

Lights Out

The Real Tuesday Weld

With your falling from your sacred lantern,
Burns me awake and I take wing
That as I fly in your eyes
I spy all life's sufferings In your bed did you really think there was a monster?
In your arms, did I really need to hide?
In the darkness now alone you will wander,
And I will be burnt in light. But if after our exile and our torture,
We should meet again someday in love's temple,
There's no doubt: we will light your lantern on the altar,
And that lantern will never ever go out. Lights out.
Lights out.

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

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