

Stars, A Thread Cut With A Carving Knife

It was a hot and sultry afternoon
Sometime at the end of June
We had collapsed ourselves in shade somewhere
To conclude our love affair
But it was too damn hot to speak that much
It felt easier to touch
So we forgot to fall apart that day
And the next day

It was a cold and angry sky above
When he decided he was through with love
The leaves were paths of skeletons
And he was only skin and bones
And then he went to the bridge so he could fall
And drop down far away from it all
But the water looked so black and deep
That he closed his eyes and he went to sleep
'til the next day

The snow fell hard from five to five
You had to drink to stay alive
But you were hoping it would kill you too
At least you'd have something changing you
Cause you were cold as the ice at your front door
You raised a trembling glass and shouted 'FUCK THE WAR!'
And then you fell into oblivion
Lying on your bed with your shoes on
'til the next day

Baby close your eyes until tomorrow
It could bring joy, it could bring sorrow
But it will come as sure as light
Try not to dream and dream tonight
Imagine that you're standing here
And suddenly you disappeared
A thread cut with a carving knife
That is what they call our life

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