

The Black Maria, 11:11

Don't say goodbye.
'Cause I'm still right here.
And don't you give up.
My love, for you is stronger than this.

I'm a tightrope walker.
And a vagabond poet,
who was killed for an artist's guilt.
Time will disappear and kill without any conscience.
But I'll still always be here.

You know I know
how much this hurts you, my dear.
Just give it time.
I promise we'll meet again.

I'm a tightrope walker.
And a vagabond poet,
who was killed for an artist's guilt.
Time will disappear and kill without any conscience.
But I'll still always be here.

The highway is a ghost town,
and the roads are paved with glass.
The moon is our spotlight,
and the stars our final crowd.
There's blood in the back seat,
and our screams the only sound.
And soon there'll be nobody here...