

Colliding in the stroboscope... Yes, now you see me, now you do
n't.
Tonight I'm dressed in black, I mourn the death of colour. Hope
less,
crying in my wine through happy hour; trace the lines that craw
l across
my face and round my eyes. Watch the ballerinas fly on powder c
louds
through six dimensions, seeing just the patterns on the wall. C
old eyes
searching for a space that's warm enough to take them through t
he night.
There's only black & white. Express. We never touch, we only pr
ess.
Can taste the desperation in your breath, I swear that I'll pro
tect you if
you'd only look into my eyes. Chose your masks and raise your a
rmour. Eyes
down for Cheraderama!