

# Mental Home, Amidst the Waves

[Music: Sergey Dmitriev, Roman Povanov. Lyrics: Roman Povanov]

All these days, her voice is inside my soul  
See her face, she turns my life into pain  
Sleepless nights, her spirit in the mirror  
Inner sights, it's driving me insane  
In the lake she roams amidst the waves  
Water keeps her spirit under rain  
In this world she lives in restless pain  
Trouble waltz I'm dancing all insane

Summer night, I walk in marble orchard  
Seek her grave, she cannot be alive  
In the dark I'm reading ancient scriptures  
Cannot find the place where ends her life

In the dark I look at the mirror  
It seems covered with blood, I step behind  
In madness I take a stone and smash this fucking glass  
Suddenly I hear the voice  
You don't know the mirrorland  
And therefore you make a mistake  
It is right, Jane is dead  
Her soul's enslaved in the lake  
Do you understand me?  
Now I show you how she died...