

# Katatonía, Last Resort

And here the air that I breathe isn't dead  
Enter life of what's still here  
Close the door away from here  
Shrouded in autumn's grave ascension

Thought the bridge was over now  
Lost the track astray somehow  
Who's painting my life in sorrow blue

A relief for a dislocated mind  
Shelter for thoughts  
Asylum for my soul  
This place is the only I need to know

Salvation for a lonely stinking kind  
All my duties be done  
A few years take  
Never leaving again you are forever