

## Residents

### "Main Titles"

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I told them how my wife had fallen into sickness and to  
calling out her  
name with questions on her tongue. We had always  
been so happy that at  
first I wasn't sad because I thought my love could keep  
her strong. But I  
never thought so wrongly for the fever fought too  
strongly and it seemed  
she never fought at all. Soon she died, and I despaired  
upon the love seat  
we had shared so many times on pleasant afternoons. I  
tried and tried to  
understand why love itself could not command my true  
love from the comas of  
her mind. Now, empty, open and foreboding,  
stretching out like darkened  
clothing somehow stained with silence and with fear.  
Death had brought its  
separation, giving me an education of a dull and slowly  
drifting day. I  
filled my emptiness with sorrow, taking what I could not  
borrow from the  
friends I finally drove away.

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