

Vicious Crusade, Stigmata

(Lyrics by Alena Gornyh, Dmitry Basik, Alex Vertel)

...No footprints on the snow - it's my own way, my track.
It's time for me to go - no look, no turning back.
Can't breathe in tidy room, your room you keep me in.
Sweet home, sweet tidy tomb, there's no more life within.
My wounds - can't see them bleed?
These wounds are caused by you.
I swear I'll never be the one you want me to.
What have you ever learnt deep in your sweetest shell?
The place, you so much longed, turned to your prison cell.
The room with polished floor, where line of life was cut.
No turning back, sweet home, your door's now closely shut...
Away, far away, far away there is somewhere.
Away, far away there's a dream, there is me.
I'm real, I can feel, just can feel there is someday.
When I, still alive, flying free wish to be.