Transfer: Complete

Icon of Coil

In the middle of this storm again, fighting fire
Only fragments of the life I had remain
My enemy, my inner self, haunting me down
Brief touch of reality, I'm losing my gravityI've seen these clouds way too many times
Although the sky is bleeding
I've seen these clouds way too many times
Still my eyes are dryThe transfer is complete
On to another place, another time
Your beautiful world is dead
Pitch black, with your burning flag in my hands
Is there anything left to save?
Except from revolting pride?
Is there anything left at all?
Is there anything left to long for?Although the sky is bleeding
Still my eyes are dry

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