Nocturnal Depression, Nostalgia

And once again despair is kissing me
With her cold ghostly lips
My own destruction is leading me to my grave
That I digged for many times
And once again I'm becoming a spectral thought
Forgotten, sad, miserable s**t
As I fall into the black spheres among lonely memories
You've broken us, piece by piece

The score of my soundtrack is written by blood Music of suicide written in red I did it myself, my wrists are also opened And like my tears, it's cascading Everything has been lost behind us On my kness, hands on my face The sun is appearing into the spring morning Where I'm lying there's just nothing than my dust

Now you don't care about him You live on the other side of feelings But our February snow is now covering my lifeless body