

# Pale Forest, The Pale Suit Of Drunkenness

Got that feeling of standing still  
the shudder of winters coming chill  
Got that distance in my eyes  
frozen paintings of all my alibies

And I've got the urge to leave this room  
but it has become my home  
In this dark and familiar gloom  
my features are turning to stone

Slowly  
holy  
intoxicating love  
takes hold of me  
while I survive another one

Got those pale trousers warming my will  
they keep me from standing to still  
Got that pale jacket clinging to me  
I just know that I'll never be free

And I've got the urge to undress myself  
but I dare not show my skin  
Cause this damp and familiar gloom  
has become what I am within

Slowly  
holy  
intoxicating love  
takes hold of me  
while I survive another one