

# Paradise Lost, Mouth (Album Version)

Feel so low some days And only I can taste  
Resent security Obscuring all I see  
In my mind In my mouth In my soul  
Only you provide these symptoms that I show  
I could go out in style  
Go back from where I came  
But luck sees to us all  
And rarely plays the game  
We've seen it all through many years of lonesome hell  
Back to a place where we all terminate