

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