

Apulanta, Incomplete

I'm crawling over
Into your mind
It's getting colder
Behind my eyes

Painted on your face I see
Remains of true beauty
Torn apart by ignorance
Left alone to bleed

Incomplete
All I am
And out of reach
Falling fast
And all I want in this world is gone

Incomplete
All I'll be
And out of reach
Far from me
And all I want in this world is gone

Sounds of the city
All died away
Storing the heat in
The unborn day

All the signs of tragedy
Refusing to be seen
You are like a flame to me
And I'm the gasoline

Incomplete
All I am
And out of reach
Falling fast
And all I want in this world is gone

Incomplete
All I'll be
And out of reach
Far from me
And all I want in this world is gone