

Lunatic Soul, Cold

Cold illucid world outside
Dim, amorphous silhouettes of hope
Trying to retain their shades by praying to the sun

I press my face against the pane
Stuck inside a container called myself
Watching all these blurry faces yearning to be sharp
Hiding from the sobbing noise and resounding laughs

But there's something beyond that draws me in
I abandon my shelter when the crowd thins out
I go there when the warm night falls
Stay behind the yellow line insecure

Maybe one night I dare to forget
I dare to try
I know you are waiting somewhere at the edge of us

There's something beyond that draws me in
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