

Porn Piece or the Scars of Cold Kisses

Ulver

I remember walking, one side of town to the other
Alone one night in January... or February
It's like in an old movie from some other land
It lasted for hours

Only streelights
And the grating of gravel in pedestrian subways

I remember some trees which stood black and naked
Weatherbeaten hollows of snow
With sparse lumps of ice,
Been scraped off by the wind alone
And on the stairs before I left
One of the girls had surprisingly given me a kiss
Stung in the cold long after