

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