

## March 4th

Katatonia

Left with spring alone  
I withdraw from this  
I lived so differently  
It wasn't good enough

I was with you alone  
Winter was gone

Things once blurred are twice sharpened  
When I think of what I could have  
Blood has left me even before you  
Can never return a second time

I lived so differently  
Did it all for it  
But everything is now  
A film on rewind