

Godsend, Thoughts And Shadows

Life can be so meaningless and cruel
Hurt and confusion seems to be the rule
Why so hard so merciless and mean
To let this suffering and greed be seen

Careless tenderness from every fellow man
Evil scorn and vicious spite from unforgiving hands
No one to hold on to in the darkest hour of night
When thoughts and shadows haunt you
Until you are paralysed with fright

Visions of a deep cold grave about to enclose me
Suspicion of conspiracy in every face I see
The moments of true happiness are seldom to be found
I fear you death and want to live don't me in the ground

Ashamed to feel the emotion growing cold
Such a cost of living with so many things untold
Layer upon layer to cover what's inside
The mirror growing darker, from myself I cannot hide