

She traps a Velvet moth between her harmless hands.
Then builds an Atrium to perch on her night stand.
She lays to watch her fly.
Attracted towards the light.
She's all mine.
It's now another day in search for anything.
She'll take advantage of any human being.
She loves to watch me fly, attracted toward the light.
She's not mine.
If she'd only leave the light on.
Breathes under my Velvet wings, if she only left the light on.
She brings all that she used to be, if she only left the light on.
I swear it's hard to tell if I'm the only one.
I found a photograph next to the Atrium.
It's faded black and white.
He's holding her so tight.
She's not mine.
If she only left the light on.
She breathes under my Velvet Wings.
If she only left the light on.
She brings all that she used to be.
If only she left the light on.
All the powder on your wings make me feel i'm everything.
And every single evening I love you with the way I sing.
I sing.
Apaga la Luz