

# Valley's Eve, Room Of Answers

It's always varying  
Between watchfulness and breakdown  
There are moments where the brain pecisely clatters  
When I concentrate myself  
The number of breakdowns is massive  
Although less moments  
When you can draw up yourself  
There lies a massive gray, very lead over all Again and again I try to perceive the life  
But everything is brought to zero I try to think clearly, but every emotion is like frozen  
And suddenly I wonder about the coldness  
I have innerly evolved He is likely to come always there  
When you never expect him  
All the colours will raise never again Your loss blows up all dimensions  
Values, phantasies  
The pain is like a desert, full of brutally force