

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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What has an endless sight
It never cared for us

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

"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