

# Borrowed Theme

## Kaskade

I used to shine the perfect borrowed light  
It wasn't mine and it was taking over night  
Shame traces the edges of your face  
Fully lit, independent of this place

Old enough to see  
How diamond wedding rings  
Has counterfeited things

I've been borrowed  
Shame on me

My muse is gone, forsaken of the theme  
No motto now--no cradle, no dream  
Bathed with a soft, embezzled light  
Six feet below an idealistic love

But I still want these things  
Flighted childhood dreams  
As foolish as they seem

I've been taken  
Shame on me

I used to shine  
It wasn't mine  
Shame, shame, shame  
Fully lit

Now only sweet little wishful things  
Are bound and gagged, tied up in different strings  
No living castles up in the sky  
Following unbothered clouds go by

And I've been taken  
Shame on me

But I still want these things  
Flighted childhood dreams

As foolish as they seem

I've been taken

Shame on me

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