

LostAlone, Dead in the Future

Plain sight hides our little show
I've love and I want you to know
Soft eye focus on a dissident frame
Temptation to take a taste
Take my hope away
I live an illusion
Someday I'll leave this place
Dead in the future
This conscience sits on the brink of death row
Found beauty in your tortured glow
Stare out oblivious to the obvious truth
Fall to death from the most perfect view