

# 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