

Kirlian Camera, The Path Of Flowers

Sadly
every night I pour wine
in the silver glass you loved
Sadly
once again
I drink your past and close my eyes
sitting near you, empty.
And still I am here
with your smile thrust in my heart
every night.
All the words
all the downs
all the men
all the shame
all the lies
all the ruins
all the sounds
all the damned suns
all the beasts
all the bastard sons
are about to know who you were