

Ritual, Black Sea

Here I am. Damned to be a whore.
I have nothing. Nowhere to go.
These days are dark. This city is empty.
Empty like you. Empty like me.

Where has all the light gone that kept us strong?
Where has all the light gone that kept us going on?

We fell down into this hole of despair.
We wave the white flag and no one cares.
We are on the same ship that threatens to sink.
With water in our lungs we try to scream.

Were gonna sink into the black sea,
where hope dies and sorrow reigns.
Were gonna sink into the black sea,
where we'll drown ourselves in pain.

Where has all the light gone that kept us strong?
Where has all the light gone that kept us going on?