

Systematic, Pitch Black

Taste the colors that run over you
A touch of gray that numbs the mind
Left me for dead it fills my head
"Locked in here for good!" she said.
Grip the dark that funnels dimmest light
It turns my scream into a whisper.
My thoughts scream through me
No way this could be
Nothing left to see.
Silence will become the death of me
In my head they speak in tongues
Tear at my skin it never ends
No words can save the shape I'm in.
My thoughts scream through me
No way this could be
Nothing left to see.
(I think I see the light)
My thoughts scream through me
No way this could be
Nothing left to see.