

Wyrd, These Empty Rooms

I have no shadow, I have no voice
My blood is cold, my heart has no beat
I have no faith, I have no soul
Please, don't follow...

Don't Follow me down

I'm gone there's nothing left for me here
Just an empty house with empty cold rooms
Full of bitter longing and gloom
Full of bitter longing for you

Gone
Nothing left for me here
I just want to walk out the door
Never to return...

...again
Don't follow me down

My past haunts me
My past hurts me
The memories mock me
And the knowledge daunts me