Stavesacre "St. Eriksplan"

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Last straw fell silently in still needles and empty dreams

Never was a mountain so she's heading down and then picking up speed

And it's beautiful

They only ask when I don't know as if he'd tell me where to go

Lover could you tide me over, have I told you what you mean to me

You're beautiful

Should you come down again I hope that you remember me that way

The story's reached it's end and now I walk away

Start over somewhere else

Where no one knows my name

Sweethearts pick and sweetspots bleed and love gives way to loyalty

And nothing's free or guaranteed and sometimes love escapes such misery

And it's beautiful

Moonlight through broken wide country all around But every mile she's farther from a lifetime with each mile she forgets more

And it's beautiful

Don't look for me again I will not be coming back this way

The story's reached it's end and now I walk away Start over somewhere else

Where no one knows my name

No one knows the words I've spoken, the paths I've chosen

The promises that have been broken

Where no one knows the words I've spoken the paths I've chosen

Where everyone that I know knows Him Reconstruct

Self Destruction

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