

# Cadaverous Condition, Nostalgia

I see old spirits rise, in brown eyes  
a violet smile, a lack of control  
we failed to take the chance  
long ago, for a day like this, I would have given  
all my lifes future bliss  
in the past I longed for futile days like this

I see old spirits rise, in your eyes  
a violet smile, a lack of control  
now we know what we have lost  
short ago, for a day like this, I would have given  
all my lifes future bliss  
I still long for fertile days like this