

Diary Of Dreams, June

Now I'm living life without you
And I'm waiting to hear you grasp for air
June lies hidden in those ruins of your eyes
Have you seen me stumble in this demented world ?

June you've lost your colour
Could one stray under your wings

Liberty, a word I read once in a book
Frozen roses, as a gift to your content

I figured I could risk this stupid absolution
O' disillusioned, I'm face to face with silence
Your quivering breath, too weak to survive
What a shame, we never spoke a word

Liberty, a word I read once in a book
Frozen roses, as a gift to your content
Icicle-rain pounding on my head
Images demand to take a smile for granted

Tomorrow is always the first day of
the end of your life