

Icon Of Coil "Situations Like These"

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Serenity is the devil
We caress our solitude
Conversations with silence
A stick right through our mind

Embraced by shimmering water
We could die for a brief of the wind
Slowly we suffocate
In the vain of eternity

We've never been close to them
The distance is our shield
The texture of our bodies
An alliance of broken dreams

We'll flout away with the tide
In situations like these
Feel the storm builds up inside

Burn the infected wounds
We caress our solitude
Alone with serenity

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