

Heaven is Lying Here With You

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31125860) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31125860>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Voltron: Legendary Defender
Relationship:	Keith/Lance (Voltron)
Characters:	Keith (Voltron) , Lance (Voltron) , Hunk (Voltron) , Pidge Katie Holt , Shiro (Voltron) , Allura (Voltron) , Coran (Voltron)
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , No Beta , Pining Lance (Voltron) , Pining Keith (Voltron) , Pidge Katie Holt is So Done , Hunk (Voltron) is a Good Friend , Hunk (Voltron) is so Pure , Adorable , they're so precious , i love them , first fic , POV Lance (Voltron) , Bisexual Lance (Voltron) , Gay Keith (Voltron) , Cuban Lance (Voltron) , Lance (Voltron) Speaks Spanish , Music , Guitarist Lance (Voltron) , No idea when this is , Took the idea and ran with it , klance
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-05-06 Words: 4,789 Chapters: 1/1

Heaven is Lying Here With You

by [Irelia62](#)

Summary

In which Lance finds a little piece of heaven out amongst the stars

He found out Keith was kind of a reader. He had his books and when he couldn't see the stars he could dream of other places. They would sometimes just sit in silence, Keith reading while Lance tried to figure out Altean.

He nudged Keith with his foot, sitting on top of his bed while Keith was on the floor.

“Hey, do you remember what this means?”

Lance would sometimes ramble about what he was trying to learn, and Keith would pick a few things up.

“Yeah, it means violet. Just think of something to associate it with.” He commented off-handedly.

He looked up from the notebook again, looking at Keith who was absorbed in his book. He looked at Keith's eyes.

“Yeah, I think I've got just the thing.”

Looking back on it, it was effortless. Falling in love with Keith. It was like free-falling off a cliff except the cliff was never there, he was already falling without even knowing. He started to notice his eyes more, when he folded up part of his sleeves on his jacket, when his hair was more untidy than usual even though it always looked great.

Eventually, he knew there was no going back from eternal.

Notes

Hi! So, this is my first fic ever in any fandom. I love this ship so much and was listening to this song and got the idea so, I hope you enjoy!

Disclaimer: I do not own Voltron

Song: No Hay Nadie Más by Sebastian Yatra

His music is great and the song is so pretty. Translations at the end, if I missed any sorry.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

He laughs breathlessly. “You beat me to it.”

“I usually do.”

“Hmm.”

He breathes in.

See, he wasn’t hiding it exactly.

But, it was something special he kept close to his chest. It reminded him of his family, and well, that was always hard to share. Lance played the guitar. Which he knew, wasn't a crazy secret, nothing that compared to being a paladin, but he used to play for his family. He used to sing lullabies to his nieces, his nephews, and his siblings. He would fill the air with quiet melodies, hopefully helping them sleep better than he ever could.

In a family as large as his, it was a little way he could bring them some peace of mind. He used to strum his guitar on holidays, organizing a small choir with his nieces and nephews. The very strings themselves were fabricated with warmth, and gold-encrusted memories he kept close. After leaving for the Garrison, the homesickness clawed at his throat, scraping until his voice wouldn’t reach the surface. So he was left with his guitar. It brought him solace on lonely days and nights, where his singing was missing pieces. His songs had never felt properly whole afterwards, and somehow, he doubted they ever would.

Even so, Hunk would try to make him feel more welcome. Eventually, he dragged Pidge into it too. he, Hunk, and Pidge would go onto the roof, and he would bring it with him. He would sit cross legged, and hum quietly while lightly dragging his hand across the strings. Hunk and Pidge would sing, usually terribly, their voices resembling nails on a chalkboard; but it was fun, and it made the gaping pit in his chest feel a little less void.

One night, he was listening to a song and trying to figure out the chords. He had a little notebook he would write them in. Second by second, he’d write down the song so he could play it later.

Not even an hour later, Pidge said she got a weird signal.

The rest is history.

So, he was a bit hesitant to play around everyone else. It was a piece of Earth that had yet to touch the light of space, or lack thereof. There was light from the stars, of course, but it didn’t shine, not like the sun beamed off the sand in Varadero. It didn’t burrow under his skin like the glow coming through freshly cleaned windows in his house. As exciting as the unknown around the corner was, be it the sweet allure of surprise or the equally tempting pull of danger, he couldn’t help but keep the two parts of his life separate. Unfortunately, both sides of his life were full of pain, but two very different kinds. Being a paladin resembled being caught in a storm in the middle of a field: you can see everything around you, you can see the

way forward, but you are completely alone, and you can only glimpse so far. While exhilarating, it would be a lie to say it didn't eat him up sometimes. His guitar reeked of nostalgia, a different kind of tightening in his chest. This was full of love and longing, and he lived afraid the two would contaminate each other. So, he kept it to himself. The only tell being the slightly broken edges of his nails.

