

## 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!