice
She was a completely drunk, was laying on the bed.
That time I recognized the place surely better,
feeling distant even more.
She went on asking me to hold her tight.
Her skin was so warm.
Then I pushed her head on the frozen grass
while the first snowflakes were falling down.
She suddenly turned to me with insane demon-eyes.
She was feeling hurt and won.
I let her go away.
Flat with no warm rooms shone in those
year's anguish, at night,
when their mouths had been singing
with that voice
Their paralyzing voice,
and when their screams
became my music itself.
So, where will you take me
once I talk to you?
Take me away because it's too late.
Now I'm getting better
I always laugh.
Yes, I always laugh.