

# Oblivion Dust, Blurred

Hiding it all away  
In such a blurry haze

It's getting blurred  
While all the dust that is blown becomes a gentle flow  
Getting blurred  
You let the madness begin  
You let the sadness back in for now  
For now

It's getting blurred  
Always too afraid even in your dreams of letting go  
Too many others overwhelm  
You can't recall  
A sip of memory spills so easily  
and we wipe it away with the flavourless taste  
And now you don't belong

Too many emotions  
Got you feeling down so  
Hiding it all away  
In such a blurry haze  
Every available shine  
I'm in an antique state of mind

Waiting... waiting...

Hiding it all away  
In such a blurry haze  
Every available shine  
I'm in an antique state of mind

I think you're so alone  
So alone