

Faded Grey, To Rest

Take these thoughts away.
I don't want to think today.
Erase my memory.
I beg free me from this pain.
Cleanse this tired soul.
This fight has grown old.
Nowhere left to run.
What's done is done.
Will I ever be at peace?
I'm only asking for release.
Dark clouds form again.
Regrets - I can't forget.
Yeah!
Cleanse this tired soul.
This fight has grown old.
Nowhere left to run.
What's done is done.