

## Catholic Sunday

Pink Turns Blue

Catholic Sunday

And now I'm happy willing to die  
but still fond of my life  
this is a symbol for taking up my cross I had such  
confidence in myself that day  
This is art of war  
I'll undoubtedly be burned alive  
failure makes things seem stupid  
That is what I have come to  
watch your heart being torn  
Without staying to look behind  
I'm a scoundrel ain't I?  
Sucking your life blood  
you shall live eternally  
In my heart  
I say.

It was the wound to my pride that made me fall ill  
I was upon the point of killing myself a time  
I like to suffer that's my role  
you say  
I'm going to run away  
I'm going to run away

On Catholic Sunday

Watching my heart being torn  
yes I wanted your tears  
Watching you all the night  
I'm running home now  
Your eyes will follow me to the end of earth  
Among the ruins  
engaged at seeing my own blood flow  
I'm not able to control my mind  
Have been getting too full of bile  
as most people do their first love  
Collection of false maxims and dull commonplace  
time has come to unravel the know  
A clean break  
I thought you had died  
Is there really to find such strength in your will to  
live that life  
Despite your melancholic eyes  
there's something wrong  
inside  
oh what a vile

On Catholic Sunday