

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