

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