

As Hope Dies, To Slumber

Realized under the cover of darkness
we are the dreams and they are the shadows
of doubt in a lucid mind
in a cocoon of fear
there is nothing left
but to tremble and submit
while all that could of been
lies undiscovered without meaning
what's kept in conquers
what's kept out and we'll be found dead
behind locked doors with prayerless hands
clutching useless keys
asleep forever