

Author

Katatonía

Feel the future
Sift through your days
In your palace of wretched steel
See my absence as something good

Oh, grant your eyes a little rest
Turn your face towards your fortune
See my absence as something good

Author of scars
I see your hands upon my epitaph
Then you shift into a looking glass
A sky void of stars

Touch the concrete
Placed on my chest
And chain the songbirds to your argent dome
Confirm my fate as disposable

Oh, grant your eyes a little rest
Turn your face towards your fortune
And keep your promises negotiable

Author of scars
I see your hands upon my epitaph
Then you shift into a looking glass
A sky void of stars

It's shaking
My trembling howl
It's breaking
Overtaking

Author of scars
I see your hands upon my epitaph
Then you shift into a looking glass
A sky void of stars

Creator of flaws
I know you will be the last to laugh
Then you shift into a looking glass
A sky void of stars