

Major Deluxe, Satellites Life

Too many imperfect stories weave a life
The way leads to a dead end, then the dream begins to rise
Another night is falling and you pretend falling in love
So I spend my time thinking of matters to resolve

And when the night is here, my shoulder is heavy
The rustling hair gently falls on the pillow
I just try to sleep but know the night is empty
And I strike spirits that are haunting the hollow

I pray alone to chase some bad events away
I sail on a wreck, hope always ends at early dawn
You were in a my dream with features of a mermaid
And I'm still vulnerable, life remains approximate

R. / Satellites life around the emptiness