

# Paris – Caro Emerald

I live deep in symmetry  
In my anonymity  
Je t'adore, ma vie tres difficile  
I'll take hours to perfect  
In this room of disconnect  
All I need are mannequins and me  
Fabric straight from arm to arm  
Rescuing my heart from harm  
All that I can see speaks of finesse  
Radically my fashion dreams  
Costumed men and models scream  
Fame is nothing more than force duress  
Let them comment of my cold behaviour  
Beauty has a price that's paid by greed  
Where I am  
I will stand alone  
I don't need the money  
I do want for much  
These two hands  
Never will they mourn  
I'd rather you not love me  
Before you want too much  
Travelling I do forget  
Every single last regret  
Solitarily there is one quest  
To my cause I will devote  
All my passion, note for note  
To create and fill this emptiness  
Freedom that lies underneath  
Let it fall and let them breathe  
Bodies are not meant to be so bound  
I'm the dancer of the dance  
Let the socialites advance  
Let them love me when I'm not around  
When they speak their words of my demeanor  
I will let them fuel, wipe their fire

Where I am  
I will stand alone  
I don't need the money  
I do want for much  
These two hands  
Never will they mourn  
I'd rather you not love me  
Before you want too much  
Fading as I live in isolation  
Information spreads that I have left  
For them let it be an education  
Those who cherish me will not let them forget  
Where I am  
I will stand alone  
I don't need the money  
I do want for much  
These two hands  
Never will they mourn  
I'd rather you not love me  
Before you want too much



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych