

To Black (Excerpt I.)

After Crying

Tonight the moon is absent
But blind neons attack
The aimless, winding tram in the dark
My streets have gone to Black
It's very Pepsi-poster
At one she held me back
Remember every motion of her
As ran away to Black
She went astray to Black
In strait canal a boat nears
Can see from paper made
In leaden cloak with ebony face
A tin-doll keeps to Black
A tin-soldier to Black
Tonight my wish is absent
A gnome stays in my mack
And cries inside by purple grimace
My Blackself goes to Black
I'm going into Black

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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