

Just went through your eyes,
and the battle was fine.
Couldn't stand to see you screaming heart.
Now I realize that I might have been
part of the reason for your frowning heart.

And so I grey the heart and the shape,
that look that you gave, staring.
At empty help me back to awake.
And so I grey the heart and the shape.

Now the bottle plays a little factor.
Not the way I used to be, thankfully.
I was discussing a different matter,
now I engage in everything, infinity...

Help me back to awake.
There were sentences with no direction,
those are pieces that I put away.
There is sadness in the reflection,
one long look is all that it takes.