

Yes, I can't deny the worn-out and truthful  
If it's picturesque  
Though it's just a saying..  
Not useful

Resolve that great chain of aging and fierce hours  
So soon it becomes annoying to us

Yes between her thighs it was nothing  
I don't know if she even lives but you...  
And I never was in need of touch  
Unless it would come through my heart's shape  
Not like they who say it in today's fashion

Now you know what's going on with me  
Trying to steal the light

And in the evenings a slight chill in the air  
I'm still here breathing  
Feeling so much better than I was last year  
With a curtain of smoke  
And in the evenings a slight chill in the air  
The welkin not on my mind, Nor anything it covers