

The Soul That Doesn't Sleep

Cadaveria

There is a feeling, probably a sensation, that arises in me today
It's like a strange form of irrepressible inclination to weeping and rest

I can't decipher the weeping reason
There is an implied joy
But these tears are not flowing for joy
It could be this sick music I'm listening to
And the consciousness to be alone
Although I'm going to meet the world

All my fears come true
All my nightmares come true

It won't be the dark that will send my soul to sleep
It won't be the sun to awake my soul, I'm alive!
I'm free and satisfied
I'm alive, at least until you survive

The soul that doesn't sleep
My, my soul will never sleep

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It's like a strange form of irrepressible inclination to weeping and rest

I am alive, at least until you survive