

Her Nightmare, Unconsciousness

Time to kill
Kill the lights
All the time in the world
Take our fill
The fill of brightness all that's left in this world
Unconsciousness
This stillness of what's left is damaging
The brightness still filled our eyes
Outlasting repetition confines
Relieving hopelessness to find broken
Staring at the TV screen
Hurting, dealing with what we've just seen
We read on as our hearts grow colder
The weight of it all rests on our shoulders
Helpless
We stand alone
Helpless
As we grow cold
We'll fight alone
Helpless
To right the wrongs
We'll take our fill
The stillness of what's left is so hard to swallow
The bitterness inside outlasting relieving it's shallow
We're decomposing
Hopeless with the tide
But what's left in this unconsciousness