

## In Low Spirits

Artrosis

Neither night nor day will answer me  
New cares where each of them  
Has it's own story  
There is something around me that attracts blue moments  
I have no illusions and  
I become the mist  
I fell apart

To wing it's way above dreams to find yourself  
Chilly rain blends tears with it's drops of breath  
There is something around me that attracts blue moments  
I have no illusions and  
I become the mist  
I fell apart