

Silence, strange silence  
Poor flowers that you still hold in your hands  
The jewels of the meadow of your dreams  
Silence, you hear once more  
Your hopes are like the footsteps on your wall  
But now he comes  
Into your room  
And he takes  
You away  
As you are  
Like the first  
Like the last  
Or the deadly one  
And he rides you away  
To his moon  
Makes you forget  
The scary tune  
Outside, down the streets  
You watch them and you hate them for their love  
No need for jewels of your dreams  
Outside, no need to ask  
Who took the treasure running down the hall  
He looks like the human sun  
Riding on a moon  
And while others sleep  
And miss the key  
He opens up the room  
But now he comes  
Into your room  
And he takes  
You away  
As you are  
Like the first  
Like the last  
Or the deadly one  
And he rides you away  
To his moon  
Makes you forget  
The scary tune  
But now he comes...