October Tide, Grey Dawn

I painted with rain the sight of the daybreak,
As being in need of a momentary remake
The life I am leading is the way of depravity,
A threat th my already poisoned sanity
Grey dawn, everlasting
Hope is utopia for all that I know,
When counting the seconds time moves so slow
I can't feel any will to be part of this fight
A cure is however to put thrust in the night
I learn from this life to hide from humanity,
And night has told me how to kill my anxiety
The ghost of my smile dances in the pale,
And I know all my efforts most likely will fail