

# Salem, Cancel The Sun

Drape the room in shades of grey  
Over pastel greens they are running  
Like the ours of the day,  
Seemingly they run to nothing

Burn the midnight oil,  
Turn the lights down to a whisper  
Feeling so alone  
Try your hardest not to miss her

The twilights throwing pounding rain,  
Let it in, let it in,  
Queen of hearts relentless screams,  
Let it in, let it in

Defeated hearts always, will end up in flames