

Borrowed Theme

Kaskade

I used to shine the perfect borrowed light
It wasn't mine and it was taking over night
Shame traces the edges of your face
Fully lit, independent of this place

Old enough to see
How diamond wedding rings
Has counterfeited things

I've been borrowed
Shame on me

My muse is gone, forsaken of the theme
No motto now--no cradle, no dream
Bathed with a soft, embezzled light
Six feet below an idealistic love

But I still want these things
Flighted childhood dreams
As foolish as they seem

I've been taken
Shame on me

I used to shine
It wasn't mine
Shame, shame, shame
Fully lit

Now only sweet little wishful things
Are bound and gagged, tied up in different strings
No living castles up in the sky
Following unbothered clouds go by

And I've been taken
Shame on me

But I still want these things
Flighted childhood dreams
As foolish as they seem

I've been taken
Shame on me