

# September When, Darker And Later

I dreamt last night  
that you were seeing another  
And now I wonder if there's  
any truth in it  
Whatever I dream  
I should not bother  
'cos the amount of truth  
is not a bit  
Darker and later  
This is blood  
Darker and later  
This is blood  
I woke up when  
you were talking to me  
I thought I had a rope  
Around my neck  
Your cold hands are  
where they should not be  
I can't enjoy them  
creeping up my back  
I believe in a small affair  
That we can live and die for  
It's not too late  
I believe in moments that  
We can live and die for  
I'm where you are  
You're not seeing another  
You're not seeing another