

A dark star follows me tonight
Filled with horror and delight
She's come to make another son
A brother for the other one, who's gone

The black storm on the pillow there,
Is the colour of her hair
Held by some strange gravity are my dark star and me.

A dark star follows you tonight, you're filled
With horror and delight
You've come to make another son,
A brother for the other one
I hold a picture of your face, in my memory in embrace
With you I find I can't replace