

# Pati Yang, Over

I am going over for you  
Over limits  
Crushing eggshells  
This is the day when the saints step down  
Just to save me from myself  
another day's sinking deep inside  
I can't carry on this far  
The evening's taking the shapes in dark  
Men and women starring through a glass  
And now it's Over  
For bad  
For good  
Over  
And I'm over too  
I'm over too  
I am carrying knife in my heave heart  
It's still bleeding  
I don't know  
How many hours I've spent inside  
Outside seems  
Like A No-World  
The minutes creep underneath my skin  
Seconds vanish  
Sink like veins  
The clock is ticking me into sleep  
Hope I'll find some time for dreams.