

Depressive Age "Autumn Times"

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Walking through my brain who's leading?
Can I pass these moments here
These sleepless nights at full moon
I am worried about my way

I fear future, I fear past
In this sadness is no rest

I must sleep, I'm tired of those
Thoughts that had filled my head
Twenty six years you would be
Died so young, forsaken fast
I fear future, I fear past
In this sadness is no rest

Can't stand these sad and depressing
Memories of autumn times
To which sphere have you gone my sister
Thirteen years and you escaped

Then the smell that comes from outside
Brings the sleep I need so much
So afraid of these darkest hours
When I'm dreaming of the past

I fear future, I fear past
In this sadness is no rest

Can't stand these sad and depressing
Memories of autumn times
To which sphere have you gone my sister
Thirteen years and you escaped

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