

## Diacritic

## Sad Harmony

My empty eyes watching that price  
It's in my hands our common life  
Belongs this knife  
All sinfull things that we admired  
They comprehend the lymph for all next days  
We'll spent till we will die  
Recall that face, look cold, you know  
Now you can't be in good time, low  
Follow my steps to our hide-out  
If i shall save you for all of our time  
I wouldn't dare but you show me how  
We're instant case, our mutual void  
Too late to care  
What's grown in me, i do deny  
Designedly deceived you, set traps on your road  
And you will die