

End Of Fashion

"Carpathian Gravedancer"

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Mystic ways, every hour and day.
The moon is shining.
I'll be on the way, I can't keep on crying.
See the wolves are hungry, hungry waiting in the fields,
For a fallen man, for the weakest man.

Growling cancer will hurt when I breathe.
My chest is burning.
One last drag again and again, I can't keep on hiding.
See the wolves are hungry, hungry, waiting for a feast.
For a fallen man, for the weakest man.

I can see it in your eyes, a light will shine for me.
Keep on holding on to the skies when every day is
raging in my life.
I hold the light to see, my darkest hour.
Keep on holding on to see, to see my little breakdown.

Let the night please take me away to a place of silence.
It's the end of my way, there is no more hiding.
See the wolves are hungry, hungry waiting in the fields,
for a fallen man, the unforgotten man.
And through the open wide I see a sign of you.
Fading the lonely lights that I am going trough.

I can see it in your eyes, a light will shine for me.
Keep on holding on to the skies when every day is
raging in my life.
I hold the light to see, my darkest hour.
Keep on holding on to see, to see my little breakdown.

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