

At Death's Door

Hypnos

Sometimes I wish to be wandering far away to see you lonely one
s wherever you are instead of lying deep inside of dark black c
lay I'd want to stand by you forever and now Dead still life...hy
pnotized Sometimes I go to sleep longing to dream of you just o
ne look in the eyes is more than 1.000 words What wall is betwe
en us and how can we get through? Any way how to unite our dist
ant worlds? Sometimes I'm asking myself why why couldn't stay h
ere you and I tell me how is to stand at death's door? Sometime
s I'm thinking how it would be on the other side, just you with
me waiting is too long and you're not here anymore... Sometimes
I'm feeling weak when I recall you in mind my selfish "I" lives
different story Too many questions Where are you? And does it
hurt? Maybe I'd like to hear "Follow me" Dead still life... hypn
otized ...is this the end when you're not here anymore?