

Clouding our sleep...
Years discord the unbelief
Words. All you've said
Wishes worn through the seam
Scarring the ears
Caustic whispers from you
Only ourselves: left with the tears

Mindless and empty, false and absurd
In coma lies the the crowd
Their sleep disturbed
Stirring our dream
Endless days, stars at night
Fear becomes wings for your darkened flights
Your friends are here to celebrate a serpents choice
Only yourself, left with the tears

So insincere, lifeless shades of selfishness
Delicate death, accelerating taste of lead
The pointed search, in vain now has ended
Their hollow selves left with the tears