

Butelka, Cold contagious

Wherever you are
You will carry always
Truth of the scars
And the darkness of your faith
Slowly move on
How did we get here
It all went wrong
Gravity claiming all your tears
Everything looks
So much better now
You will get yours
You have no right To ask me now
You were never that around
I have missed
Reality daytrips and your
Suit me suit me ways
Turn out the light switch
We've been awake for days
And no one's coming round
Here no more
You will get yours
You have no right
To calm me down
You were never that around
I have missed
Cold Contagious
All the mighty mighty men
What you save is what
You lose out in the end
Cold Contagious
Paint your perfect day
I don't mind this
I'm better off by the way
Deeply grounded