

Windsor Drive, When Silence Meets The Rain

She walks into the room empty handed with an arm behind her back.
She turns around to gaze at her waist and unlace her corset.
The bareskin on her back is now exposed underneath her long blonde hair.
Her soul is golden like her body like an idol shes so fair.

I worship the way that her hair falls infront of her face.
And especially how her perfume permeates the air.

Shes running down the street in the rain with a dozen of roses.
The sky is falling down on her body and its soaking her clothes.
The lightning flashes in her eyes and she just keeps staring at me.
The raindrops reflect the one moment as she crashes into me.

I worship the way that her hair falls infront of her face.
And especially how her perfume permeates the air.

Her eyes have been fixed on me for days.
She doesnt say a word as she lays.
Shes even silent as she falls asleep.
Shes the only thing I want to keep.

I worship the way that her hair falls infront of her face.
And especially how her perfume permeates the air