

# Epiclore, Cold

Lying here in the cold  
crumbled and trampled over  
Blinding fear, a dismal life alone  
May it hurt, truth be told  
Uncertain, discontented  
Fears convert into pain

When the world grows cold around you  
a sense of nothingness that ails your soul  
can turn into sorrow and despair  
Dreaming  
In the haze our mind blends into  
a state of unison is all we know  
a garden of Eden we can share  
when the world grows cold

Hanging on to one hope  
I can repress no longer  
Waiting for a sign of some response  
Even though worlds apart  
may be meant to stay asunder  
Can't let go  
Have to try

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