

Lomo

Klimt 1918

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