

LostAlone, Shapes at Dawn

This is doomed love synthesised trust
A seminal rush this is blue blood
This is new love this is crucial this is our time
This is forgone in conclusion run for your life
Silence crawling at my mind again
I never felt so true ominous and aloof
Like a sixteenth century denial
Summon a mantra and evaluate
For all the world no time for me
Focus on the hype of unilateral praise
And you shall rue the day you take my love away
Wont be laughing when your under six foot under
Shapes at dawn evolve with time
And so woe betide my dreams
In the white light shapes are dawning
Youre my fiction for me to adore
On a whisper we are breathing
An explosion of reasons for me to go this alone