

Katatonía, Last Resort

And here the air that I breathe isn't dead
Enter life of what's still here
Close the door away from here
Shrouded in autumn's grave ascension

Thought the bridge was over now
Lost the track astray somehow
Who's painting my life in sorrow blue

A relief for a dislocated mind
Shelter for thoughts
Asylum for my soul
This place is the only I need to know

Salvation for a lonely stinking kind
All my duties be done
A few years take
Never leaving again you are forever