

At midnight the smoke will clear
and out of the fire will rise red velvet
draped upon the shoulders of a woman
whose legs have not walked the earth yet

When she passes, perfume will flood over the land
and spill into the lungs of the sea
Everything will finally be lovely
but nothing will be able breathe

In the dead of the earth
she will turn towards the sky
only to hear the absence
of the stars' lullaby

She will search for angels
in the valley of man
And only in the nothingness
will she understand