

February Day's Draught

Bloodpit

This day is wistful my day in a beautiful way
I long for someone I don't know
February draught the pallid moon shone then shines now
May I speak to your stone I feel home

I never noticed how much I cried
I never noticed might have been blind

At Christmas time they sit on branches
Relatives speak to themselves it still feels home
This day always the same eternally living through
The same old day a warm one

I never noticed how much I cried
I never noticed might have been blind

This misty road leads to your quiet grave
Eternally wandering through the azure haze
February blows cold as she gazes at the full moon
This mistly road led me to your quiet grave

This day is wistful my day in a beautiful way
I long for someone I don't know