

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?

Summer holiday 1999
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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