

# Gazpacho, Snowman

The fog leaves a distant trauma  
You feel the ground roar  
When it all goes to hell

They say no freedom lies when they say  
You love too much  
So you pack your only suitcase  
And burn by her touch

Go  
Before I go  
I'll tell you all my secrets

They say its past the deadline  
They say they've lost control  
They let you see their nightmares  
Through eyes of coal

Guilt is your own anger  
You who did not win  
Dream a dream of somewhere  
As the rope is wearing thin

Go  
Before I go  
I'll tell you all my secrets

Its going to hurt to leave her  
Its going to hurt to leave her  
Its going to hurt

Its going to hurt to leave this  
Its going to hurt to leave this  
Its going to hurt