

Todtgelichter

"Café Of Lost Dreams"

Visit "[Café Of Lost Dreams](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

In the Café of lost dreams
The night has no eyes
My fever has no heat
And the shadows cure my hate

A theatre of visions plays in my head
Malarial consciousness now remedied
Old grayface, play a song for me
A dissonant tune, a weird lilt

Damp neonlight fills the streets
I search for an anchor
Between monolithic towers of empty life
Pour me a glass of amnesia

Bleak your teeth of pure stone
Sway your arms of concrete flesh
Search with eyes of thousand souls
Your piped veins in turmoil

Bleak your teeth of pure stone
Sway your arms of concrete flesh
Search with eyes of thousand souls
Your piped veins in turmoil

Rest your soul a little while
In the café of lost dreams
An unspoken agony cooled down
The old devourer bereaved a little

Greenlight flows all riverlike
A duke plays a jazzy tune
Glass-interspersed walls light up again
As clouds unveil the moonlit path
On which we all will walk one day

