

Gloomy way that you will go
Being colored like the snow
Feel like baby in your arms
Hardly spreading all your charms
Old man suffers from the pain
He has nothing more to gain
All his thoughts are over-bored
Manic, panic, self-assured

No more concealing
No more delaying
You'll have to go

Come to my life where angels fly
Come to my dreams here there's no cry
Fall to the hole fall like the snow
Come to my dream cut from the stone

When your naked soul appears
Getting inside through your tears
Innocence will run away
From your mind but I will stay
And the city of my life
Will be living through the night
You will pay your debts to me
You will come and you will see

No more concealing
No more delaying
You'll have to go

Come to my life where angels fly
Come to my dreams here there's no cry
Fall to the hole fall like the snow
Come to my dream cut from the stone