

In the White

Katatonia

Are you in or are you out
The words are stones in my mouth
Hush little baby don't you cry
Truth comes down
Strikes me in the eyeTurning season within
Brand new nails across my skin
But who am I to imply
That I was found
That I found you in the whiteTo overcome this
I become one with
The quiet cold of late November
If you don't see
I'll remain unseen
Until there's time to be rememberedSo I had a green light
I was lost in city lights
Not far from a try
This is not our last goodbye

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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