

Agua De Annique, Trail Of Grief

Mister i cannot read you
Your eyes are clouds of mist
Well well, how can i heed you?
I wish you did not exist
Uncover me
I hail to see
Your mystic trail of grief
It's funny how my heart feeds
On overload
It will never lead me through
I am just too old
For this game
I bare to see
Your mystic trail of grief
Uncover me
Uncover me