Autumn Clan, Requiem to the Sun

Now it's 6. 66 a.m. I wanna gettin' me out of this place before I'm going insane

I will turn my head aside the sun let the darkness in ... (and overcome) I will turn my eyes away from you never gonna change my point of view

Holding me, corroding me, changing me, re-arranging me

You can bring me guitars, you can bring me a bottle of wine You can bring me some cigarrettes but I won't smoke this time