

# Untitled #1

## I Am Kloot

Do you dare take a breath  
Do you dream of a tragic death, I know you do  
Do you wail, do you weep  
You sing yourself to sleep, you delicate flower And so what is love? And who am I  
To dare to pull the stars from your favorite sky You were born forth from joy, you're every girl and boy  
You know you are, you know you are  
And you dress like a dame and you burn on a catholic flame  
By the hours, by the hours And so what is love? And who am I?  
To dare to pull the stars from your favorite sky You possess, s'avoir faire, put cheap bleach on your hair  
You know you do, you know you do  
Do you dare take a breath  
You dream of a tragic death, you delicate flower And so what is love? And who am I?  
To dare to pull the stars from your favorite sky And so what is love? And who am I?  
To dare to pull the stars from your favorite sky  
From your favorite sky

Songwriters

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