

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.