

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