

Agresi?n

"That Day"

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Who would go to where I grew up
who would care to know my last name
who would judge my written past when I am gone
when I am gone
I'm dizzy, I'm weak but with blood enough to notice
My finger prints in red over the curtains
My only link with pain is breakin' slowly
I think I'm falling asleep, I'm loosing conscience
I haven't bled for so long, I could just stop it
but I'm so tired it's a casier to go
I think I'm not too far, I could just go back
But everything is dark, the music is fading

And I, I just left, left my senses away somewhere
And I just left, no one noticed that day
no one cared

Who would keep my favorite records, who would read
my secret letters

De maracay.....

My wounds don't even hurt
I see no longer light
I hear the music end

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