

Aren't they cold  
The eyes you see me with  
Aren't they old  
The words you speak

I still bleed from the same wounds  
It is still the same taste of salt  
They are living inside my dreams  
I feed them now as I trapped them in

I will keep on chasing the unreal  
Even if I know I'll die each time more

It never leaves...  
I still feel the rain...  
The one you say that isn't...  
The one you don't comprehend..

Every scar will stay  
Pale lilac, amethyst  
Every scar is alive  
Pale lilac, amethyst