

Mount Wroclai – Beirut

And I know when time will pass by slow
Without my heart what can I do
In the halls a bell gives way
To a larger swell
Without my heart
What can I do
Mount Wroclai
Mount Wroclai
Mount Wroclai
Mount Wroclai
And we grow fat on
The charms of our idle dreary days
Seen the shadows grow,
See an ominous display
With no alarm, couldn't say
We had expected this that way
Under stars and death,
Pennance and decay
Mount Wroclai
Mount Wroclai
Mount Wroclai
Mount Wroclai
Mount Wroclai
Mount Wroclai
Mount Wroclai
Mount Wroclai
Mount Wroclai
Mount Wroclai



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych