

Wine From Tears **"Close To Katatonia"**

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Beside myself the shadows creep like old memories
And cruel winds, they laugh at me, they are my
enemies
I sit in the corner, feel guilt and wrecked, and wait for
them, and they come back
My weakness sell my soul to them, to seven rounds that
reign in hell

One... I only want to touch the sun
But I'm drown, and I can only feel disharm

I'm close to katatonia...
No light around, no voice of mercy
And my surround is mindless corpses
My body doesn't obey me
Alone like a stone, so proud but free...

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