Scythe "What Counts And What Remains"

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When I started this I was unsure whether to stop or to go on

After all I fall as usual - a certain mood you gave me for a while

Everything I touch turns to blood - everytime I want things to develop

But still I am someone

What counts and what remains is a small but futile ground to harvest, maybe one day

Everything I gave you was supposed to die Things are never clear these days Walk the ways again, see life goes on Because what counts and what remains for me is a love you never experienced

What counts and what remains for me is a love you never experienced

Ignorance is bliss

We are pretty when we lie

Because everything I gave you was supposed to die,

Everything I gave you was supposed to die

Things are never clear these days, walk the ways again, see life goes on

What counts and what remains for me is a small but futile ground to harvest, maybe one day...

What counts and what remains is a small but futile ground to harvest, maybe one day

Come home where you grew up Walk the ways again See life goes on

What counts and what remains is a small but futile ground

What counts and what remains is a small but futile ground to harvest, maybe one day
Maybe one day...

Everything I liked to keep Nothing more and silence weeps Of everything, everything I came from once And I believe in stars alight
Future somehow - I don't mind of everything,
Everything that will come maybe
Thank you just for being here tonight
Thank you just for staying in my mind
Everything I like to keep
Everyone is wise
But me

Life is getting closer now
Somehow I don't mind
Somehow everything of this I like to keep
And I believe
And I believe in stars alight
Future somehow - I don't mind of everything
Everything that may come someday
What counts and what remains...

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