

A Long Winter "Portraits Hung In Empty Halls"

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NOW THIS DREAM'S JUST A CLOUDY MEMORY
RAIN HITS MY FACE FOR THE FIRST TIME
THE CANVAS LOOKS SO EMPTY WITHOUT THE PAINTING
YOU'RE PORTRAIT WOULD BE SO BEAUTIFUL HUNG IN
EMPTY HALLS
NOW THIS DREAM'S A FADED MEMORY
RAIN HITS MY FACE FOR THE FIRST TIME
THE FRAME LOOKS SO EMPTY WITHOUT THE CANVAS
YOU MAKE EVERYTHING SO MUCH BETTER
YOU'RE SUCH A WORK OF ART
AND NOW THIS DREAM'S JUST A CLOUDY MEMORY
RAIN HITS MY FACE FOR THE FIRST TIME
I CAN LIVE AGAIN
THE WALLS LOOK SO EMPTY WITHOUT THE FRAMES
I WANTED TO BE YOU, BUT INSTEAD I DESTROYED
MYSELF
I DESTROYED MYSELF

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