

Nightwish

One of those nights,
Where everything goes right and wrong,
Where crawling to bed is no longer a luxury, but a depraved necessity.
Where the blinking of the eyes no longer moistens,
no longer the provider of immediate safety.

One of those wishes,
To stop everything,
To oversee what has been done,
To mourn for those who will never see me,
for I who will never stop looking.

One:
of those nights.
of those wishes.
of those “hopeless romantics”.
of you.
of me.

One.

--Gil Hizon '00