

Cadaverous Condition, The Sadness Out Of Me

"and I know the world is cold";

landscapes in my psyche
the dying do not cry
driven apart and blown away
ohne Dich wird es Nacht

a tear, blood from my soul
I think, therefore I cry
for you, hear me
ohne Dich wird es Nacht

if psychic balance is a sheltered palace
see myself lost in the garden outside

waiting for someone to come out
what do you do so far away
you are there in another life

and your December dreams, your thoughts are mine
I see Jesus behind a window-pane upstairs

a part of this is a bit of you
and when you wake up in the morning
I'll be the one who smiles for you

I fade for the Flower like an unfulfilled dream
may you always remain to shine like I have seen
I fade like a flower, like someone on a cross
lit up, brought down, but love does cost