

# Procession

## Troum

There is no end to this  
I have seen your face  
But I don't recognize all these things  
You must have left behind  
It's a problem, you know  
That's been there all your life  
I try to make you see the world without a view  
That just turn black and white  
At night, it gets cold and  
You'd dearly like to turn away  
The escape that fills  
Makes you want to turn on heel  
Alone, alone, alone, alone  
There is no end to this  
I can't turn away

Another picture but the scene  
It's still the same  
There is no room to move  
Or try to look away  
Remember, life is strange  
Life keeps getting stranger every day  
I try so hard but this attitude's  
A type that won't subside  
No matter what they say  
Remember, heart beats you, late at night  
Your heart beats you, late at night  
Your heart beats you, late at night  
Your heart beats you, late at night

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