

Tokyo Witch

Beach House

In a dark winter Tokyo
In the Mahjong parlour he waits
Severed past throbbing through his hands
Nobody comes to the one who waits
In the hallways they're lying there in the red blossom of The gazebo
In your arms there is nothing left
We are all on the wait

My whole life is a mystery that i can't break
Our lings and Calvary of our mistakes
I would love to heal you now

In a dark winter tokyo
In the Mahjong parlours they wait
Severed past sweeping through their hands
Nobody comes to the ones that wait

In the heart of the young they gloss over the pain

All i wanted to see is that i am better
All i want to believe is that i am better
Round and round
All i want you to see is that i am better
Round and round