

## 1000 Flaming Dragonflies

A Toys Orchestra

The wrinkles on my face are dusty and dark  
as the scratches on a record forgotten in the attic  
but the night that will comes  
knows all my prayers better  
she will clasp me in her arms  
she will crumble me as a bun  
the moon has drunk too much  
she's drowned into her scotch  
but i'll count the sheep,i'll count my breathes,  
i'll count the bites on my lips,  
the autumn leaves,the can of beer,  
the newborn tears,the glasses filled,  
the human fears,theunpayed bills,  
the fish of the sea...  
No whale will sing tonight  
no zodiac will give me a light  
1000 flaming dragonflies  
make my way through the ice  
but downthere,we are just a number,  
a dive into the air,  
the memory of a tale  
if you could go under my cold and trembling skin  
and if you could stop my breathe..  
Only then you would stop me.