

Katatonian, Nerve

High white ways
Shattered by rain
Pale dead walls
Nerves pushed in pain
Red light faced
Mirrors of the dead
People in the archways
Eyes full of lead

Always closing down myself
Lower sights and never see
Worlds of noise and worlds of light
Expecting not to be

High white ways
Shattered by rain
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Always closing down myself
Lower sights and never see
Worlds of noise and worlds of light
Expecting not to be
Not close enough for you
To hear a breath and steal a sight
But just close enough for me
To take a step and pass you by