

Magenta

Holy men

Longing for winter
Longing for cold
Bike ride through the snow
Blinded by darkness
Summer flows to the cemetery slow
And pink versus black, black versus magenta
This picture of you just melts in my agenda
While seasons change you know
Yes, seasons change you know with the flow
Days just shorten, days just glow
This fire keeps us warm
While this storm will uncover
Our secret place called 'The Cemetery Dawn'
And pink versus black, black versus magenta
This picture of you just melts in my agenda
While seasons change you know
Yes, seasons change you know

Look left
With the flow
Look down
Look up
Look right
You're camouflaged by a wall of blue red womb
Turn the world magenta
Look left
With the flow
Look down
Look up
Look right
You're camouflaged by a wall of blue red womb
Turn the world magenta
You turn the world magenta
You turn the world magenta
You turn the world magenta

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