But, the most unlikely person possible almost caught him, once.

Fingers gripping the edge of his shirt, he lied smoothly.

"It's nothing."

Keith raised an unfairly perfect eyebrow. "Are you completely sure about that?"

Running his tongue over his top row of teeth, he sighed. "It's something, and mi vida, I promise I'll tell you, but can it wait?"

Keith's arms loosened and poorly-hidden affection crept onto his face, unwillingly pulling his lip up into a lopsided smile before it softened. "Okay, just know you can tell me, alright?" He fully uncrossed his arms.

Space may have felt so large sometimes, and as small as he felt, as much as he drifted, he could rely on Keith to understand. Heart slowing down, his shoulders loosened and he nodded with a smile threatening to take over. He let it.

"Cielo, lo prometo."

Keith held out a hand, having grown accustomed to Lance's pet names even though he might not understand all of them. Lance grinned, a genuine smile, and took it, letting Keith lead him out of the room and into the hallway. Their footsteps as silent as possible, they made their way through the nearly pitch black Castle, away from the room they had deemed theirs. They had reached a point in their relationship where they communicated very well, and they knew when to pry and when to be patient. Lance couldn't believe they had been able to compromise and demand so well. Lance believed that in every relationship, people had to compromise, give up little pieces of themselves as long as the other person did as well. Keith, however, was far too unyielding for that, and he would not give himself up. Lance had yet to thank him for that. Keith had taught him that the only thing worth giving up were bad habits, those that chipped away at the owner's soul as much as the receiver's. All that was left were softly exchanged words.

Having arrived at Keith's room, he let himself stare for a moment. Just breathing him in, taking in every little detail. He would say Keith was like a painting, beautiful and seemingly perfect, but that wasn't real. Lance had lived too long putting on masks, living with falsities. He could look people in the eye now, but he couldn't look at Keith's without getting a little lost. He lost time marveling at how real Keith was, a living dream. With a glare that could kill, but also with a pout more closely resembling a child who had just been mildly inconvenienced. Calloused hands that had held weapons the way Lance held his guitar, but with the softest of touches, as if holding something precious, something beautiful almost always aimed at Lance. A smirk almost always adorning his features, pulling his lips and

eyes into a troublemaker's gaze; but with a smile pulled straight from the Earth's core, because nothing could be more natural than a smile on his face.

Keith resembled a puzzle, to truly know him he would give piece by piece and you had to put them together. He would hand you his harsh edges with gentle hands and you had to smoothen them out. Lance thinks that's why he likes calling him cielo the most, seeming untouchable but if you just look hard enough you can see it.

A little piece of heaven in a sea of stars and emptiness.

Keith pulled him into the room, having already changed into pajamas and had Lance's laying out on the bed for him. Keith walked into the bathroom to brush his teeth while Lance changed. Lance always enjoyed the little things: soft pajamas, a good-nights sleep, a good song, a warm cup of coffee, blankets in cold weather. So, it was fitting his pajamas were almost softer than Keith's lips.

Almost.

After brushing his teeth, they slipped under the covers and settled into one of their usual positions, Keith's arm draped over his side this time. Depending on the mood, they would switch it up and Lance would be the big spoon. But tonight, they'd sleep like this. Today was surprisingly pleasant, no Galra to deal with anyway. They usually did, but occasionally, they would get days off. Well somewhat off, they trained on those days. Lance had been improving on his hand to hand since Keith started helping him. After an incident of close combat that Lance barely walked away from... yeah they weren't looking forward to that happening again.

Either way, he was happy to train and spend time with Keith. You'd think they'd get at least slightly sick of each other, which they somewhat did at the beginning. But honestly, Lance never wanted to be sick of anyone else. After they started communicating better, it happened less and less. To the point where now, they have their own time and their time together set up whenever they can tell the other just wants some time. At first they might have gotten offended, but they know each other better than that now. Lance is a people person, but he's been getting better at finding time for himself without it being stressful or feeling lonely.

