

# Rishloo, Pandora

Cedar grains cling to woven skin upon walls I know frail truths feed borrowed dreams grown cold  
And from here I beg release and hope  
I hope

Breathing through these lines  
Innocence lost among the torment of grace within the storm  
Seeking darkness in the dawn  
While the emptiness divides every purpose with the light  
I fade, I fade

Without a key, without a sound  
Without a chance to hold the light  
It reaches in between the seems  
To tease the madness and the grief  
To curse the walls, to cure the need  
To curse the damned who damn the need  
The need to know what lies beyond, beyond the walls

Turn the key (turn the key...)

And set free  
This I swear  
It's not enough for me to die alone  
Uproot these veins that fail to bleed  
So I will know and I will still believe we're better  
Than these lies that we have learned to breathe  
Breathing I step beyond the past and let it go