

This is the final sign of what we cannot take,
You forced and bitter end to this story.
The walls are closing down to the space we live,
say your last goodbyes,
but not to me cause.

This seperation will explode!

Ref.

A starry sea,awakening.

A fascination with this old style sence of right and wrong.

What's wrong with me.

It's hard to speak when it's all about the way we hold a gun at
our own mouths.

A fatal blinding sight.

It's the price I pay for looking through the sun,
for a change.

The walls are closing down and eventually,
we say our last goodbyes,
we see.

This seperation will explode!

Ref.

A starry sea,awakening.

A fascination with this old style sence of right and wrong.

What's wrong with me.

It's hard to speak when it's all about the way we hold a gun at
our own mouths.

This seperation will explode!

Ref.

A starry sea,awakening.

A fascination with this old style sence of right and wrong.

What's wrong with me.

It's hard to speak when it's all about the way we hold a gun at
our own mouths.