

Ink

Jan Blomqvist

Today you say softly,
that you'd die for me.
In your eyes I see,
that you lie. Tonight, insight we both know,
what it means to die alone. So I lay this down
for you to hear,
whenever you want me,
and I can't be there. I can live forth through this sound
Find my ghost in the reverb and use it. Just to help you remember,
to never forget,
the sweet and the bitter
it's not over yet. You can always remember,
you can always forget,
the tough and the brittle,
it was not all we had. Remember the day
you went to sleep
you said to me,
that life's a tease,
then you die. Tonight insight we both know,
what it means to be left alone. I'm not afraid of it anyway.
I'm afraid of the riddle beyond the days.
Angels don't wait after this.
Other fears are nothing, when compared. You can always remember,
you can always forget,
the thought and the brittle,
it was not all we had. Just to help you remember
to never forget,
the sweet and the bitter,
it's not over yet. Here I am,
so please don't wait for me,
'cause I'm a little bit late,
but I'm here. When time fades away
we'll have left today
the sweet and the bitter,
like the taste of your words today. Open the blinds, something is hidden
in the memories and the ink
so go write down the taste
and specify the smell of the sound. You can always remember,
you can always forget,

the tough and the brittle,
it was not all we had. Just to help you remember,
to never forget,
the sweet and the bitter,
it's not over yet.

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