

## Gray Blow

Unholy

Water gives a sigh

My hair seems to be seized by the wind  
But I must continue this trip never looking back

Whirl absorbed, water gives a sigh  
Through's are reserved, water is darkening

Gray blow is my home  
Nice weather was, is and will be today  
Now I'll transpire, gray blow is my home  
Still I am doomed to be in this walls of myself  
They prevent my words  
I fell in love with myself