

# Katatonia, Burn The Remembrance

Old light and new colours your picture hangs in the night  
Is this the right time to set one free and go away  
In the emptiness behind you I will walk about  
Surely you'll miss me but long live the doubt

What will replace us  
What will be our memory of this time  
Second hand impressions  
Hand them over so we can let it die

I remember one time when we were abroad  
I was laughing at a book I had bought  
But you were standing against the hotel wall  
Frozen in an unknown thought

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What will be our memory of this time  
Second hand impressions  
Hand them over so we can let it die