

Never knew quite when it stopped  
Nor when it began  
Just a chain of happenings  
Years floating  
Days passing by

Falling in and out of madness  
Walking on the edge  
Pretending  
Faking strength  
Hiding behind smiles

Never knew quite when it died  
Nor when it was torn

Just a chain of bad ideas  
Years floating  
Days passing by  
You may think time stands still, it does not  
It disappears  
In the wake

Whatever sense it makes  
We never learn from our mistakes  
Whatever comfort it might bring  
Nothingness embraces everythin