

Tokyo Witch

Beach House

In a dark winter Tokyo
In the Mahjong waters he wades
Seven pasts thrumming through his heads
Though he comes to the water ways
In the hallways they lie in bed
Dream the red loss of all their days
In your arms there is nothing left
But we are all on the way
My whole life
Is the mystery
That I can't bear
Oh wings
That are camery
Upon this day
I would love to heal you now
In a dark winter Tokyo
In the Mahjong waters they wade
Severed pasts sweeping through their hands
No one comes to the water way
In the hour of the all
There is notes along the way
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 wanted to see
Is that I am better
round and round

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