

Close To Katatonia

Wine From Tears

Beside myself the shadows creep like old memories
And cruel winds, they laugh at me, they are my enemies
I sit in the corner, feel guilt and wrecked, and wait for them,
and they come back
My weakness sell my soul to them, to seven rounds that reign in
hell

One... I only want to touch the sun
But I'm drown, and I can only feel disharm

I'm close to katatonia...
No light around, no voice of mercy
And my surround is mindless corpses
My body doesn't obey me
Alone like a stone, so proud but free...