

Beth Crowley, How it ends

There's a darkness, that plays behind your wicked smile.
Aching sadness, as you cradle me like I'm a child.
This is madness,
we're descending into madness.

And it chills me to the bone,
even when you're gone, I'm not alone.
I'm never alone.

I'm searching, desperate for a fracture in your shell.
With every passing day it gets harder to tell,
where the demon stops and where you begin.
But I promise you, this isn't how it ends.

I am frightened as we tumble down the rabbit hole.
My grip tightens, I'm clinging to your missing soul.
You can fight them,
together we can fight them.

Tell me you're not too far gone,
that I'm not a fool for holding on.
I have to hold on.

I'm searching, desperate for a fracture in your shell.
With every passing day it gets harder to tell,
where the demon stops and where you begin.
But I promise you, this isn't how it ends.

Deep within your twisted truth
you've made yourself a home.
But it's a place where I can't follow you,
don't leave me on my own.
I can't do this on my own.

I'm searching, desperate for a fracture in your shell.
With every passing day it gets harder to tell,
where the demon stops and where you begin.
But I promise you, this isn't how it ends.