

# The Promise of Deceit

Katatonia

Evening  
Coming through the crowd  
I hold my head high  
Straining  
Out here dissonance surrounds  
I hold my head high  
I see the wings behind your back

Burned all the maps to reach you  
Watching distant names  
I saw danger  
And then I felt the pressure

Downfall  
This is our time  
The setting sun over all I ever had

So when did you come to think  
That you would tell me that I have no one  
And when do you think that you  
Will give back the things that you owe me

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