## Still Remains, The Worst Is Yet To Come

These words have slipped again Stitch the lips of the mouth that murmurs them Cloud your vision, make everyone disappear There's still tie to wake up Get out while you still can speak This mud is too thick to see through The stitches are coming out The wounds won't heal Is this embedded status permanent? So, I'm rearing... The worse is yet to come, days are getting shorter Close your eyes for a while, rest a little longer This mud is too thick to see through The stitches are coming out The wounds won't heal themselves Is this embedded status permanent? So, I'm rearing... The worse is yet to come, days are getting shorter Close your eyes for a while, rest a little longer These shoulders are too weak to carry any more My will is too weak to carry on