

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