

Tystnaden

"Sweet Thief"

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Never say that my heart seemed false, though absence
seemed my flame to fade

Cry my name

All my paintings turning to grey, though my heart
keeps following your light

Cry my name

No one else has ever lived me, my stolen sense is
changed since then

I made your own asylum, I made it 'till you're gonna
come here

Finding peace in roots of anger, finding pictures of
your memory

I made your own asylum, You made it 'till I'll come here

Cry my name

I pray for my little angel, can you hear my breathing?

Can you feel my breathing?

I pray for my fallen angel, can you hear my crying?

No one else has ever lived me, my stolen sense is
changed since then

I made your own asylum, I made it 'till you're gonna
come here

Finding peace in roots of anger, finding pictures of
your memory

I made your own asylum, I made it 'till you're come
here

Cry my name

I pray for my little angel, can you hear my breathing?

Can you feel my breathing?

I pray for my fallen angel, can you hear my crying?

Can you feel my cry?

The forward violet thus did I chide:

Sweet thief, where did you steal your sweet that smells
I know, for me without compare?

The forward violet thus did I chide:

Sweet thief, where did you steal your sweet that smells
I feel, for me is closed.

I pray for my little angel, can you hear my breathing?
Can you feel my breathing?
I pray for my fallen angel, can you hear my crying?

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