

# 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

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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