

My Heart Will Stop at Sunday

Wine From Tears

How soon I'll be gone?
Tastes salt from the liquid running
Look what have I done
My broken bones on the floor are lying

How many more days?
They'll keep my name on their lips
How many more ways to decay?
Far away

The clock is ticking slowly
We exist to experience beauty only
Death is just a moment
The else is just the waiting

Sometimes we feel hurtled from our lives
And no heaven can soothe the pain
We need to fear the death, but an empty life
Anyway you can't get out alive