

Beach House, Tokyo Witch

In a dark winter Tokyo
In the Majong parlor he waits
Seven pasts thrumming through his heads
Though he comes to the water ways

In the hallways they lie in bed
Dream the red loss of all their days
In your arms there is nothing left
But we are all on the way

My whole life
Is the mystery
That I can't bear

Oh wings
That are camery
Upon this day

I would love to heal you now

In a dark winter Tokyo
In the Mahjong parlors they wait
Severed pasts sweeping through their hands
No one comes to the water way

In the hour of the all
There is notes along the way

All I wanted to see
Is that I am better
All I want to believe
Is that I am better
Round and round
All I wanted to see
Is that I am better
round and round