

Just a dawning of a new day  
Morning through his stained sheets  
Someone lies in a poster  
Oh, he shows no repentance  
Skinny boy undercover  
Caught in his finer years  
Slit of light shines his fingers  
Takes in view his lonely mouth  
A glimpse of joy  
From the small things of his life  
Waiting to succumb another day  
A pill of bliss  
A trail of sun between their harms  
Standin' here for my last photograph  
In the deafness of his silence  
Dust moves in a empty space, its secret is safe,  
He heals the wounds to make they cry again  
Looking the hole in the grey floor  
He licks his wounds secretly  
He used to lose all ambitions  
Floating through the waves of past  
Pictures clothes, memories that hold him far away  
Not a sunday comes in sorrow  
Failure makes a common day  
Who has no grace  
Loves the small things of his life  
There's no world but this one today  
With tired eyes  
We have passed through this night  
Standin' here for our last photograph