

Burn the Remembrance

Katatonia

Old light and new colours your picture hangs in the night
Is this the right time to set one free and go away
In the emptiness behind you I will walk about
Surely you'll miss me but long live the doubt

What will replace us
What will be our memory of this time
Second hand impressions
Hand them over so we can let it die

I remember one time when we were abroad
I was laughing at a book I had bought
But you were standing against the hotel wall
Frozen in an unknown thought