

# Patra (Petra)

## Saint Vitus

When they told me you  
were leaving  
I began to feel sick inside  
Because I never,never  
got to tell you  
What I'm feeling inside  
my mind  
In my nightmares caused  
by anguish  
I can see you run away  
In the daylight,I am hunting  
Only to lose your last trace  
I still feel your presence always  
And I've fallen over the line  
I am hurting as I wonder  
What it would be like if you  
were mine  
If you were mine  
If you were mine

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