

Down

Tristania

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My violent mood swings peak
And my hands are as heavy as rocks
I have no time and no space
I am falling behind
Just take me home
My patience has all run out
And I feel like yelling; - it is too much
I have abandoned all charm and all grace
I have fallen behind
There is no god
The night is cursed
Loud and blurred
Still it rains
It rains like hell
Rain on empty shells
My violent mood swings peak
And my hands are as heavy as rocks
I have no time and no space
I have fallen behind
There is no god
Screaming voices
Ring in my ears
I don't want to know their names