

# Bana, Shell

It feels like if I were but to close my eyes  
I'd soon vanish, fade, and disappear into oblivion  
Vanish, and turn into a perfect stranger  
It's sad, yes... just a little bit

Those weren't sighs borne out of my desire to be saved  
No, what I breathed out was merely signs of my lonely existence  
Signs which I counted, one, by one, by one

In the midst of these wilted times  
My heart's adrowning, awrithing  
The lies which spun my head around  
I stopped them, caught them, and ripped them apart  
And thus, I find myself lost astray  
In a world of pallid darkness

For the people my trust lies with  
I've chosen my place  
And it's within a cage enshackled by my freedom, isn't it?  
Never again will I see the light of day \*3

In the depths of my parched throat  
It began. The reason for its fleeting transience  
Lay in its fear of the coming tomorrow  
Even if I were to break, collapse and shatter  
It seeks me out, and whispers to me  
In a voice of pallid darkness

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