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*About the kind of love that gives you reason, found at an after party.*

### **The dream of lonely hearts**

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We have become such things that sunrises are made of  
We rise within such things that forbidden longing is build on  
And we float within such thing that dreams consist of

Club close, no noise, pedestrian group up  
Who goes there, where are you going, and can I come with you  
Im just on my own and we shared that song, so basically you know me and i can enlighten your day  
By being there

I asked the owner of the house, he said with kind eyes "if its your boyfriend he's one of us"  
We order cab, stood there, hand in hand walking in to the second techno land  
We endured a 47 minute quiet cab ride  
I drank my wine, shared with you all and held your hand and the sun rise on the other side of the bridge this  
after-night

We sat there, on living room ambiance, in a two way conversation that was between you and me and for  
everyone else just to see

We laughed, smiled, kissed, lost our self and re-gained awareness to the totally fucked up reality that we so  
mesmerising embraced

Im still there  
On that sofa, in the light of your eyes, in the jokes we made and the love that you showed me

That after night was the one that coloured my sunrise  
And we came such things that lonely lovers dream of

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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