

Electrallentando

H.P. Lovecraft

Whirling, twirling, swirling
Past the night, your door
 Better than before
Not blue moon any more
 Flying, flying, flying
Drifting through the room
 Smelling still of you
Dreaming of the afternoon
Oh, I'm dreaming of the afternoon
 Flying, flying, flying
I'm drifting through the room
 Smelling still of you
I'm dreaming, dreaming of the afternoon
 I'm dreaming
 I'm dreaming
 I'm dreaming

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