

Mourning September

"The Damage"

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Here once again.
What can I do with this,
in my heart once again?
Why would I do this,
without your hand in mine, without time?
When I feel nothing,
when my head spins from the damage.
When I feel nothing.
Here once again.
Do this thing in my heart,
in my heart once again.
Why would we ever part,
without your hand in mine, without time?
When I feel nothing,
when my head spins from the damage.
When I feel nothing,
when my heard spins from your absence.
It's your whisper sweetheart.

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