

Mourning September "The Damage"

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Here once again, what can i do with this,
in my heart once agian?
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 agian,
do this thing in my heart, in my heart once agian.
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 head spins from your absense.
when my head spins from the damage.

It's your whisper sweetheart...

When I feel nothing,
when my head spins from the damage.
When I feel nothing.
when my head spins from your absense.
when my head spins from the damage.
when my head spins from the damage.

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