

Illusionist

Amanda Jenssen

Iâm on the backside
of the moon
Still hoping someday
it will bloom
Here

Donât try to count them
Cause you canât know
How many days
that I have spent cold

It donât ever matter if
Iâm an illusionist
Talk
He doesnât talk
And look the lies in here
If I make them disappear
Talk
Will he then talk

Black water radar
doesnât show
Happy is a longer way to go
Still
I never told you
cause I canât stall
For every star
there is a black hole

It donât ever matter if
Iâm an illusionist
Talk
He doesnât talk
And look at the lies in here
If I make them disappear
Talk
Will he then talk?

Cautious hymn
Donât mind him
Itâs just my strain

Talking

Illusion

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