

Tides of Despair

Nocturnal Depression

It seems the dawn will no more raise
And I lay on the graveyard of memories
A mystic fog is embracing tombstones
As from my right hand, an empty bottle is falling

Melancholic waves are drowning my mind
And turn the ship of my body to a wreck
Broken by the tides of despair
Until I lay on the seabed... dead

From my other hand something else is falling
A tube of several anti-depressive pills
I've shallowed more than a half with whiskey
And when I've felt, I hurt a grave on which my blood remains

Melancholic waves are drowning my mind
And turn the ship of my body to a wreck
Broken by the tides of despair
Until I lay on the seabed... dead

The anger of my sorrow is leading each ones of my acts
The sadness of my hatred is feeding my suicide attempts

The more forward you all go, the more back I walk
Cause I don't need to feel your gazes upon me... anymore... any
more...

Melancholic waves are drowning my mind
And turn the ship of my body to a wreck
Broken by the tides of despair
Until I lay on the seabed... dead