

When Came April, Blood Red Stone

A DROP OF SWEAT
I FEEL MY BLOOD RUNNING THROUGH MY VEINS
I SEE YOUR FIST
THAT HITS MY FACE A PAIN REMAINS
WHICH REMINDS ME OF A NEEDLE IN MY SKIN

I FEEL MY FLESH
AS IT FALLS ON THE BLOOD RED STONE
I HEAR MY BREATH
AS A VOICE THAT TALKS TO ME
TO REMIND ME OF MY LAST REMAINING HOPES

ALL I WANT IS TO SLEEP AWAY THIS PAIN
JUST SOME SLEEP TO DREAM AWAY THAT SORROW INSIDE ME

BLOOD BURNS IN MY VEIN
FEAR MY TOMORROW
SAVE ME FROM MY PAIN
THIS ENDLESS SORROW
PLEASE MAKE THIS CUT AND BRING THAT TALE TO END
PULL THAT TRIGGER AND BRING ME BACK TO LIFE

I SEE THE LIGHT
CANNOT TURN THIS SHIP TO LAND
HOLD UP MY HEAD
TRYING TO SEE WHERE I STAND
I JUST WANT TO GO THAT WAY AND FIND MYSELF

I CAN'T FEEL A FEELING CANNOT THINK
ANY THOUGHT ABOUT MY DREAMS AND AIMS THAT I HAVE HAD