

## March 4

Katatonía

Left with spring alone  
I withdraw from this  
I lived so differently  
it wasn't good enough

I was with you alone  
winter was gone

Things once blurred are twice sharpened  
when I think of what I could have  
blood has left me even before you  
can never return a second time

I lived so differently  
did it all for it  
but everything is now  
a film on rewind