

Sonny Moore

"Nodlove"

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Speaking in gray words,
The passive and the civil.
Now our love starts to burn like
The night for it's candle.
Eclipse the painful space
Between our lust driven bodies,
With our hearts pressed together.
This is making love;
This is making melody.

And then I wake up,
And you and I were never in love...
And you and I were never in love.

I slip back to slumber and appear on a comet,
And your eyes hide conviction,
And you were singing so loud.
You were painting with an ice brush
Onto the Heaven's red canvas.
And burn a hole through the universe
With your fire.
Oh.

And then I wake up,
And you and I were never in love...
And you and I were never in love.

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