

# On The Last Day, Storm Covered Ceilings

Clouds roll in, dark and unforgiving.  
I'll stop, and wait for it.  
These years fall to the ground mixed with the rain.  
They trickle down my face.  
My aged reflection stares with apathy.  
Help me get away...  
From trees collapsing in the wind.

Here are the facts as I see them:  
The world is fading one frame at a time  
And I'm still uncomfortable.

Now the years they splash beneath my feet,  
Distorted in the wake.  
Halted feet won't weigh out the mistake.  
There's a better way...  
To make it through this storm.  
The ice shards cut through my face.

Here are the facts as I see them:  
The world is fading one frame at a time  
And I'm still uncomfortable.

I am still.  
I am still.  
With every blink from my eye,  
These moments slip from my mind,  
So this storm will never subside.  
These winds won't die.  
They won't die.  
I will find a better way.  
(I am still)  
There's always a better way.  
(I am still)  
I will forget you.  
(I am still)  
I will forget you for now.