

The Noise "Cold Memories"

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Cold memories

They are falling down,
the dreams that I've broken,
and just like snowflakes they are,
slowly crumbling.

They are falling down,
the whims of my mind,
and wandering for burned fields,
they're sheading the sky.

No matter what people say,
it's dark and cold.
And there are still too many things that I cannot hold.

They are falling down,
the suicides I've desired,
blood has stopped flowing now,
it has flooded me.

They are falling down,
all the clashing sounds,
and like howling wolves they are,
echoing through the scars.

No matter what people say,
it's dark and cold.
And there are still too many things that I cannot hold.
Lost inside the wood,
my dreams are falling like snow upon the trees,
I need to find a place to hide myself far from me.
I'll be waiting for.

No matter what people say,
it's dark and cold.
And there are still too many things that I cannot hold.
Lost inside the wood,
my dreams are falling like snow upon the trees.
I need to find a place to hide myself far from me.

I'll be waiting for.

I'll be waiting for.
I'll be waiting.

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