

## Hiroshima Mon Amour

The Church

Somehow we drifted off too far  
Communicate like distant stars  
Splintered voices down the phone  
The sunlit dust, the smell of roses drifts, oh no  
Someone waits behind the door  
Hiroshima mon amour

Riding inter-city trains  
Dressed in European gray  
Riding out to echo beach  
A million memories in the trees and sands, oh no  
How can I ever let them go?  
Hiroshima mon amour

Deep beneath the autumn lake  
Where only echoes penetrate  
Walk through Polaroids of the past  
Futures fused like shattered glass, the suns so low  
Turns our silhouettes to gold  
Hiroshima mon amour