

Sylvan, This World Is Not For Me

Living with promises - broken and light
Flowing through confidence - I know - and dampening ties

And this world is not for me, so I have to leave
And this world is not for me - now that I see

Weakening constantly body and soul
Killing all sympathies - that's me - just when they grow
Pull up myself - desperately - at least I have tried
One day I'll know - eventually - for what I have cried

Hazy shades of happiness are rushing through my head
Vanishing reluctantly and leaving me so sad
Mesmerizing melodies within a bygone dream
Wish I could keep hold of it but I know it's not for me

Fuzzy and doubtfully, humbled and criticized
Drowning predictably, everything memorized
Bluish rose-colored glass - black with a touch of white
Still hold myself apart - self-pity mixed with pride again

Million stars above I see - all for you - what's left for me?