

The Chameleon

Noir Désir

Like stars up in a clouded sky
i stand obscured from view
with shining eyes that did not lie
i turn the pages for you
the silent shadow in the night
i smile before i steal
behind locked doors in emptiness
i am the things you do

now i am your only friend
you must love the chameleon

not child, not man, no living thing
you have no time for rest
no thoughts no words to comfort
you
no smile or soft caress
i am the rock the wishing well
the secret to your fear
the lighted candle burning bright
the call from distant years