

Proximity, Brighter Days

Sometimes I can feel my mind daring to release
Saddened by the hell of mine, refusing to debase
Caring not about myself forgetting brighter days
Further on through the trees other side cannot reach.

Chorus: I cannot reach

It's out of my hands

And now I must decide

Who I'll be

And now the pathways blocked

It sounds like silent defeat

And now the sun is gone

I think it's gone with me.

Bridge: What does it mean

Object of deceit

Motive to pass on

It's circling.