

Papermill, Euphoria

In the morning when I woke
I read again the ink you poured,
I had a thought, began to smile
for I knew I could've been down for weeks
if I just let those words play
with my mind, and so I stole any meaning
from them and then killed them,
replaced with my own memories, so

euphoria took my soul
with her and carried me along
inside a world
without a single trace of you
left paralyzed somewhere in time
but not in space.

Euphoria took my hand.

In the morning when I got dressed
I had some thoughts I thought were lost.
In the morning when i had my tea
I started daydreaming and feeling soft.
In the morning when I closed the door
behind me I saw nothing was wrong.
In the morning I smiled a thousand times
and walked and walked and walked.

Euphoria took my soul.