

# ...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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