

Sorry About Dresden

"My Theme Is Carbon"

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I can't ever remember the things I want to say
When I get my head straight
But the room is empty
It's been that way for hours
Guess the house is quiet for the night
I can't see the pretty things
That hang in your room
Above your head
Where you sleep

What do you hear in the dark?

Glass breaks; Nobody hears it
Fell so slowly
Just like wind snapping branches
off the trees in your yard
I can't hear a thing now
The stars are shining much too loud at night
Words stay stuck in my mouth like a stain from red
wine
You laugh over and over at all my useless phrases
I can't see the pretty things that hang in your room
Above your head
Where you sleep

What do you see?

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