



DONKERLIG
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DARKLIGHT

PLEASE PLAY AGAIN

Washed up on a beach one day. She was just going out to play.
Washed up on my beach today. She will never ever play again.
Father's hands are trembling. Father's hands can feel the wounds.
Baby's hands are cold and lifeless. Father is praying: please play again.

Please, please, please play again. Please play again.

Father's hands are steady now. Does time make the pain subside?
Father's hands are waiting now. As deep inside revenge resides.
Father's hands in prayer: 'Forgive me, for what I'm about to do'.
I can not bring back my reason, for living, so I might as well be dead.

Please, please, please play again. Please play again.

My hands can feel the doorknob. My hands can feel his throat.
My hands can feel the gun cold. My trembling hands can feel the blow.

Please, please, please play again. Please play again.

These hands not satisfied. Revenge don't satisfy
These hands in saddest face. These hands the saddest.