

Arms towering into fear  
Feels like I am going in my sleep  
The dead are breeding under my pillow  
Is there a place for you in me?  
Best forgotten  
Gates closing when you draw near  
At the very heart of melancholia  
Those were his last words  
Is there still something to die for?  
Inside my heart a wasteland  
That only you can fill with life  
For there are strangers in our way  
Pulling us under, dreaming us under tonight  
As certain as the grave  
If I lie to you again  
Imposed in the darkness  
Every word is true  
and best forgotten  
Words surrender into a seal  
My life is a curse I keep to myself  
The dead are breaking under my pillow  
Memories of when you were there  
Best forgotten  
Lips drying when you are near  
At the very pit of melancholia  
Those were her last souls  
Is there still something to dream of?  
Inside my heart a wasteland still  
That only you could make me feel  
For there are snakes in our way  
Feeling us under, nesting us under tonight  
As certain as the grave if I lie to you again  
Imposed in the darkness  
Every word is true  
and best forgotten