

Room With A View

"Single Handed (The Days Of The Trumpet Call)"

Visit "[Single Handed \(The Days Of The Trumpet Call\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Soul covered in dust
Spoiled walls transpire
The voice of the mould
Of life chained

I sleep on the coils
Dusted places soaked
Fragments of lived life
(and) Of a Lost smile

Floating away
The twisted coils around me
Is it too far for me
For my unsold soul?

How can you say that it doesn't matter
When everything around has started to shatter?

Waiting over accomplishments
I need and I want to try
All the pleasure and the pain
Coming back again

Visit [Room With A View](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.