

Voids (Pep Lladó)

There are pieces of void all over home

just like silence bubbles, floating in the air

I know I can find you there if I look hard enough

a memory awaits in each of them

I know how to walk among them, as in a labyrinth

I know where all of them are

in the marks left on the books you read

or in the place where sat to comb your hair

What to do with so many memories

What to do

What to do with so many kisses

What to do

What to do with so many 'I love you'

What to do

What to do with so many kisses

What to do

They shall come with me wherever I go

I don't know

I don't know

I don't know

how to walk without them

They shall come with me

They shall come with me

I don't know

I don't know

I don't know

how to walk without them

There are pieces of void all over home

I discover a new one everyday

the drawer you used to store white clothes

or the window where you used to look at the sky

There are pieces of void around the bed

and I stumble with them at night

sometimes they hurt, sometimes they heal

sometimes they give me the smell of your hair