

Retrosic, The "Tale of Woe"

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Every time I make myself
Get back up on my feet
It ends up wretched
In sorrow, ruin and defeat.

Trying not to break, but
I'm so tired of god's embrace
It's time for me to leave now
It's time for me to leave

I focus on the pain
Nothing else's remained
The only thing that is real
Nothing more to feel

A priest preached at your grave:
"God takes away, what he once gave"
Time starts slowing down
Sink, until I drown

Falling, crying, caught in the undertow
Screaming, bleeding, caught in the undertow
Praying, dying, caught in the undertow

This is our tale of woe
This road is what we have to go
Down

It is the oldest story in the book:
He desires the one thing, he cannot have

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