

Trauma, Suffocated In Slumber

Suffocated in slumber
I won't manage to return to the living
Floating suspended in a void
Detached from reality
Dull light comes through the window-panes
Any contact is impossible
I can't distinguish between night and day
I am the outcast
Faces are more and more distant
Objects consumed by their own outlines
Depression grows around
Tightening persistently on my neck
If you know my destiny
Let me guess
How many days are left
Before I burn like waste
Suffocated in slumber
Suffocated...
I once believed in the rubbish
Fostered by dignitaries
I let them lead me like a child
Here I am but I ceased to be
Suffocated in slumber
Suffocated in slumber
Suffocated...