

Arms towering into fear
Feels like I am going in my sleep
The dead are breeding under my pillow
Is there a place for you in me?
Best forgotten
Gates closing when you draw near
At the very heart of melancholia
Those were his last words
Is there still something to die for?
Inside my heart a wasteland
That only you can fill with life
For there are strangers in our way
Pulling us under, dreaming us under tonight
As certain as the grave
If I lie to you again
Imposed in the darkness
Every word is true
and best forgotten
Words surrender into a seal
My life is a curse I keep to myself
The dead are breaking under my pillow
Memories of when you were there
Best forgotten
Lips drying when you are near
At the very pit of melancholia
Those were her last souls
Is there still something to dream of?
Inside my heart a wasteland still
That only you could make me feel
For there are snakes in our way
Feeling us under, nesting us under tonight
As certain as the grave if I lie to you again
Imposed in the darkness
Every word is true
and best forgotten