

Summer Holiday 1999

Momus

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Pine trees in the playgrounds
Around the empty school
A diary full of diagrams
A boy, perhaps a girl
Embarrassing confessions
Of a strange, forbidden love
On the cliffs above the river
He asks himself forever

Is there any reason not to die

If this love I feel must always be denied?

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This rush to live

Summer holiday 1999

This wish to die

This purity, as cold as spring snow

In the wind on the island of Hokkaido

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I long to see your face

From every angle all at once

Just like the faces in a Cubist composition

I remember in a film I saw they scanned somebody's brain

With a machine that let you feel all his emotion

Well I know that that was only science fiction

But I'm dying to make you feel the way I feel

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