The Church, Fading Away

Don't come to pieces in my hand White stars reflecting dust and sand That perfume makes me think of grief Shake the faith shake the belief

Who's there to say that we're living this moment Feels like I'm in a play The sets and the props of this, your apartment Seem to be fading away, fading away

So I wander through these rooms I feel the orbit of the moons And I dream what I become And all's forgotten by the sun