

Artrosis

"Tone Of The Gloom"

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Each of your steps brings the end nearer
Burning eyes, hot lips, face is a picture, your dreams
belong to the past and the same again
- dipping tired pale expression in the nightmare of the
daily routine

You don't enjoy a rising day thus you look forward to
the night
And again great pains were taken in vain
Made your touch send a chill down my spine, made
your words send a chill down my spine
You mark the days off in a calendar screaming loudly -
I will change everything!

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