

Kwan, Sacrifice

Pranoia, sounds of hounds in the dark
pounds my heart
strikes the silence, before storm all is calm
colds my mind

No remorse and not a word
no remorse to be heard
no remorse sounds so absurd

Sacrifice, I've had an insight in my life
you have become my sacrifice

Cold wind sweeping raging powers of sea
drowning me
bruised and bleeding
I'm left heaving on shore
suis je mort

All the things I ever had
all the things I'll ever get
all the things I'd sacrifice
all of what I've left behind
all on what I can't decide
all our precious moments died
not a thing to set me free
not a word to give me peace
no remorse, no relief