

Breath For Death

Frown

Like in a shallow grave
My faith is situated
I hope that my misses
Can hear my breathing

The nights with the glass
On the window pane

Voice like a wind
Unnatural look
I'm trying not to freeze in a snow
To love and to be loved

Breath for dead
Breath for dead
Breath for dead

Like in a shallow grave
My faith is situated
I hope that my misses
Can hear my breathing

The nights with the glass
On the window pane

Breath for dead
Breath for dead
Breath for dead

It's like a fate, a circle without symbol
Never ending suffering, suffering
Treachery for a, for a soul
Like a verdict of death, of death

Breath, breath for dead
Breath for dead
Breath for dead, dead

Death, it's like a fate
It's like a fate
It's like a fate
It's like a fate