

The Promise of Deceit

Katatonía

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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