

Shape of Things to Come, Before the day

I dont wanna go to bed
I dont wanna loose this day
Cause anything wont be the same
Tomorrow
I dont wanna fall asleep
Musics everything I need
To be still here
In the night before The Day
Im afraid
Who I am you asked me
If you really want to know you must look quite deep
Hows it like to be me
Theres so many scenes from my life I would not like you to see
There were some bad decisions some bad choices
That lead me straight to nowhere places you wont like to go
So hows it like to be me
I dont know I can see only fear of mess Im in
Frustration and fear of things to come
Im afraid that tomorrow there wont be a place like home