

Twilight settles on the fields
I hear the birds and bells in the same song
What comforts me will be gone within the hour
and I'll be waiting by the lamp-pole

Is it bliss or misery if what you see is what you believe?
Thank the loss of innocence, for things are starting to make sense.
If you find them so unkind, I'll kind my thoughts confined to my own mind
But don't you trigger me... You know you've lost my heart to the paradise night

A message sent to bury dreams
No need to tell you what it means
and it will stir the hornets deep inside.

It's a shame, not a crime
Put the lid on our new time
Leave the room
Things look grim
Amputee... I'm your phantom-limb

The evening primrose blooms...
We used to use its roots for our blue wine
A scented sentiment saturates the night
It's almost nine...
And I strike a match to set the words alight
Such ill news in a cruel disguise
Yes, it's time for me to go

You can close the shutters now...
and go to sleep in 'our' bed
Tomorrow I'll be home

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