Everything I Touch Turns To Gold (Then To Coal)

Woods of Ypres

Woe, oh

I am in denial, and I am depressed
I will try to bargain with you, then share my anger with you
But I can't complete the full cycle of mourning
I struggle with acceptance
I can't forgive myself

Everything I touch turns to gold, then to coal
Everything I touch turns to rust, then to dust

My clothes are full of holes, hanging off my tired body
I command so much negativity, my charge drains the life from ma
chinery
But I feel such powerlessness, when I struggle with forgiveness

Yet I don't know my own strength, when I destroy everything