```
I need a catalyst, to rekindle the flame
That once burned within these fists where defeat remains
The night has fallen down the staircase...
I need a catalyst, to rekindle the flame
That once burned within these fists where defeat remains
One February night, we screamed our agonies
And I swear I tried to care
I tried, I tried...
But the icicles hung down like prison bars...
I need a catalyst, to rekindle the flame
That once burned within these fists where defeat remains
One February night, we screamed our agonies
And I swear I tried to care
I tried, I tried...
(And) I lost the will to fight...
The will to fight...
(I lost the will to fight... I lost the will to fight... I lost
it... I lost it...
I lost the will to fight.)
```