

Scythe, What Counts And What Remains

When I started this I was unsure whether to stop or to go on
After all I fall as usual - a certain mood you gave me for a while
Everything I touch turns to blood - everytime I want things to develop
But still I am someone

What counts and what remains is a small but futile ground to harvest, maybe one day

Everything I gave you was supposed to die
Things are never clear these days
Walk the ways again, see life goes on
Because what counts and what remains for me is a love you never experienced
What counts and what remains for me is a love you never experienced
Ignorance is bliss
We are pretty when we lie
Because everything I gave you was supposed to die,
everything I gave you was supposed to die
Things are never clear these days, walk the ways again, see life goes on
What counts and what remains for me is a small but futile ground to harvest, maybe one day...

What counts and what remains is a small but futile ground to harvest, maybe one day

Come home where you grew up
Walk the ways again
See life goes on
What counts and what remains is a small but futile ground
What counts and what remains is a small but futile ground to harvest, maybe one day
maybe one day...

Everything I liked to keep
Nothing more and silence weeps
of everything, everything I came from once

And I believe in stars alight
Future somehow - I don't mind of everything,
everything that will come maybe
Thank you just for being here tonight
Thank you just for staying in my mind
Everything I like to keep
Everyone is wise
but me

Life is getting closer now
Somehow I don't mind
Somehow everything of this I like to keep
and I believe
And I believe in stars alight
Future somehow - I don't mind of everything
Everything that may come someday
What counts and what remains...