

## In the White

Katatonía

Are you in or are you out  
The words are stones in my mouth  
Hush little baby don't you cry  
Truth comes down  
Strikes me in the eye

Turning season within  
Brand new nails across my skin  
But who am I to imply  
That I was found  
That I found you in the white

To overcome this  
I become one with  
The quiet cold of late November  
If you don't see  
I'll remain unseen  
Until there's time to be remembered

So I had a green light  
I was lost in city lights  
Not so far from a try  
This is not our last goodbye

So I found you  
Found a way all through  
The quiet cold of inner darkness  
And now that you're here  
It becomes so clear  
I have waited for you always