

# Tokyo Witch

## Beach House

In a dark winter Tokyo  
In the Mahjong parlour he waits  
Severed past throbbing through his hands  
Nobody comes to the one who waits  
In the hallways they're lying there in the red blossom of The gaze  
In your arms there is nothing left  
We are all on the wait My whole life is a mystery that i can't break  
Our lings and Calvary of our mistakes  
I would love to heal you now In a dark winter tokyo  
In the Mahjong parlours they wait  
Severed past sweeping through their hands  
Nobody comes to the ones that wait In the heart of the young they gloss over the pain All i wanted to see is that i  
am better  
All i want to believe is that i am better  
Round and round  
All i want you to see is that i am better  
Round and round

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