

Now I wait alone,  
For death to come.  
Faded pictures.  
So I know,  
Nowhere to go.

So I don't  
Picture your body,  
Hearing your voice,  
And fall into your eyes. (Your eyes.)

Through crooked lines,  
The morning light  
Faded pictures.  
In my mind,  
Not scared of death.

No, I don't  
Picture your body,  
Hearing your voice,  
And fall into your eyes. (Your eyes.)

Fall into your eyes.

(Your eyes.) [x4]