

Scythe, Castaway

... whatever will be tomorrow

And I wander slowly
and I fall in my own arms
and I want to say I'm nothing
we're dying - pay for faults
And I wanted to loose my anger
as I thought what we will be
Reality - no happiness
Onward from 1993...

All in all I was alone this time
All in all nothing seems to satisfy
Nothing's more to learn
Nothing's more to say
All is said and done

I disbelieve the things you wanna say
Nothing more in me to hear you, betrayer
a last few words I have in me
They will erase you
They will erase us from this time
I wanna disbelieve in your tomorrow
Misanthropy is the key to me
Grief is my master - the night is my pleasure
Dark forests are an inspiration to me

Can you feel the sorrow which emphasizes the night?
Can you see the darkness in the candlelight?
Can you feel the coldness, the foggy breath of night?
Can you smell the blackness in the woods outside?

I was wandering through the winter in my woods
And I've seen the glory days on my way
Days you lost