

Kari Rueslatten

"Sorrow To My Door"

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Rumours where I lit the fire
I lit the fire then ran away
My oh my, hold me tight
Hold me tight make it righ

The house burned down to the ground
To the ground-ashes and dust
My oh my, hold me tight
Hold me tight, make it right

I tried to search my soul
For traces of remorse
I find nothing of the kind

I will dance upon your grave
I won't shed a tear that day
I will not bring sorrow to my door

I still hear you scream from the house,
Scream from the house-trapped inside
My oh my, hold me tight
Hold me tigh, make it right

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