

...to Black...

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

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