But for now, they'd sleep, legs tangled underneath the sheets. Quiet good nights whispered between them.

"Mi cielo."

The first time they started realizing their feelings for each other was, funnily enough, when one of them got hurt.

As Pidge would later say: "oblivious idiots will stay idiots unless they literally or figuratively get smacked in the face."

At least, this was when Lance realized he liked Keith. More than he thought he did, the first inklings of more than that but maybe not fully there yet. Lance is an expert at repressing feelings because they freak him out. He has a PhD in that.

As he told his nieces and nephews: “Do as I say not as I do.”

Actually, don’t do that either. He was still growing, alright.

Anyway, they had been doing the regular routine: break into prison, take out the Galra droids, bam bam bam, your occasional Galra, incoherent screams of joy or panic, break the prisoners out, go home cheering, rinse and repeat.

It was all very methodical, really.

Except this time, they were woken up smack in the middle of the night. Or day? He didn’t really remember and he somewhat paid attention to the clock Pidge made. They had spent the entire day before that doing training exercises before they were caught off guard *ahem* again, by the Galra and another distress signal.

So, they were all standing on a wet floor with a grave in front of them and no sign to warn them of the water.

Alas, they were awoken unprepared, because saving the universe is a full-time job. They all ingested a ridiculous amount of caffeine - alien caffeine because Hunk is a gift - in their lions and set off. The entire fight kinda felt like doing backflips on a gymnastics beam while having blurry vision, a migraine, and running off an hour of sleep. He absolutely has not done that before and has no idea what that feels like.

It went well, for the most part. They got everyone out with little to no issue by avoiding the robots because no one felt ready for a fight. They would if they had to, but they wanted to avoid it. Obviously, it bit them in the ass and they ended up having to fight anyway. Because they were all dead on their feet, they missed a droid.

And it shot Keith in the side and the world fell apart.

Okay, slight exaggeration, it grazed his side but it was still pretty bad and Lance instantly felt guilty about missing it and his mind was running at 80 miles a second and he can’t even use proper units for speed y tomó física pero ya han pasado años y de vez en cuando falló sus exámenes porque le costaba enfocarse y su mamá le dijo qué tal vez tenía esa cosa de atención y que deberían llevarlo para ver pero le dijeron que en lugar tenía ansiedad y mierda eso tenía sentido y explicaría millones de cosas sobre su habilidad de enfocarse y también sus relaciones con la gente y... Keith!

Yeah, so that was his thought process while it was happening.

Also, at that time, he didn’t know Keith had actually taken the hit for him. He was upset at first then realized he’d be a hypocrite if he complained because he would’ve done the same. He also wished he could say he came to this conclusion himself, but it took a conversation with Pidge.

Keith ended up just fine. Not even a scar. Even so, he didn't think he would forget anytime soon. He had liked Keith before, and they had been getting along. They could hold conversations. And really, they trusted each other. It was more than he ever thought. He wasn't sure what about it freaked him out more this time than others, maybe it was the fact that he and Keith had had another "bonding moment" just before. The night before.

It wasn't anything ridiculously special, they were just talking. About Earth, about training, about their friends, about Coran and how they should probably thank him for putting up with them. They got a laugh out of that, but it was true. He ended up bringing up his mom on accident. He just made a few comments about her, how she was unyielding but also one of the most empathetic people he knew. The strongest person he knew too, she always wanted what was best for him, and she taught him how to value what he had.

Keith's focus never wavered.

It was odd really, he should have expected it but he didn't. He'd seen Keith give his absolute focus to Shiro before. When he really cared, he'd listen and never zone out. He'd actually seen him listen to all of them. He assumed it was a side effect of the foster care system, because yeah, Keith told him about that. He was surprised to hear him say it, that's how he brought up his mother.

How he thought she would like Keith. He'd smiled at that, small but no less true.

After his injury, he eventually started to question what the original rivalry was about. His own validation? Keith's attention? Both? He always felt most anxious when he was playing the rival. He did feel threatened at first, but when he actually knew Keith, knew who he was and why he reacted the way he did, he couldn't help but like him. He was kind in a way Lance hadn't ever really known except for maybe Pidge.

He could be witty and pretty sarcastic when he tried. He thought well on his feet during their usual banter. But he could also be surprisingly gentle and kind, even if it didn't seem obvious, it was always genuine. Whenever he smiled, it was real. He never found the use in faking a smile, so it was practically always genuine.

