

Spectra Paris, Frozen Night

She gets herself ready to a red eternal night,
now her face looks made up with care.
She smiles before the last kiss goes to fall on smelling leaves.
An eye on the chosen shots she made time ago.
Through a window pane she gazes on the neon lights
cafe society is still up, but not for long.
Caressing the shades she skims the diamond glass.
Everything is ready. She is about to go.
Now shes flying away leaving on the floor
charming Chanel clothes and days she never owned
She leaves easy preys and indifferent days.
Last steps on the street resound as worn-out clocks.
The walls show her goodbye, lights are still on, on silver silence.
Never tears will fall down 'cause of her giving up.
Angels shall witness.