

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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