

St. Eriksplan

Stavesacre

Last straw fell silently in still needles and empty
dreams

Never was a mountain so she's heading down and then
picking up speed
And it's beautiful

They only ask when I don't know as if he'd tell me
where to go
Lover could you tide me over, have I told you what you
mean to me

You're beautiful

Should you come down again I hope that you remember me
that way

The story's reached it's end and now I walk away
Start over somewhere else
Where no one knows my name

Sweethearts pick and sweetspots bleed and love gives
way to loyalty
And nothing's free or guaranteed and sometimes love
escapes such misery

And it's beautiful

Moonlight through broken wide country all around
But every mile she's farther from a lifetime with each
mile she forgets more

And it's beautiful

Don't look for me again I will not be coming back this
way

The story's reached it's end and now I walk away
Start over somewhere else
Where no one knows my name

No one knows the words I've spoken, the paths I've
chosen
The promises that have been broken
Where no one knows the words I've spoken the paths I've
chosen
Where everyone that I know knows Him

Reconstruct
Self Destruction