

Artrosis, In Low Spirits

Neither night nor day will answer me
New cares where each of them
Has its own story
There is something around me that attracts blue moments
I have no illusions and
I become the mist
I fell apart

To wing its way above dreams to find yourself
Chilly rain blends tears with its drops of breath
There is something around me that attracts blue moments
I have no illusions and
I become the mist
I fell apart