

# Everon, And Still It Bleeds

I saw you walking round the house tonight  
Trying to catch a glimpse of what's inside  
Driven by some mix of curiosity  
And a bit of nostalgia

This advice you should take seriously  
What you seek is not in here  
So don't come knocking at my door  
For you should know that no one lives here  
No more...

A glass of wine stands on the table still  
And flowers grace the window sill  
You see a dim light shining from the fireplace  
I notice you stare freezing cold

This advice you should...

In this house  
No one lives here  
No more...

A love unbreakable until it broke  
A dream so real until I awoke  
So what you see inside this house tonight  
Is the mess you left behind

This advice you should...

In this house  
No one lives here  
No more...

Don't come here, don't cross my way  
Stay out of sight, I don't want to see your face

Don't come here, don't you hear what I say  
Leave me alone, I don't want your cold embrace

What you've done to me in the name of love  
Wasn't quite what I had been thinking of  
My wounded flesh lies open to your scorn  
Each and every time we meet

And still it bleeds...

Some experiences in life leave us with wounds,  
that keep bleeding even many years after the injury.  
They say that time heals all the wounds,  
but noone knows how much time will be necessary.