Patra (Petra)

Saint Vitus

When they told me you were leaving
I began to feel sick inside
Because I never, never got to tell you
What I'm feeling inside my mind
In my nightmares caused by anguish
I can see you run away
In the daylight, I am hunting
Only to lose your last trace
I still feel your presence always
And I've fallen over the line
I am hurting as I wonder
What it would be like if you were mine
If you were mine
If you were mine