

Avalanche

Epica

I found your photograph in a cardboard box in a magazine
I can't remember you, remember us or anything
I taught you how to feel, but you just feel numb
They taught you how to feel, but you just feel numb
She comes apart in the avalanche
Fades out like a dance, crawls back into bed
When it's over, when it's over, when it's over, it's over
I watch the window and listen for the sound of cars
I can't remember the last time that it was yours
I taught you how to feel, why do you feel numb?
They taught us how to feel, but we just feel numb
She falls apart in the avalanche
Fades out like a dance, crawls back into bed
When it's over, when it's over, when it's over, and it's over
She falls apart in the avalanche
Fades out like a dance, crawls back into bed
When it's over, it's over, when it's over

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