

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