

## Catatonia

## Rootwater

And if you know now the mirror of the Spirit  
You know You're made of , completely made of black  
despair  
Made of sadness, hate, hate and greed

When the night falls - demons come  
I am inert, I let them come  
And I hear - "close your eyes"  
And I hear - ""close your mind"  
Communing with them I fall down  
Deeper and deeper, I am dying out  
I'm not afraid of it - it's a dream  
I only want to rest from it  
from hell  
hell in my head  
I can be afraid only of thing I don't know well  
I 'm sinking free, I feel no pain  
Demons rip my soul,  
And I want no help, no more  
Death is a friend, it's my natural state  
Fuuuuuck!  
Fuck You, fuck me !

It's a demon's game - you know?  
You're not a player - you're a pawn  
You are round of their game  
Catatonia is the way  
To make you weak ,to make you sad  
To deprive the will of life  
Demons are around , they're real  
They are to bring you to hell  
You can survive - believe and pray