

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