

Lingerbliss "Sequels Of You"

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And suddenly appears
With the cold of the first frost
The moisture on the Windows
And with it, your fingerprints,
Your naïve drawings
The mouth
And the eyes
Of a happy face
So untruth now,
Annoyingly contrasting

And eventually appeared
With the cold of the first frost
The moisture on the Windows
And veiled it all
The distorted and
Blurred silhouettes
Of the men outside
How can they stand the cold
The bitter cold

In this charade I've trust so much
To keep time marching on and on
Is the way to pull my brain out

I find you in my neck whispering
You liked the snow and
The brittle ice on the sidewalks
But I couldn't stand the cold
So I lost you
After finding you
And I lose you
I lost you...

And suddenly appears
With the cold of the first frost
The moisture on the Windows
And with it the shining
Of an elder sun
That unveils it all
My frayed clothes
The stale bread

From my last supper with you

And eventually appeared
With the cold of the first frost
The moisture on the Windows
And the sequels of you
Pathetic and sad
The set design full of
Rotten camellias...
Camellias...

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