

BLACK CASKET

Once I found this incredibly tiny black casket.
I took it home and place it beside my bed.
Somewhere its waiting for me.
Somewhere in passion, all that I need.

The peaces I put them together.
For a while or for ever, I do not know.
Recognize all that curving and flickering shadows,
from the stones and the silver remind me of you.

In the darkness of my life, BLACK, is my light.
And every part of my head is searching for you.
Somewhere its waiting for me.
Somewhere in passion, all that I need.

The peaces I put them together.
For a while or for ever, I do not know.
But how could I flip back and put on those glasses
in witch my world looks nice?

So I opened the casket but there was nothing in it.

Somewhere it's waiting for me.