

Tone Of The Gloom

Artrosis

Each of your steps brings the end nearer
Burning eyes, hot lips, face is a picture, your dreams belong to
the past and the same again
- dipping tired pale expression in the nightmare of the daily r
outine

You don't enjoy a rising day thus you look forward to the night
And again great pains were taken in vain
Made your touch send a chill down my spine, made your words sen
d a chill down my spine
You mark the days off in a calendar screaming loudly - I will c
hange everything!