

# Evenfall, Still in the Grey Dying

TIME IS PASSING BY HOUR BY HOUR,  
BUT FAINTED SHE LIES NAKES ON THE  
FLOOR, COVERED WITH A BLACK  
SHROUD AND A CUP OF BLOOD  
ON THE LEFT, ON THE LEFT...  
FALLING PICTURES MOVING  
BETWEEN THE MEMORIES OF ALL  
THE MOMENTS WHERE WE FIND  
OURSELVES LOST INTO DARKNESS, DARKNESS...  
COLD BLOWS THE WIND ON  
WINGS OF DEATH FOR HER  
LAST BREATH OF LIFE  
LAST BREATH OF LIFE...  
I'M THE WATERSIDE, I BREAK  
THE STORM THROUGH THE CLOUDS  
AND I FROST YOUR EYES FOREVER  
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BUT FAINTED SHE LIES NAKES ON THE  
FLOOR, COVERED WITH A BLACK  
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