

Dark Is the Bark

Ulver

Surrounded in gold and priceless paintings
She loves
She lies in glistenings of
Reddish and blue

Darkness was all she could see
Lovely was all she could be
No one had bothered to be
Something she wanted to see
Darkness red (is the bark of the tree)
Living gray (is the bark of the tree)

Surrounded with boxes of people that once the day
I speak and my words begin to believe what I say

Darkness was all I could see
Lonely was all I could be
Loving was something to me
Somewhere for someone to see
It was shade (is the bark of the tree)
She's so mean (dark is the bark of the tree)

La, la, la, la