

# Jack Frost, Nightfall

in my four walls  
I'm alone  
all the good things  
have gone  
and I drink and dream  
I'm waiting for the nightfall  
because I'm dying  
oh I'm dying of crying  
over you

now life has changed  
I see colours so strange  
now my life is just like hell  
a walking spirit deadly pale

[Chorus:]  
I'm waiting for the nightfall  
the end of my days  
no more tomorrow  
I've missed today

when life makes a change  
all the people seem so strange  
now my life is just like hell  
I'm a walking spirit and I'm  
deadly pale