

Omnium Gatherum "Cure A Wound"

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Throw your wishes at a stone
Whenever feeling it
What has an endless sight
It never cared for us

Will the midnight sun ever be that black again?

Take off more masquerades
Longing to be touched
To be released in a way
Or another

Try harder and everything will be blending
Then tear it down

The wine's out of your cup
Don't cure a wound
No, that doesn't help at all

Throw your wishes at a stone
Whenever feeling it
What has an endless sight
It never cared for us

The wine's out of your cup
Don't cure a wound
No, that doesn't help at all

The wine's out of your cup
Don't cure a wound
No, that doesn't help at all

There's too many party people the tough guys are even
worse
If it's gray one should get lost you should know you
spell it wrong
Let's bleed for the years that passed away
With seasonal affective disorder even in midsummer

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