

Confessor, The Stain

today I lost my will to live
it simply spilled out on to the floor
next to the pile of broken dreams
I didn't notice till I saw the stain

I didn't feel it trickle out of my soul
(because I feel nothing)

pain had been my dearest friend
it was always there for me
when my dreams crumbled

now I'm left in this
horrible sea of numbness
without any hope
there is no need for pain
so, now I have nothing

I think I died awhile ago