

Windowpane

Oniromantic

Did you leave it open? The window to the pain is letting feelings fly away
from this landscape of fall Symbolic fray, glass freedom caged
Despair is the remaining trash of our cannibal love Virtual embrace, cold distant frames
We spread reflected images while the loneliness digs around Hold me now, hold me now, hold me now, Im
dead Rush and fever, rust and scars inflicted perseverant
To find the way to destroy what we built up
Unsafe insane and cowards,
fragile basements of a wall we keep on rising
And hope it will fall down

Lyrics provided by

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