

Umbral Torturer

"Boston White"

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Dismantled notes just might strike me tonight.
You're right, I just might explode in this silver
moonlight.
You're at the piano, your hands are on the key,
Lifting and resting you make such beautiful sound.
I lift the hair from your neck then, the trees flay in the
wind
And we dance beneath them.

So what about the defying afternoon when,
When it's black and white and shadow filled rooms.
I'm praying for a thunderstorm, something to keep me
inside.

Notes bounce around in my light head.
I'm floating high above your house, your tears have
flooded it out.
If only you could see the angel that I see,
All dressed in white, the white dress like we use to light
in disturbed.

So what about the defying afternoon when,
When it's black and white and shadow filled rooms.
I'm praying for a thunderstorm, something to keep me
inside.
We stay in harms way like a monster from my dreams.
Cause I know it's the kind that does the breaking.
The sea is white and immerse,
The sweet notes take me away

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