

Tad Morose, Fading Pictures

I see myself standing beside my bed bad thoughts are going through my head
over and over I think of the past one good memory came to me at last

Every breath feels like a long long time fading pictures are crossing my
mind I want to live my life again maybe I will do much better then

I can't feel the pain I think I'm going insane
Heaven... is tomorrow lost to me forever trapped within the hour glass
rising... falling in and out in time slowly
drowning in the sand

I am all alone in this endless dream everyone is different so it has to be
I feel a cold wind blowing through my soul heaven is calling so I have to
go

I have to free my mind from thoughts that I believed were right it's very
hard to understand that this is apart of human life