

The Cyan Velvet Project, Pagandom

somehow we manage to mistake
a thousand echoes to the source
at the 11th hour if not before
we gotta save inner child
cherish mind over matter
the brightest of things
lay the darkest of shadows
all over the sight
forming a web of insecurity
any of us
any of us
sleep well tonight
who's left to lead the way
who could pour hope to us
and still feel the same?
there is no room for nonsense
in this empty shell
heretics aren't we all?
today we interact with the unseen
tomorrow we judge our alikes insane
how am i supposed to live in this scene?
riddles in the depths of the void
are overwhelming and traumatizing
like a christmas morning suicide
no one sleeps well tonight