

# Gardenian, Soulburner

Sometimes thinking of suicide  
The thought that sharpens my mind  
Deep down in manic depression  
I only hear my own cries

These thoughts are so twisted I can hardly  
Look out from the edge of my world  
Those feelings of losing every sense of touch  
I tried to reach with my hands

Sometimes thinking of suicide  
The thought that sharpens my mind  
Sometimes life feels much cheaper  
So cold, dull and grey

These thoughts are so twisted I can hardly  
Look out from the edge of my world  
Those feelings of losing every sense of touch  
I tried to reach with my hands

Moving near the end of my dream  
However I'm leaving after  
I've tried to feel the way others feel  
But it's just not for me