

This Game Is Over

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When visions and sick precisions awaiting at night
I guess you'll be confessing soon that you're evading me right
Hating me, right, waiting me, right
Just caught with the fire, call me a liar on this funeral part about
desire
Seasons sighing, sighing, all predicting the end
Going for the dim martyrs, they were saying amen
Spraying and swinging with automatics, got the mics erratic
It look so static, it's all dark as an attic, he knew without you

No deberia aparecer ahora,
No deberia mirar me así
No deberia hacer que te enamoras
No deberia jugar así
Tu no deberias estar en mi persona
A veces creo que lo dejo
Y a veces creo que lo sueno con tener te

If only time could go slower
If only space could bring us closer
If we could be more than just lovers
If you believe that our love is not strong
This game is over
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Never had to doubt you but these wounds were inflicted
Perusing them soon but recollections still restricted
My mind talks and talks, smoke some fire and brimstone
Telling me we had our fun but it's over in dim tones
And all our sins showing in the heat of the moment
So potent till the goading get going and now is growing
And you rolling and throttling, falling like roses, swollen and growi
ng in the blast
The throne with dishonor to close up my past

No deberia aparecer ahora
No deberia mirar me así
No deberia tentar a la suerte
A veces creo que no te voy a ves con tener te

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If only time could go slower
If only space could bring us closer
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If you believe that our love is not strong
This game is over, ohh
This game is over