

# Omnium Gatherum, Amor Tonight

I put my boots back on, brought them down from the attic - and they're so nice and broken, with words unspoken to this city inside aflame - here i am, like a crooked little lamb - so breathless - the world is trying to stop and the night is still - and it's still "if you only knew:" - like an hour of doom, with broken bottles on the streets and amor gone crazy - so crazy, as we feel afire - just forgive me the bad weather - there's no love without faith and thine is dead, no love except with fati and thine is dead - so would you let me be, let me be the bastard waleis that i was meant to be - tonight - so would you let me be, let me be the bastard waleis that i was meant to be - i was meant to be - i was meant to be - i was meant to be