

# Saint Vitus, Patra (Petra)

When they told me you were leaving  
I began to feel sick inside  
Because I never, never got to tell you  
What I'm feeling inside my mind  
In my nightmares caused by anguish  
I can see you run away  
In the daylight, I am hunting  
Only to lose your last trace  
I still feel your presence always  
And I've fallen over the line  
I am hurting as I wander  
What it would be like if you were mine  
If you were mine  
If you were mine