

Maximilian Hecker

"A Cloud Of Mystery"

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Calm those vowels down
No-one's thinking of you right now.
She's dressed up - It's her duty to the town.
It's empty. It's vast.
But it imposes it's will.

In a crowded room
Her painted features smothered in the gloom -
Already resigned
At night she scrapes
Away the face that she creates
The mirror sighs...

Why can't we always meet
Under a cloud of mystery?
The noise from a hundred mouths
Working through memory

Big budget, Showbiz exit -
She'll go far.
Acting coy was her favourite ploy
It quickly loses its charm.

The frosted cheek you turned
Will add to your mystique
He burns for you.
I threw myself into your world
Only to come up short...

Why can't we always meet
Under a cloud of mystery?
The noise from a hundred mouths
Working through memory

King for a Thursday afternoon
Before the time when you withdrew
Why can't we always meet
Under a cloud of mystery?

Bathroom lights stud the evening
Where the buildings skim the air

Hairsprayed curls push the cheek
As they swoon on a wooden dance floor
There's nothing worse than taking a chance
On an outdated dance...

Why can't we always meet
Under a cloud of mystery?
The noise from a hundred mouths
Cursing through memory

King for a Thursday afternoon
Before the time when you withdrew
Why can't we always meet
Under a cloud of mystery?

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