

Quorthon, All In All I Know

When I asked myself the other day I came to realise I'm not ok
I've burned my fingers bad before I've seen myself through worse I'm sure
But just the same I'm really not ok

Oh how I wish that I could sleep
I try but won't just sink that deep
My fingers won't stop aching so tired yet awoken
Or should I let it all loose and just weep

I've been pacing up and down my floors I have lost all sense of time
I sometimes halt and ask myself if I'm about to loose my mind

All in all I know

From when I get up way past lunch time I keep on asking myself
If when the night falls hard on all I'm up to pace around again

All in all I know