

## Paris

BT

Burning of a million torches  
All that bare your name  
So in their darkness,  
they bring you great light  
And sonorous of black holes  
you steal their flame

So I'm learning protection  
For my self contained light  
In a plethora of burning suns,  
In the blackest of pure twilight

And although I wish  
to give endlessly  
I will not relinquish my sight  
Let us linger in our luster together  
Together in this Parisian  
garden of light

So in this perfect of hours  
And in our silent of space  
Pray the world grows perfectly still  
And surrender to our silence, yea

Let me come  
Be still in your silence  
Be silent and hopeful  
Again....

I'd like for you  
To be still in our silence  
Be golden in darkness  
A g a i n