

# Between The Buried And Me, (Shevanel Part 2)

My head won't rest on this pillow  
You're gripped in my arms tonight  
Like reality; too tight  
And if a dream could last forever,  
I would hold you here,  
Time need not freeze,  
I need not fear.

This world inside  
Is the world I have longed to find  
and I will not be afraid to love  
I will not be afraid to lose what I once deprived myself of

My tears have salt stained this pillow  
As it's loosened from my weakened clutch  
By the sun's light, too much  
There's a hope today  
I'll find a way to make  
This dream a life and real to me

Sometimes I'll run and sometimes I'll crawl  
Sometimes I'll fly and sometimes I'm gonna fall  
But this dream of mine will not change at all