

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
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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,
Penance and decay
Mount Wroclai
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Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych