

The Explosion

"The Last Goodbye"

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On this cold November morning I still think of the things you said, I can't say I feel like cheating, though I know that you're mislead. The sound of the last goodbye still wakes me at night, try (to) keep the flame away from the rain in this fading light. Sure I know that I'm not perfect, don't recall that I've claimed to be, (but) now it seems that you no longer have the use of knowing me. The sound of the last goodbye still wakes me at night, try (to) keep the flame away from the rain in this fading light. In the shades of life I find myself crying, the distance is growing, connection is dying. On this cold November morning I still think of the things you said, (but) now it seems that you no longer have the use of knowing me. And then you drifted away, cut the lifeline and vanished (from) my sight. And then you drifted away, slipped away on this cold November night. listen to the dark, the feeling of how it embrace me once again. God to the godless, leading the blind, you mentally shipwrecked, true lies you will find.

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