

Scheherazade

Tell me about the dream

Tell me we'll never get used to it.

Tell me about the dream where we pull the bodies out of the lake
and dress them in warm clothes again.

Tell me about the dream

How it was late, and no one could sleep,

Tell me about the dream

the horses running

Tell me about the dream

until they forget that they are horses.

the horses running

Tell me about the dream

It's not like a tree

Tell me about the dream

It's not like a tree where the roots have to end somewhere,
it's more like a song

Tell me about the dream

on a policeman's radio,

Tell me about the dream

how we rolled up the carpet

Tell me about the dream

how we rolled up the carpet so we could dance,

were bright red,

and the days

and every time we kissed

there was another apple

to slice

into pieces.

Look at the light through the windowpane.

That means it's noon, that means

we're inconsolable.

Tell me about the dream

Tell me how all this,

Tell me about the dream

Tell me how all this, and love too,

Tell me about the dream

Tell me how all this, and love too, will ruin us.

Tell me about the dream

Tell me how all this, and love too, will ruin us.

Tell me we'll never get used to it.

Tell me about the dream

These, our bodies, possessed by light.

Tell me how all this, and love too, will ruin us.

Tell me about the dream

These, our bodies, possessed by light.

Tell me we'll never get used to it.

Tell me about the dream

Tell me we'll never get used to it.