

Bana, Shell

It feels like if I were but to close my eyes
I'd soon vanish, fade, and disappear into oblivion
Vanish, and turn into a perfect stranger
It's sad, yes... just a little bit

Those weren't sighs borne out of my desire to be saved
No, what I breathed out was merely signs of my lonely existence
Signs which I counted, one, by one, by one

In the midst of these wilted times
My heart's adrowning, awrithing
The lies which spun my head around
I stopped them, caught them, and ripped them apart
And thus, I find myself lost astray
In a world of pallid darkness

For the people my trust lies with
I've chosen my place
And it's within a cage enshackled by my freedom, isn't it?
Never again will I see the light of day *3

In the depths of my parched throat
It began. The reason for its fleeting transience
Lay in its fear of the coming tomorrow
Even if I were to break, collapse and shatter
It seeks me out, and whispers to me
In a voice of pallid darkness

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