

# Pathos, Scorned

Crack apart and slip away  
Reality turns grey  
Impression turns to pain, transforms  
Into dreams of thorns  
Into dreams of thorns  
The mind it feels like scorned  
Fade into a blur so dim  
Fate can be so grim  
Grasping for a helping hand  
But alone you stand

[Ref:]

You can hear yourself say  
I'm alive  
Friends you lose as time goes by  
Everyone stops asking why  
Try to find some inner peace  
Not to awake the beast  
Do not awake the beast  
The mind it feels like scorned  
Corridors painted green, tiles on the floor  
Tucked away never join reality no more  
Misfit to society  
Safe and sound mind is drowned  
In a chemical haze  
Empty eyes now your life trapped in a maze  
No reliability

[Ref:]

You can hear yourself say  
I'm alive  
Fade into a blur so dim  
Fate can be so grim