

# Opaline

MÑCernau

Summer dies here and so could I somewhere underneath  
Where the ground is made of stars and everything unclean  
Your opaline is everything I see  
Your opaline brings me to my knees Summer dies here and so could I somewhere underneath  
So much like the ones in and on my skin and somewhere in between  
This opaline is everything I see  
Your opaline brings me to my knees Without you I am nothing, without you I can't believe  
This gilded place has everything  
But this comfort is not what it seems  
It is not what it seems in between is everything I need Your opaline is everything I see  
This opaline brings me to my knees  
Your opaline brings me to my knees

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