

# 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