

Julius

STRFKR

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]