

In the White

Katatonia

Are you in
Or are you out
Words are stones
In my mouth
Hush little baby
Don't you cry
Truth comes down
Strikes me in the eye
Turning seasons within
Brand new nails across my skin
Who am I to imply?
That I was found and I found you in the white
To overcome this I become one with
Quiet colder late november
If you dont see I remain unseen
Till this time to be rememebered
So I had a green light
I was lost in city lights
Not so far from a try
This is not our last good bye

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