

## Cure a Wound

Omnium Gatherum

Throw your wishes at a stone, Whenever feeling it  
What has an endless sight  
It never cared for us  
Will the midnight sun ever be that black again

Take off more masquerades, Longing to be touched  
To be released in a way or another  
Try harder and everything will be blending, Then tear it down

The wine's out of your cup  
Don't cure a wound, No baby, That doesn't help at all

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It never cared for us

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"There's too many party people, The tough guys are even worse"  
Oh if it's grey one should get lost, And you should know you spell it wrong  
Let's bleed for the years that passed away  
with seasonal affective disorder  
Even in Midsummer