

# Slow Coming Day, This Emotion

Here I am confused.  
So unsure of where I stand.  
Consumed by emptiness.  
Sick of being used by this world.  
When will it end?  
This game I play with you.  
When will I stop to pretend and go standing on a black line?  
The misery breaks my heart.  
Deep down inside, I know I can't go on living this way.  
When will it end?  
This game I play with you.  
When will I stop to pretend and go follow you?  
I have not forgotten your whispering voice or the sweetness of your presence.