

A.F.I., Wester

again and again they blend into one, my
father the morning pushes through my moonlight love, so what's sleep,
sleep,
sleep.

whoaa..

i'm tired, so tired, so tired..

but it seems that there's someone here with me
we are the wakeful, wry and watchful, we are awaiting
deathless ones

we are the wakeful, wry and watchful, we are awaiting
deathless ones

a story at three with the shrillest of cries, my
mind fights with the sparkles in the corner of my eyes, so what's sleep,
sleep,
sleep.

whoaa..

i'm tired, so tired, so tired...

but it seems that there's someone here with me
We are the wakeful, wry and watchful, we are awaiting
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we are the wakeful, wry and watchful, we are awaiting
the deathless ones

i hear the mourning choir

sing to me

their elegy

i hear the mourning choir

sing to me

their elegy

(sing to me...)

i hear the mourning choir (so beautiful)

(sing to me...)

their elegy (beauty)

(sing to me...)

i hear the mourning choir (ah, they sing to me)

(sing to me...)

their elegy (requiem)

i hear the mourning choir

sing to me

their elegy

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