

Mikoto, Tired Of Me

Breathe for me softly. It parts its way through the thickest of walls.
The mirror reflects tonight and I still wish you the worst.
This is so bad. What have I become? Knowing when to stop and float away.
A fog lifts for a brief moment. Breathe for me softly.
It parts its way through the thickest of walls.
The mirror reflects tonight and I still wish you the worst.
This is so bad. What have I become? Knowing when to stop and float away.
A fog lifts for a brief moment. Light up like a night sky I saw once before. [x2]
Too long ago to remember. Slamming the reality back into focus.