He went to talk to Hunk about it later, unsure of how he felt about the whole ordeal. He had come to terms with the fact that he was bisexual. After his family had been accepting, it was easier. He was less nervous. Maybe it was one of the few times his family's reassurances helped.

"Man, I wish I could help you here but I really don't know what to say."

He groaned and collapsed into a chair in the kitchen, putting his hand on his forehead dramatically. "Well neither do I and Hunk, buddy, my man, I don't know how to process this!" He breathed out a sigh.

Hunk sighed, always eager to help but in this case, he really didn't know how to help. He'd seen Lance like people before, but this seemed different. Not even Lance knew at this point,

and he lived with Keith. Lance liking someone and liking Keith were different. He always agonized over his crushes, but this one he seemed really worried about, this one mattered more. Hunk wished he knew what to say here, but he didn't.

Honestly, he knew Lance should just spend time with Keith, without a rivalry or pointless bickering. Their friendly banter was becoming more common, and Hunk hoped it would stay that way, they all did.

"Lance maybe just talk to him."

"About what?!" Was that a banshee?

"Anything, get to know him without the rivalry in the way, and he can do the same. It looks like you're getting along better and maybe you can if you both try."

Nothing. Lance didn't make a sound.

He turned to see him looking deep in thought, if he knew Lance he wasn't really thinking about anything. More like emotions and scenarios were playing through his head rather than strings of thought and actual words. Eventually, he looked a little less like a frightened deer.

"...Okay."

So, that's how it all started.

The beginning of a love story, it's a bit silly to say but it's true. They both liked each other before. It took time, maybe they didn't love each other instantly, or even have crushes on each other instantly. They had to get comfortable in each other's presence first. They became proper friends, then it grew.

They started training together.

"Come on, Lance! You can focus I know you can, just think about it as a competition with me."

He stuttered. "A-a competition with anyone, really. You may not be the best but you can always have something to offer."

Occasionally, Keith said some really smart things.

It usually went well. He started teaching Keith how to aim better too, just in case.

"Aim! It's not rocket science!"

"I think rocket science would be easier. Hey, can I shoot myself with this and be rid of this nightmare?"

"Keith, no!"

They started talking about strategies after dinners and after training.

“Keith, that’s a terrible idea.”

“No but if I just practice it with Red —“

“You’ll be dead and planning your funeral is too much work.”

“Oh, so you’d plan it for me, huh?”

“Hush mullet, I’m thinking about whether or not we need an open casket.”

“You’d have my back, so I don’t think the funeral is necessary.”

“I-I, yeah I would.”

He found out Keith was kind of a reader. He had his books and when he couldn’t see the stars he could dream of other places. They would sometimes just sit in silence, Keith reading while Lance tried to figure out Altean.

He nudged Keith with his foot, sitting on top of his bed while Keith was on the floor.

“Hey, do you remember what this means?”

Lance would sometimes ramble about what he was trying to learn, and Keith would pick a few things up.

“Yeah, it means violet. Just think of something to associate it with.” He commented off-handedly.

He looked up from the notebook again, looking at Keith who was absorbed in his book. He looked at Keith’s eyes.

“Yeah, I think I’ve got just the thing.”

Looking back on it, it was effortless. Falling in love with Keith. It was like free-falling off a cliff except the cliff was never there, he was already falling without even knowing. He started to notice his eyes more, when he folded up part of his sleeves on his jacket, when his hair was more untidy than usual even though it always looked great, when he looked more tired than usual, when he was stressed and when he wasn’t.

It took another conversation, this time with Pidge, for him to realize there was no coming back from it.

“As entertaining as this mutual pining has been, someone’s gotta give.”

He frowned. “Pigeon, what the hell are you talking about?”

She rolled her eyes, probably getting a decent view of that massive brain of hers. “You and Keith.”

He just stared dumbly.

She seemed a cross between amused and frustrated with a sprinkle of mischief, because a Pidge expression was not a Pidge expression without the imp-like smirk that held a promise of trouble.

“It’s obvious, and besides you have to say something eventually.”

“I already did. He knows, and the rivalry’s over too anyways.”

“Precisely, and you just won me a bet too, so thanks.”

“Yes Pigeon, because betting on me and Keith is a fantastic idea as if we didn’t hate each other until a little while ago.”

“Yeah, but who cares? Besides, I am still smarter than you so don’t judge my betting choices.”

“Pidge you’re underage.”

“So?”

“Glad, I could do you a favor then.”

