

# Katatonina, Austerity

I thought things would take off  
But they cooled down  
Your voice on the phone  
I hear traffic behind

Violent rain  
Outside looking out  
Looking up  
Fragments of sky  
Looking to leave  
Transmit and deceive  
Kill off the fortune tellers

You say that woe is always on your mind  
You drag me back in for a breath of comfort  
No longer telling wrong from right  
The ghostlike horizon of your eye

I hear things aren't well  
Since you sold me out  
I remember you clear  
Your rituals of doubt  
With city lights from 1988  
Sprinkled like dust  
On your window pane

You say that woe is always on your mind  
You drag me back in for a breath of comfort  
No longer telling wrong from right  
The ghostlike horizon of your eye

Maelstrom  
I'm drifting away  
I'm staying under  
You fall back to aged ideals  
Controlled by thunder  
Ruled by dishonour  
Come feel  
I am not real

Woe is always on your mind  
You drag me back in for a breath of comfort  
No longer telling wrong from right  
The ghostlike horizon of your eye