

Euthanasia

"Winter Depression"

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The night has come and tender streetlights
Enlight snowy church.
Thousand days ago you had the same thoughts

You are feel lost, without family, sinful and lonely,
Clutch cold handle of majestic doors.

That's time for the shadows of your life,
Eyes of the angels see the tears in our palms.
You're a young man with face of old man,
With scarred body and soul.
The nights are long, getting longer.

States of depression and thoughts of suicide,
Couple of perverted moments and years,
The love was called drug.

States of depression...

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