

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.