

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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