“Exactly, now your feelings for each other are out and in the open and everyone owes me and Shiro is never gonna live it down.”

Wait, back up.

Their what?!

Okay, breathe.

“Pigeon, I think we were just having two different conversations. De que carajo hablas?!”

“Oh, shit.”

She proceeded to tell him that they thought the two of them were in love with each other, which they were because it was painfully obvious and Lance was definitely not going into cardiac arrest. The bet was whether they would tell each other in the next month, Pidge, the next two months, Shiro, and after two months, Hunk. Hunk knew him well enough that he would not come out and say it unless he was forced to, so Hunk would have won that bet if not for this exact conversation with Pidge. He frantically denied it, but Pidge was giving him that look of you are an absolute liar and he was so so fucked.

“It’s like the law of motion, an object in motion will stay in motion unless acted on by another force. In this case, oblivious idiots will remain idiots unless someone else acts. This

time, me.”

Repeat. He was so so fucked.

“You better win that bet for me Lance,” her smile fell a little and her expression softened into something more sympathetic, “and besides, you have nothing to worry about. Keith may like you more than you realize.”

They kissed for the first time in a panic.

The conversation he had with Pidge, Keith had had with Shiro. And he had talked with Shiro. Repeatedly. Consistently. In just as much of an emotional freakout as him.

There wasn't much of a buildup. They met up, like they had started to become accustomed to, and had mirroring expressions. They stumbled over their words. For the first time, Lance didn't want to talk. He couldn't figure out how. His lungs and heart were doing gymnastics in his chest because he wanted to kiss Keith more than he wanted to do almost anything. He wanted to kiss Keith and talk with him forever, sit in silence reading forever, training forever, laughing forever, bickering forever, watching and committing every detail to memory for the rest of his life.

He didn't want to be temporary.

He could see the future, and for the first time, he really knew what he wanted.

...

And fireworks.

A light show.

A flight demonstration.

It all culminated and went off in his gut as they both kissed not knowing what else to do. It was gentle but urgent, both looking for something they didn't realized they needed. Pieces of a puzzle coming together he didn't even realize was incomplete. Everything fit seamlessly. Keith's hands gently holding his face as he kissed him with every bit of emotion. Lance's arms around his waist. Their bodies sliding into place as if they had been doing this for years. As if they had been made by some higher being just for the other.

His mother's theory of twin flames might just make sense now, he thinks distantly.

They separated for air, but they were each other's lifeline, their air to breathe, the very reason for existing. For a moment, there was no difference between the two of them. They were reflections of each other, with the same expressions of adoration on their faces. He looked at Keith's eyes and saw something other than galaxies...

He saw heaven.

Vio el cielo

They left the room eventually, Keith's hand in his, a small smile gracing his beautiful features. Lance didn't think he had ever seen anything more beautiful in his life. If he was going to keep thinking this way he should take up poetry, but hey he couldn't complain. He could get used to this.

They walked into the kitchen only to find Allura, Coran, Pidge, Shiro, and Hunk all seated at the table, with money suspiciously laying on the table. They had clearly been prepared. Apparently, Allura and Coran had been in on it too, and they were all grudgingly handing over their money to Pidge, who shot Lance a smirk.

They stood quietly for a moment, just watching their friends before going to sit down with their found family.

They kept their hands linked under the table.

They kept stealing glances at each other.

They.

They.

They.

Yeah, he thought, he could get used to this.

He is finally ready to share his hobby. It's special this time because he set up a moment to share it with Keith. He wants to share everything with him. Share his home in Cuba, show him his family, his favorite beach, his favorite foods, the overly strong Cuban coffee he got used to drinking, his favorite jackets and sweaters. He wants to show him everything, and he can only hope Keith wants to do the same, si Dios quiere. By the look in his eyes, he does.

He wants to show him one thing in particular right now, and when he's ready, he brings Keith into the room they deemed theirs. It has a small couch they have spent hours on, holding each other, and maybe some other activities. Either way, it has to be the best room in the Castle.

He brings Keith in by the hand and sits him down on the couch, pulling out his guitar while his heaven's eyes widen.

With Keith staring at him imploringly, he takes a shaky breath and lets his fingers glide over the strings. Chord by chord, he plays.

Recuerdo aquel día,
Cómo si fuera hoy.
No hay nada como el,
Ni siquiera me encontró.

