The pale suit of drunkenness

Pale Forest

Got that feeling of standing still the shudder of winters coming chill Got that distance in my eyes frozen paintings of all my alibies

And I've got the urge to leave this room but it has become my home In this dark and familiar gloom my features are turning to stone

Slowly holy intoxicating love takes hold of me while I survive another one

Got those pale trousers warming my will they keep me from standing to still Got that pale jacket clinging to me I just know that I'll never be free

And I've got the urge to undress myself but I dare not show my skin Cause this damp and familiar gloom has become what I am within

Slowly holy intoxicating love takes hold of me while I survive another one