

Corpsefucking Art

"Starry Nights, Cloudy Hearts"

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Hope reigns in a drowning song tonight,
Gives way to the possibility that no childhood thoughts
were true.

No bodily pain so cold as the knowledge of ones own
faults.

Seeing you is a mirror to myself.
The night is black and the TV's blue.
Torment the hand that writes these words.
Will tomorrow a new voice be heard?

Maybe this existence is a dream.
Or maybe this dream is existence.

How could this be?
The night and the stars speak for themselves.
The light at the end of the tunnel is strong.
I can see your face as it guides the way.

Reach out the hand that holds me near.
When you speak, it's truth I hear.

When the music fades and the romance decays
And the buildings have fallen down, you'll find me...
And the hope you seek cannot be found, you'll find me.

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