Inhale, as memories paint across his eyelids

Recuerdo todavía
La vez que lo bese
Fue mi primer amor
Y ahora escribo su canción

Laughs shared in saccharine silences with nothing but sleeping breaths filling the castle and only the stars as witness

Hay algo más
Inexplicable cómo su mirada
Inigualable como la manera en que me cela
Y trata de disimular que no está mal

Enraptured in the violet galaxies in his eyes with warm arms around him, as if holding treasure

Voy a cuidarte por las noches
Voy a amarte sin reproches
Te voy a extrañar en la tempestad
Y aunque existan mil razones para renunciar
No hay nadie más
No hay nadie más

Sweet nothings whispered with their legs tangled in sheets shrouded in a darkness that warmed like a blanket with the other's breath filling the quiet.

Se llevó todo, se llevó tristeza
Ya no existe espacio en la melancolía
Porque a su lado todo tiene más razón
Me lleve sus lágrimas, llegaron risas
Cuando estamos juntos la tierra se paraliza
Se paraliza

The world stopping with every tender kiss shared in quiet corners in gleaming halls and not a single soul but theirs

Hay algo más
Inexplicable cómo su mirada
Inigualable como la manera en que me cela
Y trata de disimular que no está mal

The first kiss done in a panic with adoration framing their every feature, mirror images of each other

Voy a cuidarte por las noches
Voy a amarte sin reproches

Te voy a extrañar en la tempestad
Y aunque exista mil razones para renunciar

Voy a cuidarte por las noches
Voy a amarte sin reproches
Te voy a extrañar en la soledad
Y aunque existan mil razones para terminar
No hay nadie más
No hay nadie más
No quiero a nadie más
No hay nadie más
No hay nadie

Exhale, as his eyes flicker open to the picture of beauty.

Beauty with cheeks slightly flushed, silver lined eyes, hair tousled from a hand's caress, and a ghost of a smile painting his lips.

That angel in the universe stands up almost as if in a trance, and walks over towards him. He feels warmth envelop his hands and he realizes Keith is holding his hands as if they're precious. As if he is the secret treasure of the universe. Keith just kisses him. Nothing more. Words aren't necessary. They just get in the way. Lance lives to talk but this time the quiet seems better. His gaze is filled with violet eyes and sharp features softened by emotion.

Arms encircle him and it feels like coming home.

"I love you." Brushing against his ear.

He laughs breathlessly. "You beat me to it."

"I usually do."

"Hmm."

He breathes in.

"I love you." He whispers, as if releasing a lifetime's worth of affection. Perhaps he is. A millennium's worth of emotions in one breath, a myriad of I love you's stored into one exhale.

"Mi cielo."

End Notes

First fic! I adore this song so much it's so beautiful and here are the lyrics in English. I don't know if anyone is going to read this, but I was listening to this, and I was in a Klance mood so here we are **shrug** I love these two so much so here, and I'm enamored with the idea of Lance and a guitar. I also have no idea when this happens I just kinda took the idea and ran with it.

I remember that day,
As if it were today.
There is nothing like him
He didn't even find me.

I still remember
The time I kissed him
He was my first love
And now I write his song.

Is there anything more
unexplainable than his expression?
anything equal to how he makes me jealous
And he tries to pretend he's okay

I will take care of you in the nights
I will love you without reproaches
I will miss you during the tempest
And although there are a million reasons to quit
There's no one else
There's no one else

He took everything, he took sadness
There is no more space in the melancholy
Because at his side everything makes sense.
I took his tears and laughter arrived
When we're together the Earth becomes paralyzed
It becomes paralyzed

Is there anything more
unexplainable than his expression?
anything equal to how he makes me jealous
And he tries to pretend he's okay

I will take care of you in the nights
I will love you without reproaches
I will miss you during the tempest
And although there are a million reasons to quit

I will take care of you in the nights
I will love you without reproaches
I will miss you during the solitude
And although there are a million reasons to finish
There's no one else
There's no one else
I don't want anyone else
There's no one else
There's no one

This is a very precise translation which is why it sounds a little strange. It sounds more coherent in Spanish I promise. Also the translation for the rant is and wow this is a really long note:

and he took physics but that was years ago and he sometimes failed his tests because he struggled to focus and his mom told him maybe he had that attention thing and they should go and see but they told him he had anxiety instead and shit that makes sense and it would explain a million things about his ability to focus and his relationships with other people and... Keith!

Wow that was a long note. Anyway, I hope you enjoyed!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!