

Torpid

Bloodpit

How would paint the pain
the colours of the last day?
It's raining all the time,
how would you live the last day of all?

refrain:

Think about the thrill you can't spill,
you're torpid inside
Think about the love you can't live
'cause you're lost in life

Where's the beauty on your face,
when the breaking scene turns into joy
It could be the last,
the last day for you

refrain

refrain2:

Think about the thrill you can't spill,
you're torpid inside
It could be the last day for you

And now you're reaching out for the sky
And now you're reaching out for the light
You crush the trust in life, nothing more

refrain

refrain2