

Artrosis, Tone Of The Gloom

Each of your steps brings the end nearer

Burning eyes, hot lips, face is a picture, your dreams belong to the past and the same again
- dipping tired pale expression in the nightmare of the daily routine

You don't enjoy a rising day thus you look forward to the night

And again great pains were taken in vain

Made your touch send a chill down my spine, made your words send a chill down my spine

You mark the days off in a calendar screaming loudly - I will change everything!