Mika

Azure Marl Void

In the dead of night she writes her songs.Â With a poetâ€™s beat and a painter's touch.Â But the old flame in her heart still burns.Â Searing vintage hues of her Fatherâ€™s love.Â Darlingâ€¦? Youâ€™ve gone and made a mess of li Darlingâ€¦? Youâ€™ve gone and made a mess of love.Â And your suicide it haunts me now.Â And the thoughts of you they follow me.Â Fall in love, in love?Â In the darkest part of herÂ mind she woes.Â Sheâ€™s a poetâ€™s rhyme an painterâ€™s muse.Â But the old flame in her heart still burns.Â Searing vintage hues of portraits lost.Â Darling...? Youâ€™ve gone and made a mess of life.Â Darling...? Youâ€™ve gone and made a mess of love.Â And the shame in l eyes it haunts you now.Â And her suicide it follows you.Â Fall in love, in love?Â Â

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